This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

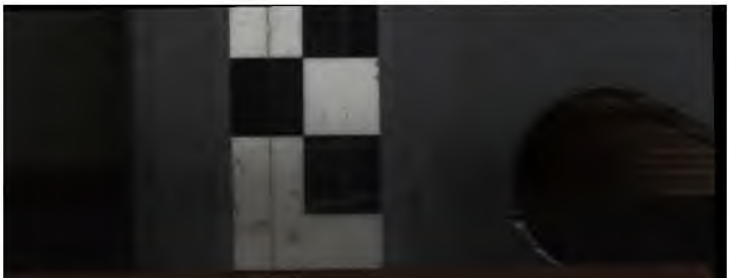
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

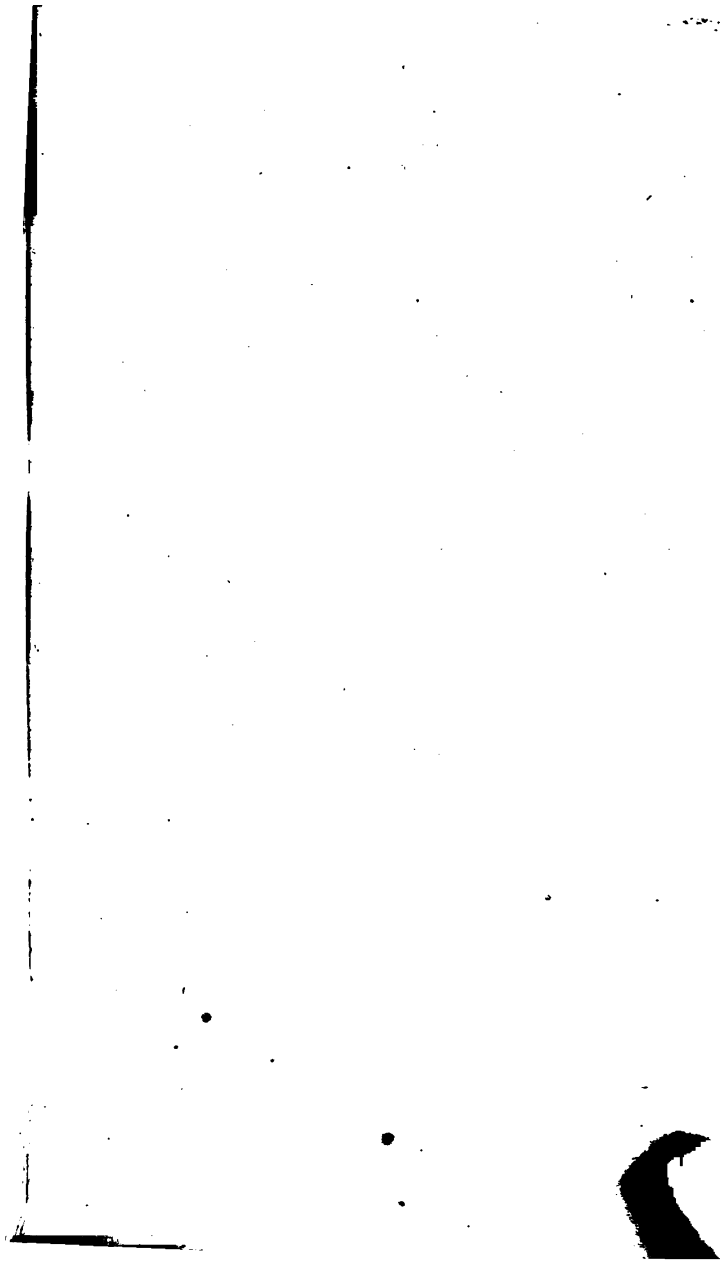
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07574456 9

SCOTT
N-W



WAVERLEY;

OR,

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

Under which King, Bezonian? Speak, or die!

HENRY IV. PART II.

THREE VOLUMES IN TWO.

Vol. I.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY EDWIN T. SCOTT, 61, NORTH EIGHTH STREET.

1821

PUBLIC LIBRARY
913911
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1900

WAVERLEY;

OR,

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE title of this work has not been chosen without the grave and solid deliberation which matters of importance demanded from the prudent. Even its first, or general denomination, was the result of no common research or selection, although, according to the example of my predecessors, I had only to sieze upon the most sounding and euphonic surname that English history or topography affords, and elect it at once as the title of my work, and the name of my hero. But, alas! what could my readers have expected from the chivalrous epithets of Howard, Mordaunt, Mortimer, or Stanley, or from the softer and more sentimental sounds of Belmour, Belville, Belfield, and Belgrave, but pages of inanity, similar to those which have been so christened for half a century past? I must modestly admit I am too diffident of my own merit to place it in unnecessary opposition to preconceived associations: I have, therefore, like a maiden knight with his white shield, assumed for my hero WAVERLEY, an uncontaminated name, bearing with its sound little of good or evil, excepting what the reader shall be here-

after pleased to affix to it. But my second, or supplemental title, was a matter of much more difficult election, since that, short as it is, may be held as pledging the author to some special mode of laying his scene, drawing his characters, and managing his adventures. Had I, for example, announced, in my frontispiece, "Waverley, a tale of other days," must not every novel reader have anticipated a castle scarce less than that of Udolpho, of which the eastern wing had long been uninhabited, and the keys either lost or consigned to the care of some aged butler or housekeeper, whose trembling steps, about the middle of the second volume, were doomed to guide the hero, or heroine, to the ruinous precincts? Would not the owl have shrieked and the cricket cried in my very title page? and could it have been possible for me, with a moderate attention to decorum, to introduce any scene more lively than might be produced by the jocularity of a clownish but faithful valet, or the garrulous narrative of the heroine's fille-de-chambre, when rehearsing the stories of blood and horror which she had heard in the servants' hall? Again, had my title borne "Waverley, a Romance, from the German," what head so obtuse as not to image forth a profligate abbot, an oppressive duke, a secret and mysterious association of Rosicrucians and Illuminati, with all their properties of black cowls, caverns, daggers, electrical machines, trap-doors, and dark lanterns? Or, if I had rather chosen to call my work a "Sentimental Tale," would it not have been a sufficient presage of a heroine with a profusion of auburn hair, and a harp, the soft solace of her solitary hours, which she fortunately finds always the means of transporting from castle to cottage, although she herself be sometimes obliged to jump out of a two-pair-of-stairs window, and is more than once bewildered on her journey, alone and on foot, without any guide but a blowzy peasant girl, whose jargon she hardly can understand? Or, again, if my Waverley had been entitled "A Tale of the Times," wouldst thou not, gen-

tle reader, have demanded from me a dashing sketch of the fashionable world, a few anecdotes of private scandal thinly veiled, and if lusciously painted, so much the better; a heroine from Grosvenor Square, and a hero from the Barouche Club, or the Four-in-Hand, with a set of subordinate characters from the elegantes of Queen Anne-street East, or the dashing heroes of the Bow-street Office? I could proceed in proving the importance of a title page, and displaying at the same time my own intimate knowledge of the particular ingredients necessary to the composition of romances and novels of various descriptions: but it is enough, and I scorn to tyrannize longer over the impatience of my reader, who is doubtless already anxious to know the choice made by an author so profoundly versed in the different branches of his art.

By fixing, then, the date of my story sixty years before this present 1st November, 1805, I would have my readers understand that they will meet in the following pages neither a romance of chivalry, nor a tale of modern manners; that my hero will neither have iron on his shoulders as of yore, nor in the heels of his boots, as is the present fashion of Bond-street; and that my damsels will neither be clothed "in purple and in pall," like the Lady Alice of an old ballad, nor reduced to the primitive nakedness of a modern fashionable at a route. From this my choice of an era the understanding critic may farther presage, that the object of my tale is more a description of men than manners. A tale of manners, to be interesting must either refer to antiquity so great as to have become venerable, or it must bear a vivid reflection of those scenes which are passing daily before our eyes and are interesting from their novelty. Thus, the coat of mail of our ancestors, and the triple-furred pelisse of our modern beaux, may, though for very different reasons, be equally fit for the array of a fictitious character; but who, meaning the costume of his hero to be impressive, would willingly attire him in the court

dress of George the Second's reign, with its no collar, large sleeves, and low pocket-holes? The same may be urged, with equal truth, of the Gothic hall, which, with its darkened and tinted windows, its elevated and gloomy roof, and massive oaken table garnished with boars head and rosemary, pheasants and peacocks, cranes and cygnets, has an excellent effect in fictitious description. Much may also be gained by a lively display of a modern fête, such as we have daily recorded in that part of a newspaper entitled the Mirror of Fashion, if we contrast these, or either of them, with the splendid formality of an entertainment given sixty years since; and thus it will be readily seen how much the painter of antique or of fashionable manners gains over him who delineates those of the last generation.

Considering the disadvantages inseparable from this part of my subject, I must be understood to have resolved to avoid them as much as possible, by throwing the force of my narrative upon the characters and passions of the actors;—those passions common to men in all stages of society, and which have alike agitated the human heart, whether it throbbed under the steel corslet of the fifteenth century, the brocaded coat of the eighteenth, or the blue frock and white dimity waistcoat of the present day. Upon these passions it is no doubt true that the state of manners and laws cast a necessary colouring; but the bearings, to use the language of heraldry, remain the same, though the tincture may be not only different, but opposed in strong contradistinction. The wrath of our ancestors, for example, was coloured *gules;* it broke forth in acts of open and sanguinary violence against the objects of its fury; our malignant feelings, which must seek gratification through more indirect channels, and undermine the obstacles which they cannot openly bear down, may be rather said to be tinctured *sable.* But the deep-ruling impulse is the same in both cases; and the proud peer who can now only

ruin his neighbour according to law, by protracted suits, is the genuine descendant of the baron who wrapped the castle of his competitor in flames, and knocked him on the head as he endeavoured to escape from the conflagration. It is from the great book of nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black letter or wire-wove and hot pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public. Some favourable opportunities of contrast have been afforded me, by the state of society in the northern part of the island at the time of my history, and may serve at once to vary and to illustrate the moral lessons which I would willingly consider as the most important part of my plan, although I am sensible how short these will fall of their aim, if I shall be found unable to mix them with amusement —a task not quite so easy in this critical generation as it was "Sixty Years since."

CHAPTER II.

Waverley-Honour—A Retrospect.

It is then sixty years since Edward Waverley, the hero of the following pages, took leave of his family to join the regiment of dragoons in which he had lately obtained a commission. It was a melancholy day at Waverley-Honour when the young officer parted with Sir Everard, the affectionate old uncle to whose title and estate he was presumptive heir. A difference in political opinions had early separated the baronet from his younger brother, Richard Waverley, the father of our hero. Sir Everard had inherited from his sires the whole train of tory, or high-church predilections and prejudices, which had distinguished the house of Waverley since the great civil war. Richard, on the contrary, who was ten years younger, beheld himself born to the fortune of a second brother, and anticipated neither dignity nor entertainment in sustaining the character of Will Wimble. He saw early, that to succeed in the race of life, it was necessary he should carry as little weight as possible. Painters talk of the difficulty of expressing the existence of compound passions in the same features at the same moment: It would be no less difficult for the moralist to analyze the mixed motives which unite to form the impulse of our actions. Richard Waverley read and satisfied himself from history and sound argument that the words of the old song,

> Passive obedience was a jest,
> And pshaw! was non-resistance.

Yet reason would have probably been unable to remove hereditary prejudice, could Richard have an

ticipated that Sir Everard, taking to heart an early disappointment, would have remained a bachelor at seventy-two. The prospect of succession, however remote, might in that case have led him to endure dragging through the greater part of his life as "Master Richard at the Hall, the baronet's brother," in hopes that ere its conclusion he should be distinguished as Sir Richard Waverley of Waverley-Honour, successor to a princely estate, and to extended political connexions as head of the country interest. But this was a consummation of things not to be expected at Richard's outset, when Sir Everard was in the prime of life, and certain to be an acceptable suitor in almost any family, whether wealth or beauty should be the object of his pursuit, and when, indeed, his speedy marriage was a report which regularly amused the neighbourhood once a year. His brother, therefore, saw no road to independence, save that of relying upon his own exertions, and adopting a political creed more consonant, [illegible] to reason and his own interest, than the hereditary faith of Sir Everard in high church and the house of Stuart. He therefore read his recantation at the beginning of his career, and entered life as an avowed whig, and friend of the Hanover succession.

The ministry of the period were prudently anxious to diminish the phalanx of opposition. The tory nobility, depending for their reflected lustre upon the sunshine of a court, had for some time been gradually reconciling themselves to the new dynasty. But the wealthy country gentlemen of England, a rank which retained, with much of ancient manners and primitive integrity, a great proportion of obstinate and unyielding prejudice, stood aloof in haughty and sullen opposition, and cast many a look of mingled regret and hope to Bois le Duc, Avignon, and Italy. The accession of the near relation of one of these steady and inflexible opponents was considered as a means of bringing over more converts, and therefore Richard Waverley met

with a share of ministerial favour more than proportioned to his talents or his political importance. It was, however, discovered that he had respectable parts for public business, and the first admittance to the minister's levee being negotiated, his success became rapid. Sir Everard learned from the public News Letter, first, that Richard Waverley, Esquire, was returned for the ministerial borough of Barterfaith; next, that Richard Waverley, Esquire, had taken a distinguished part in the debate upon the Excise bill in the support of government, and, lastly, that Richard Waverley, Esquire, had been honoured with a seat at one of those boards where the pleasure of serving the country is combined with other important gratifications, which to render them the more acceptable, occur regularly once a quarter.

Although these events followed each other so closely that the sagacity of the editor of a modern newspaper would have presaged the two last even while he announced the first, yet they, which upon Sir Everard gradually, and drop by drop since here, distilled through the cool and procrastinating who voic of Dyer's Weekly Letter. For it may be observed in passing, that instead of those mail coaches, by means of which every mechanic at his six-penny club may nightly learn from twenty contradictory channels the yesterday's news of the capital, a weekly post brought in those days, to Waverley-Honour, a weekly Intelligencer, which, after it had gratified Sir Everard's curiosity, his sister's, and that of his aged butler, was regularly transferred from the hall to the rectory, from the rectory to Squire Stubbs' at the Grange, from the Squire to the baronet's steward at his neat white house on the heath, from the steward to the bailiff, and from him through a huge circle of honest dames and gaffers, by whose hard and horny hands it was generally worn to pieces in about a month after its arrival.

This slow succession of intelligence was of some advantage to Richard Waverley in the case before us.

For had the sum total of his enormities reached the ears of Sir Everard at once, there can be no doubt the new commissioner would have had little reason to pique himself on the success of his politics. The baronet although the mildest of human beings, was not without sensitive points in his character; his brother's conduct had wounded these deeply; the Waverley estate was fettered by no entail, (for it had never entered into the head of any of its former possessors that one of their progeny could be guilty of the atrocities laid by Dyer's Letter to the door of Richard,) and if it had, the marriage of the proprietor might have been fatal to a collateral heir. These various ideas floated through the brain of Sir Everard, without, however, producing any determinate conclusion.

He examined the tree of his genealogy, which, emblazoned with many an emblematic mark of honour and heroic achievement, hung upon the well varnished wainscot of his hall. The nearest descendants of Sir Hildebrand Waverley, failing those of his eldest son Wilfred, of whom Sir Everard and his brother were the only representatives, were, as this honoured register informed him, (and indeed as he himself well knew,) the Waverleys of Highley Park, com. Hants; with whom the main branch, or rather stock, of the house had renounced all connexion since the great law-suit in 1670. This scion had committed a farther offence against the head and source of their gentility, by the intermarriage of their representative with Judith, heiress of Oliver Bradshawe, of Highley Park, whose arms, the same with those of Bradshawe the regicide, they had quartered with the ancient coat of Waverley. These offences, however, had vanished from Sir Everard's recollection in the heat of his resentment, and had Lawyer Clippurse, for whom his groom was despatched express, arrived but an hour earlier, he might have had the benefit of drawing a new settlement of the lordship and manor of Waverley-Honour, with all its dependencies. But an hour of cool reflection is a

great matter, when employed in weighing the comparative evils of two measures, to either of which we are internally partial. Lawyer Clippurse found his patron involved in a deep study, which he was too respectful to disturb, otherwise than by producing his paper and leathern ink-case, as prepared to minute his honour's commands. Even this slight manœuvre was embarrassing to Sir Everard, who felt it as a reproach to his indecision. He looked at the attorney with some desire to issue his fiat, when the sun emerging from behind a cloud, poured at once its chequered light through the stained window of the gloomy cabinet in which they were seated. The baronet's eye, as he raised it to the splendour, fell right upon the central scutcheon, impressed with the same device which his ancestor was said to have borne in the field of Hastings—three ermines passant, argent, in a field azure, with its appropriate motto, *sans tache*. "May our name rather perish," thought Sir Everard, "than that ancient and loyal symbol should be blended with the dishonoured insignia of a traitorous round-head!"

All this was the effect of the glimpse of a sun-beam just sufficient to light Lawyer Clippurse to mend his pen. The pen was mended in vain. The attorney was dismissed, with directions to hold himself in readiness on the first summons.

The apparition of Lawyer Clippurse at the Hall occasioned much speculation in that portion of the world to which Waverley-Honour formed the centre: But the more judicious politicians of this microcosm augured yet worse consequences to Richard Waverley from a movement which shortly followed his apostacy. This was no less than an excursion of the baronet in his coach and six, with four attendants in rich liveries, to make a visit of some duration to a noble peer on the confines of the shire, of untainted descent, steady tory principles, and the happy father of six unmarried and accomplished daughters. Sir Everard's reception in this family was, as it may be

easily conceived, sufficiently favourable; but of the six young ladies, his taste unfortunately determined him in favour of Lady Emily, the youngest, who received his attentions with an embarrassment which showed at once that she durst not decline them, and that they afforded her any thing but pleasure. Sir Everard could not but perceive something uncommon in the restrained emotions which she testified at the advances he hazarded; but assured by the prudent countess that they were the natural effects of a retired education, the sacrifice might have been completed, as doubtless has happened in many similar instances, had it not been for the courage of an elder sister, who revealed to the wealthy suitor that Lady Emily's affections were fixed upon a young soldier of fortune, a near relation of her own. Sir Everard manifested great emotion on receiveing this intelligence, which was confirmed to him, in a private interview, by the young lady herself, although under the most dreadful apprehensions of her father's indignation. Honour and generosity were hereditary attributes of the house of Waverley. With a grace and delicacy worthy the hero of a romance, Sir Everard withdrew his claim to the hand of Lady Emily. He had, even before leaving Blandeville Castle, the address to extort from her father a consent to her union with the object of her choice. What arguments he used on this point cannot exactly be known; but the young officer immediately after this transaction rose in the army with a rapidity far surpassing the usual pace of unpatronized professional merit, although, to outward appearance, that was all he had to depend upon.

The shock which Sir Everard encountered upon this occasion, although diminished by the consciousness of having acted virtuously and generously, had its effect upon his future life. His resolution of marriage had been adopted in a fit of indignation; the labour of courtship did not quite suit the dignified indolence of his habits; he had but just escaped the

risk of marrying a woman who could never love him, and his pride could not be greatly flattered by the termination of his amour, even if his heart had not suffered. The result of the whole matter was his return to Waverley-Honour without any transfer of his affections, notwithstanding the sighs and languishments of the fair tell-tale, who had revealed, in mere sisterly affection, the secret of Lady Emily's attachment, and in despite of the nods, winks, and inuendoes of the officious lady mother, and the grave eulogiums which the earl pronounced successively, on the prudence, and good sense, and admirable disposition of his first second, third, fourth, and fifth daughters. The memory of his unsuccessful amour was with Sir Everard, as with many more of his temper, at once shy, proud, sensitive, and indolent, a beacon against exposing himself to similar mortification, pain, and fruitless exertion for the time to come. He continued to live at Waverley-Honour in the style of an old English gentleman, of ancient descent and opulent fortune. His sister, Miss Rachael Waverley, presided at his table, and they became by degress an old bachelor and an ancient maiden lady, the gentlest and kindest of the votaries of celibacy.

The vehemence of Sir Everard's resentment against his brother was but short-lived; yet his dislike to the whig and the placeman, though unable to stimulate him to resume any active measures predudicial to Richard's interest, continued to maintain the coldness between them. Accident at length occasioned a renewal of their intercourse. Richard had married a young woman of rank, by whose family interest and private fortune he hoped to advance his career. In her right he became possessor of a manor of some value, at the distance of a few miles from Waverley-Honour.

Little Edward, the hero of our tale, then in his fifth year, was their only child. It chanced that the child with his keeper had strayed one morning to a mile's

distance from the avenue of Brere-wood Lodge, his father's seat. Their attention was attracted by a carriage drawn by six stately black long-tailed horses, and with as much carving and gilding as would have done honour to my lord mayor's. It was waiting for the owner, who was at a little distance inspecting the progress of a half-built farm-house. I know not whether the boy's nurse had been a Welch woman or a Scotch woman, or in what manner he associated a shield emblazoned with three ermines with the idea of personal property, but he no sooner beheld this family emblem than he stoutly determined on vindicating his right to the splendid vehicle on which it was displayed. The baronet arrived while the boy's maid was in vain endeavouring to make him desist from his determination to appropriate the gilded coach and six. The rencontre was at a happy moment for Edward, as his uncle had been just eyeing wistfully, with something of a feeling like envy, the chubby boys of the stout yeoman whose mansion was building by his direction. In the round-faced, rosy cherub before him, bearing his eye and his name, and vindicating a hereditary title to his family, affection, and patronage, by means of a tie which Sir Everard held as sacred as either Garter or Blue-mantle, Providence seemed to have granted to him the very object best calculated to fill up the void in his hopes and his affections. The child and his attendant were sent home in the carriage to Brere-wood Lodge, with such a message as opened to Richard Waverley a door of reconciliation with his elder brother. Their intercourse, however, continued to be rather formal and civil, than partaking of brotherly cordiality; yet it was sufficient to the wishes of both parties. Sir Everard obtained, in the frequent society of his little nephew, something on which his hereditary pride might found the anticipated pleasure of a continuation of his lineage, and on which his kind and gentle affections could at the same time fully exercise themselves. For Ri-

chard Waverley, he beheld in the growing attachment between the uncle and nephew, the means of securing his son's if not his own, succession to the hereditary estate, which he felt would be rather endangered than promoted by any attempt on his own part, towards a more intimate commerce with a man of Sir Everard's habits and opinions.

Thus, by a sort of tacit compromise, little Edward was permitted to pass the greater part of the year at the Hall, and appeared to stand in the same intimate relation to both families, although their intercourse was otherwise limited to formal messages and more formal visits. The education of the youth was regulated alternately by the taste and opinions of his uncle and of his father. But more of this in a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Education.

The education of our hero, Edward Waverley, was of a nature somewhat desultory. In infancy his health suffered, or was supposed to suffer, (which is quite the same thing,) by the air of London. As soon, therefore as official duties, attendance on parliament, or the prosecution of any of his plans of interest or ambition, called his father to town, which was his usual residence for eight months in the year, Edward was transferred to Waverley-Honour, and experienced a change of instructors and of lessons, as well as of residence. This might have been remedied had his father placed him under the superintendance of a permanent tutor. But he considered that one of his choosing would probably have been unacceptable at Waverley-Honour, and that such a selection as Sir Everard might have made, were the matter left to him, would have burdened him with a disagreeablee inmate, if not a political spy, in his family. He therefore prevailed upon his private secretary, a young man of taste and accomplishments, to bestow an hour or two on Edward's education while at Brere-wood Lodge, and left his uncle answerable for his improvement in literature while an inmate at the Hall.

This was in some degree respectably provided for. Sir Everard's chaplain, an Oxonian, who had lost his fellowship for declining to take the oaths at the accession of George I., was not only an excellent classical scholar, but reasonably skilled in science, and master of most modern languages. He was however, old and indulgent, and the recurring interregnum, during which Edward was entirely freed from his discipline, occasioned such a relaxation of authority, that the youth

was permitted, in a great measure, to learn as he pleased, what he pleased, and when he pleased. This looseness of rule would have been ruinous to a boy of slow understanding, who feeling labour in the acquisition of knowledge, would have altogether neglected it, save for the command of a task-master; and it might have proved equally dangerous to a youth whose animal spirits were more powerful than his imagination or his feelings, and whom the irresistible influence of Alma, when seated in his arms and legs, would have engaged in field sports from morning till night. But the character of Edward Waverley was remote from either of these. His powers of apprehension were so uncommonly quick, as almost to resemble intuition, and the chief care of his preceptor was to prevent him, as a sportsman would phrase it, from overrunning his game, that is, from acquiring his knowledge in a slight, flimsy, and inadequate manner. And here the instructor had to combat another propensity too often united with brilliancy of fancy and vivacity of talent—that indolence, namely, of disposition, which can only be stirred by some strong motive of gratification, and which renounces study so soon as curiousity is gratified, the pleasure of conquering the first difficulties exhausted, and the novelty of pursuit at an end. Edward would throw himself with spirit upon any classical author of which his preceptor proposed the perusal, make himself master of the style so far as to understand the story, and, if that pleased or interested him, he finished the volume. But it was in vain to attempt fixing his attention on critical distinctions of philology, upon the difference of idiom, the beauty of felicitous expression, or the artificial combinations of syntax. "I can read and understand a Latin author," said young Edward, with the self-confidence and rash reasoning of fifteen, "and Scaliger and Bentley could not do much more." Alas! while he was thus permitted to read only for the gratification of his own amusement, he foresaw not that he was losing for ever the opportunity of acquiring ha-

bits of firm and incumbent application, of gaining the art of controlling, directing, and concentrating the powers of his own mind for earnest investigation—an art far more essential than even that learning which is the primary object of study.

I am aware I may be here reminded of the necessity of rendering instruction agreeable to youth, and of Tasso's infusion of honey into the medicine prepared for a child; but an age in which children are taught the driest doctrines by the insinuating method of instructive games, has little reason to dread the consequences of study being rendered too serious or severe. The history of England is now reduced to a game at cards, the problems of mathematics to puzzles and riddles, and the doctrines of arithmetic may, we are assured, be sufficiently acquired, by spending a few hours a week at a new and complicated edition of the royal game of the goose. There wants but one step further, and the creed and ten commandments may be taught in the same manner, without the necessity of the grave face, deliberate tone of recital, and devout attention, hitherto exacted from the well-governed childhood of this realm. It may, in the mean time be a subject of serious consideration, whether those who are accustomed only to acquire instruction through the medium of amusement, may not be brought to reject that which approaches under the aspect of study; whether those who learn history by the cards, may not be led to prefer the means to the end; and whether, were we to teach religion in the way of sport, our pupils might not thereby be gradually induced to make sport of their religion. To our young hero, who was permitted to seek his instruction only according to the bent of his own mind, and who, of consequence, only sought it so long as it afforded him amusement, the indulgence of his tutors was attended with evil consequences, which long continued to influence his character, happiness, and utility. Edward's power of imagination and love of literature, although the former was vivid, and

the latter ardent, were so far from affording a remedy to this peculiar evil, that they rather inflamed and increased its violence. The library at Waverley-Honour, a large Gothic room, with double arches and a gallery, contained that miscellaneous and extensive collection of volumes usually assembled together, during the course of two hundred years, by a family which had been always wealthy, and inclined of course, as a mark of splendour, to furnish their shelves with the current literature of the day, without much scrutiny or nicety of discrimination. Through this ample realm Edward was permitted to roam at large. His tutor had his own studies; and church politics and controversial divinity, together with a love of learned ease, though they did not withdraw his attention at stated times from the progress of his patron's presumptive heir, induced him readily to grasp at an apology for not extending a strict and regulated survey towards his general studies. Sir Everard had never been himself a student, and, like his sister, Miss Rachael Waverley, held the vulgar doctrine, that idleness is incompatible with reading of any kind, and that the mere tracing the alphabetical characters with the eye, is in itself a useful and meritorious task, without scrupulously considering what ideas or doctrines they may happen to convey. With a desire of amusement, therefore, which better discipline might soon have converted into a thirst for knowledge, young Waverley drove through the sea of books, like a vessel without a pilot or a rudder. Nothing perhaps increases by indulgence more than a desultory habit of reading, especially under such opportunities of gratifying it. I believe one reason why such numerous instances of erudition occur among the lower ranks is, that with the same powers of mind, the poor student is limited to a narrow circle for indulging his passion for books, and must necessarily make himself master of the few he possesses ere he can acquire more. Edward, on the contrary, like the epicure who only deigned to take a

single morsel from the sunny side of a peach, read no volume a moment after it ceased to excite his curiosity or interest; and it necessarily happened, that the habit of seeking only this sort of gratification rendered it daily more difficult of attainment, till the passion for reading, like other strong appetites, produced by indulgence a sort of satiety.

Ere he attained this indifference, however, he had read over, and stored in a memory of uncommon tenacity, much curious, though ill-arranged and miscellaneous information. In English literature he was master of Shakspeare and Milton, of our earlier dramatic authors, of many picturesque and interesting passages from our old historical chronicles, and particularly of Spencer, Drayton, and other poets who have exercised themselves on romantic fiction, of all themes the most fascinating to a youthful imagination, before the passions have roused themselves, and demand poetry of a more sentimental description. In this respect his acquaintance with the Italian opened him yet a wider range. He had perused the numerous romantic poems which, from the days of Pulci, have been a favourite exercise of the wits of Italy, and had sought gratification in the numerous collections of *novelle* which were brought forth by the genius of that elegant though luxurious nation, in emulation of the Decameron. In classical literature, Waverley had made the usual progress, and read the usual authors; and the French had afforded him an almost exhaustless collection of memoirs, scarcely more faithful than romances, and of romances so well written as hardly to be distinguished from memoirs. The splendid pages of Froissart, with his heart-stirring and eye-dazzling descriptions of war and of tournaments, were among his chief favourites; and from those of Brantome and De la Noue he learned to compare the wild and loose, yet superstitious character of the nobles of the League, with the stern, rigid, and sometimes turbulent disposition of the Huguenot party. The Spanish had contributed to his

stock of chivalrous and romantic love. The earlier literature of the northern nations did not escape the study of one who read, rather to awaken the imagination than to benefit the understanding. And yet, knowing much that is known but to few, Edward Waverley might justly be considered as ignorant, since he knew little of what adds dignity to man, and qualifies him to support and adorn an elevated situation in society.

The occasional attention of his parents might indeed have been of service to prevent the dissipation of mind incidental to such a desultory course of reading. But Mrs. Richard Waverley died in the seventh year after the reconciliation between the brothers, and Waverley himself, who after this event resided more constantly in London, was too much interested in his own plans of wealth and ambition, to notice more respecting Edward than that he was of a very bookish turn, and probably destined to be a bishop. If he could have discovered and analyzed his son's waking dreams, he would have formed a very different conclusion.

CHAPTER IV.

Castle-Building.

I HAVE already hinted that the dainty, squeamish, and fastidious taste acquired by a surfeit of idle reading, had not only rendered our hero unfit for serious and sober study, but had even disgusted him in some degree with that in which he had hitherto indulged. He was in his sixteenth year when his habits of abstraction and love of solitude became so much marked as to excite Sir Everard's affectionate apprehension. He tried to counterbalance these propensities by engaging his nephew in field sports, which had been the chief pleasure of his own youth. But although Edward eagerly carried the gun for one season, yet, when practice had given him some dexterity, the pastime ceased to afford him amusement. In the succeeding spring the perusal of old Isaac Walton's fascinating volume, determined Edward to become "a brother of the angle." But of all diversions which ingenuity ever devised for the relief of idleness, fishing is the worst qualified to amuse a man who is at once indolent and impatient; and our hero's rod was speedily flung aside. Society and example, which, more than any other motives, master and sway the natural bent of our passions, might have had their usual effect upon our youthful visionary. But the neighbourhood was thinly inhabited, and the home-bred young squires whom it afforded, were not of a class fit to form Edward's usual companions, far less to excite him to emulate them in the practice of those pastimes which composed the serious business of their lives. Sir Everard had, upon the death of Queen Anne, resigned his seat in parliament, and, as his age increased, and the number of his contemporaries di-

minished, gradually withdrawn himself from society, so that, when upon any particular occasion Edward mingled with accomplished and well-educated young men of his own rank and expectations, he felt an inferiority in their society, not so much from deficiency of information, as from the want of the skill to command and to arrange that which he possessed. A deep and increasing sensibility added to this dislike of society. The idea of having committed the slightest solecism in politeness, whether real or imaginary, was agony to him; for perhaps even guilt itself does not impose upon some minds so keen a sense of shame and remorse as a modest, sensitive, and inexperienced youth feels from the consciousness of having neglected etiquette, or excited ridicule. Where we are not at ease, we cannot be happy; and, therefore, it is not surprising that Edward Waverley supposed that he disliked and was unfitted for society, merely because he had not yet acquired the habit of living in it with ease and comfort, and of reciprocally giving and receiving pleasure. The hours he spent with his uncle and aunt were exhausted in listening to the oft-repeated tale of narrative old age. Yet even there his imagination, the predominant faculty of his mind, was frequently excited. Family tradition and genealogical history, upon which much of Sir Everard's discourse turned, is the very reverse of amber, which, itself a valuable substance, usually includes flies, straws, and other trifles, whereas these studies, being themselves very insignificant and trifling, do, nevertheless, serve to perpetuate a great deal of what is rare and valuable in ancient manners, and to record many curious and minute facts which could have been preserved and conveyed through no other medium. If, therefore, Edward Waverley yawned at times over the dry deduction of his line of ancestors, with their various intermarriages, and inwardly deprecated the remorseless and protracted accuracy with which the worthy Sir Everard rehearsed the various degrees of propin-

quity between the house of Waverley-Honour and the doughty barons, knights, and squires, to whom they stood allied; if (notwithstanding his obligations to the three ermines passant) he sometimes cursed in his heart the jargon of heraldry, its griffins, its moldwarps, its wyverns, and its dragons, with all the bitterness of Hotspur himself, there were moments when these communications interested his fancy and rewarded his attention. The deeds of Willibert of Waverley in the Holy Land, his long absence and perilous adventures, his supposed death, and his return on the evening when the betrothed of his heart had wedded the hero who had protected her from insult and oppression during his absence: the generosity with which the crusader relinquished his claims, and sought in a neighbouring cloister that peace which passeth not away: —to these and similar tales he would hearken till his heart glowed and his eye glistened. Nor was he less affected, when his aunt, Mrs. Rachael, narrated the sufferings and fortitude of Lady Alice Waverley during the great civil war. The benevolent features of the venerable spinster kindled into more majestic expression as she told how Charles had, after the field of Worcester, found a day's refuge at Waverley-Honour, and how, when a troop of cavalry were approaching to search the mansion, Lady Alice dismissed her youngest son with a handful of domestics, charging them to make good with their lives an hour's diversion, that the king might have that space for escape. "And, God help her," would Mrs Rachael continue, fixing her eyes upon the heroine's portrait as she spoke, "full dearly did she purchase, the safety of her prince with the life of her darling child. They brought him here a prisoner mortally wounded, and you may trace the drops of his blood from the great hall-door along the little gallery, and up to the saloon, where they laid him down to die at his mother' feet. But there was comfort exchanged between them; for he knew from the glance of his mother's eye that the

purpose of his desperate defence was attained—Ah! I remember," she continued, "I remember well to have seen one that knew and loved him. Miss Lucy St. Aubin lived and died a maid for his sake, though one of the most beautiful and wealthy matches in this country; all the country ran after her, but she wore widow's mourning all her life for poor William, for they were betrothed, though not married, and died in ——I cannot think of the date; but I remember, in the November of that very year, when she found herself sinking, she desired to be brought to Waverley-Honour once more, and visited all the places where she had been with my grand-uncle, and caused the carpets to be raised, that she might trace the impression of his blood, and if tears could have washed it out, it had not been there now; for there was not a dry eye in the house. You would have thought, Edward, that the very trees mourned for her, for their leaves dropt around her without a gust of wind; and, indeed, she looked like one that would never see them green again."

From such legends our hero would steal away to indulge the fancies they excited. In the corner of the large and sombre library, with no other light than was afforded by the decaying brands on its ponderous and ample hearth, he would exercise for hours that internal sorcery by which past or imaginary events are presented in action, as it were to the eye of the muser. Then arose in long and fair array the splendour of the bridal feast at Waverley-Castle; the tall and emaciated form of its real lord, as he stood in his pilgrim weeds, an unnoticed spectator of the festivities of his supposed heir and intended bride; the electrical shock occasioned by the discovery; the springing of the vassals to arms; the astonishment of the bridegroom; the terror and confusion of the bride; the agony with which Wilibert observed, that her heart as well as consent was in these nuptials; the air of dignity, yet of deep feeling, with which he flung down the half-drawn sword,

and turned away for ever from the house of his ancestors. Then would he change the scene, and fancy would at his wish represent Aunt Rachael's tragedy. He saw the Lady Waverley seated in her bower, her ear strained to every sound, her heart throbbing with double agony; now listening to the decaying echo of the hoofs of the king's horse, and when that had died away, hearing, in every breeze that shook the trees of the park, the noise of the remote skirmish. A distant sound is heard like the rushing of a swoln stream; it comes nearer, and Edward can plainly distinguish the galloping of horses, the cries and shouts of men, with straggling pistol-shots between, rolling forwards to the hall. The lady starts up—a terrified menial rushes in —But why pursue such a description.

As living in this ideal world became daily more delectable to our hero, interruption was disagreeable in proportion. The extensive domain that surrounded the Hall, which, far exceeding the dimensions of a park, was usually termed Waverley Chace, had originally been forest ground, and still, though broken by extensive glades in which the young deer were sporting, retained its pristine and savage character. It was traversed by broad avenues, in many places half-grown up with brushwood, where the beauties of former days used to take their stand to see the stag coursed with grayhounds, or to gain an aim at him with the cross-bow. In one spot, distinguished by a moss-grown Gothic monument, which retained the name of Queen's Standing, Elizabeth herself was said to have pierced seven bucks with her own arrows. This was a favourite haunt of Edward Waverley. At other times, with his gun and his spaniel, which served as an apology to others, and with a book in his pocket, which perhaps served as an apology to himself, he used to pursue one of these long avenues, which after an ascending sweep of four miles, gradually narrowed into a rude and contracted path through the cliffy and wooded pass called Mirkwood Dingle, and opened suddenly

upon a deep, dark, and small lake, named, from the same cause, Mirkwood-Mere. There stood in former times a solitary tower upon a rock almost surrounded by the water, which had acquired the name of the Strength of Waverley, because, in perilous times, it had often been the refuge of the family. There, in the wars of York and Lancaster, the last adherents of the Red Rose, who dared to maintain her cause, carried on a harassing and predatory warfare, till the strong hold was reduced by the celebrated Richard of Gloucester. Here, too, a party of cavaliers long maintained themselves under Nigel Waverley, elder brother of that William, whose fate Aunt Rachael commemorated. Through these scenes it was that Edward loved to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," and, like a child among his toys, culled and arranged, from the splendid yet useless imagery and emblems with which his imagination was stored, visions as brilliant and as fading as those of an evening sky. The effect of this indulgence upon his temper and character will appear in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

Choice of a Profession.

From the minuteness with which I have traced Waverley's pursuits, and the bias which this unavoidably communicated to his imagination, the reader may perhaps anticipate, in the following tale, an imitation of the romance of Cervantes. But he will do my prudence injustice in the supposition. My intention is not to follow the steps of that inimitable author, in describing such total perversion of intellect as misconstrues the objects actually presented to the senses, but that more common aberration from sound judgment, which apprehends occurrences indeed in their reality, but communicates to them a tincture of its own romantic tone and colouring. So far was Edward Waverley from expecting general sympathy with his own feelings, or concluding that the present state of things was calculated to exhibit the reality of those visions in which he loved to indulge, that he dreaded nothing more than the detection of such sentiments as were dictated by his musings. He neither had nor wished to have a confidant, with whom to communicete his reveries; and so sensible was he of the ridicule attached to them, that had he been to choose between any punishment short of ignominy, and the necessity of giving a cold and composed account of the ideal world in which he lived the better part of his days, I think he would not have hesitated to choose the former infliction. This secrecy became doubly precious as he felt in advancing life the influence of the awakening passions. Female forms of exquisite grace and beauty began to mingle in his mental adventures; nor was he long without looking abroad to compare the creatures of his own imagination with the

females of actual life. The list of the beauties who displayed their hebdomadal finery at the parish church of Waverley, was neither numerous nor select. By far the most passable was Miss Sissly, or, as she rather chose to be called, Miss Cæcilia Stubbs, daughter of Squire Stubbs at the Grange. I know not whether it was by the "merest accident in the world," a phrase which from female lips does not always exclude *malice propense*, or whether it was from a conformity of taste, that Miss Cæcilia more than once crossed Edward in his favourite walks through Waverley Chase. He had not as yet assumed courage to accost her on these occasions; but the meeting was not without its effect. A romantic lover is a strange idolater, who sometimes cares not out of what log he frames the object of his adoration; at least, if nature has given that object any passable charms, he can easily play the Jeweller and Dervise in the oriental tale,* and supply her richly out of the stores of his own imagination with supernatural beauty, and all the properties of intellectual wealth. But ere the charms of Miss Cæcilia Stubbs had erected her into a positive goddess, or elevated her at least to a level with the saint her namesake, Mrs. Rachael Waverley gained some intimation which determined her to prevent the approaching apotheosis. Even the most simple and unsuspicious of the female sex have (God bless them!) an instinctive sharpness of perception in such matters, which sometimes goes the length of observing partialities that never existed, but rarely misses to detect such as pass actually under their observation. Mrs. Rachael applied herself with great prudence, not to combat, but to elude, the approaching danger, and suggested to her brother the necessity that the heir of his house should see something more of the world, than was consistent with constant residence at Waverley-Honour. Sir Everard would not at first listen to

* See Hopner's Tale of the Seven Lovers.

a proposal which went to separate his nephew from him. Edward was a little bookish, he admitted; but youth, he had always heard, was the season for learning, and no doubt, when his rage for letters was abated, and his head fully stocked with knowledge, his nephew would take to field-sports and county business. He had often, he said, himself regretted that he had not spent some time in study during his youth; he would neither have shot or hunted with less skill, and he might have made the roof of St. Stephen's echo to longer orations than were comprised in those zealous Noes, with which, when a member of the house during Godolphin's administration, he encountered every measure of government.

Aunt Rachael's anxiety, however, lent her address to carry her point. Every representative of their house had visited foreign parts, or served his country in the army, before he settled for life at Waverley-Honour, and she appealed for the truth of her assertion to the genealogical pedigree, an authority which Sir Everard was never known to contradict. In short, a proposal was made to Mr. Richard Waverley that his son should travel, under the direction of his present tutor, Mr. Pembroke, with a suitable allowance from the baronet's liberality. He saw no objection to this overture; but upon mentioning it casually at the table of the minister, the great man looked grave. The reason was explained in private. The unhapppy turn of Sir Everard's politics, the minister observed, was such as would render it highly improper that a young gentleman of such hopeful prospects should travel on the continent with a tutor doubtless of his uncle's choosing, and directing his course by his instructions. What might Mr. Edward Waverley's society be at Paris, what at Rome, where all manner of snares were spread by the pretender and his sons; these were points for Mr. Waverley to consider. This he could himself say, that he knew his majesty had such a just sense of Mr. Richard Waverley's merits

that if his son adopted the army for a few years, a troop, he believed, might be reckoned upon in one of the dragoon regiments lately returned from Flanders. A hint thus conveyed and enforced, was not to be neglected with impunity; and Richard Waverley, though with great dread of shocking his brother's prejudices, deemed he could not avoid accepting the commission thus offered him for his son. The truth is, he calculated much, and justly, upon Sir Everard's fondness for Edward, which was unlikely to resent any step that he might take in due submission to parental authority. Two letters announced this determination to the baronet and his nephew. The latter barely communicated the fact, and pointed out the necessary preparations for joining his regiment. To his brother, Richard was more diffuse and circuitous. He coincided with him in the most flattering manner in the propriety of his son's seeing a little more of the world, and was even humble in expressions of gratitude for his proposed assistance: was, however, deeply concerned that it was now, unfortunately, not in Edward's power exactly to comply with the plan which had been chalked out by his best friend and benefactor. He himself had thought with pain on the boy's inactivity, at an age when all his ancestors had borne arms; even royalty itself had deigned to inquire whether young Waverley was not now in Flanders, at an age when his grandfather was already bleeding for his king, in the great civil war. This was accompanied by an offer of a troop of horse. What could he do? There was no time to consult his brother's inclinations, even if he could have conceived there might be objections on his part to his nephew's following the glorious career of his predecessors. And in short, that Edward was now (the intermediate steps of cornet and lieutenant being overleapt with great agility) Captain Waverley, of the —— regiment of dragoons, which he must join in their quarters at D——, in Scotland, in the course of a month.

Sir Everard Waverley received this intimation with a mixture of feelings. At the period of the Hanoverian accession he had withdrawn from parliament, and his conduct, in the memorable year 1715, had not been altogether unsuspected. There were reports of private musters of tenants and horses in Waverley Chase by moon-light, and of cases of carabines and pistols purchased in Holland, and addressed to the baronet, but intercepted by the vigilance of a riding officer of the excise, who was afterwards tossed in a blanket on a moonless night, by an association of stout yeomen, for his officiousness. Nay, it was even said that at the arrest of Sir W—— W——, the leader of the tory party, a letter from Sir Everard was found in the pocket of his night-gown. But there was no overt act to be founded on, and government, contented with suppressing the insurrection of 1715, felt it neither prudent nor safe to push their vengeance farther than against those who actually took up arms. Nor did Sir Everard's apprehensions of personal consequences seem to correspond with the reports spread among his whig neighbours. It was well known that he supplied with money several of the distressed Northumbrians and Scotchmen, who, after being made prisoners at Preston in Lancashire, were imprisoned in Newgate and the Marshalsea, and it was his solicitor and ordinary counsel who conducted the defence of some of these unfortunate gentlemen at their trial. It was generally supposed, that had ministers possessed any real proof of Sir Everard's accession to the rebellion, he either would not have ventured thus to brave the existing government, or at least would not have done so with impunity. The feelings, however, which then dictated his proceedings, were those of a young man, and at an agitating period. Since that time Sir Everard's jacobitism had been gradually decaying, like a fire which burns out for want of fuel. His tory and high-church principles were kept up by some occasional exercise at elections and quarter sessions; but

these respecting hereditary right were fallen into
of abeyance. Yet it jarred severely upon his
ings, that his nephew should go into the army
the Brunswick dynasty; and the more so, as ind
dent of his high and conscientious ideas of pa
authority, it was impossible, or at least highly in
dent, to interfere authoratively to prevent it.
suppressed vexation gave rise to many poohs
pshaws, which were placed to the account of
cipient fit of gout, until, having sent for the Army
the worthy baronet consoled himself with reck
the descendants of the houses of genuine loyalty,
daunts, Granvilles, and Stanleys, whose names
to be found in that military record; and calling
his feelings of family grandeur and warlike glo
concluded, with logic something like Falstaff's
when war was at hand, although it were shame
on any side but one, it were worse shame to b
than to be on the worst side, though blacker than
lion could make it. As for Aunt Rachael, her sc
had not exactly terminated according to her wishe
she was under the necessity of submitting to ci
stances; and her mortification was diverted by th
ployment she found in fitting her nephew for the
paign, and greatly consoled by the prospect o
holding him blaze in complete uniform.

Edward Waverley himself received with ani
and undefined surprise this most unexpected i
gence. It was, as a fine old poem expresses it,
a fire to heather set," that covers a solitary hill
smoke, and illumines it at the same time with
fire. His tutor, or, I should say, Mr. Pembrok
he scarce assumed the name of tutor, picked up
Edward's room some fragments of irregular
which he appeared to have composed under th
fluence of the agitating feelings occasioned by
sudden page being turned up to him in the bo
life. The doctor, who was a believer in all p
which was composed by his friends, and writte
in fair straight lines, with a capital at the beginni

ch, communicated this treasure to Aunt Rachael, io, with her spectacles dimmed with tears, trans- red them to her common-place book, among choice ceipts for cookery and medicine, favourite texts and rtions from high-church divines, and a few songs, iatory and Jacobitical, which she had carolled in r younger days, from whence they were extracted ien the volume itself, with other authentic records the Waverley family, were exposed to the inspec- n of the unworthy editor of this memorable history. they afford the reader no higher amusement, they ll serve at least, better than narrative of any kind, acquaint him with the wild and irregular spirit of r hero.

Late, when the Autumn evening fell
On Mirkwood-Mere's romantic dell,
The lake return'd in chasten'd gleam,
The purple cloud, the golden beam:
Reflected in the crystal pool,
Headland and bank lay fair and cool;
The weather-tinted rock and tower,
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
So true, so soft, the mirror gave
As if there lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
A world than earthly world more fair.
But distant winds began to wake,
And rous'd the genius of the Lake!
He heard the groaning of the oak,
And donn'd at once his sable cloak,
As warrior at the battle cry,
Invests him with his panoply:
Then as the whirlwind nearer press'd,
He 'gan to shake his foamy crest
O'er furrow'd brow and blacken'd cheek,
And bade his surge in thunder speak.
In wild and broken eddies whirl'd,
Flitted that fond ideal world,
And to the shore in tumult tost,
The realms of fairy bliss were lost.
Yet, with a stern delight and strange,
I saw the spirit-stirring change.
As warr'd the wind with wave and wood,
Upon the ruin'd tower I stood,

And felt my heart more strongly bound,
Responsive to the lofty sound,
While, joying in the mighty roar,
I mourn'd that tranquil scene no more.
So, on the idle dreams of youth.
Breaks the loud trumpet call of truth,
Bids each fair vision pass away,
Like landscape on the lake that lay,
As, fair, as flitting, and as frail,
As that which fled the Autumn gale—
For ever dead to Fancy's eye
Be each gay form that glided by,
While dreams of love and lady's charms
Give place to honour and to arms!

In sober prose, as perhaps these verses intimat decidedly, the transient idea of Miss Cecelia S passed from Captain Waverley's heart amid the moils which his new destinies excited. She app indeed in full splendour in her father's pew upo Sunday when he attended service for the last tir the old parish church, upon which occasion, at th quest of his uncle and Aunt Rachael, he was inc (nothing loth, if the truth must be told) to pr himself in full uniform.

There is no better antidote against etertainin high an opinion of others, than having an excelle of ourselves at the very same time. Miss Stubb indeed summoned up every assistance which art afford to beauty; but, alas! hoop, patches, fri locks, and a new mantua of genuine French silk, lost upon a young officer of dragoons, who wo the first time his gold-laced hat, boots, and broad-s I know not whether, like the champion of an old b

His heart was all on honour bent,
He could not stoop to love;
No lady in the land had power
His frozen heart to move;

or whether the deep and flaming bars of embroi gold, which now fenced his breast, defied the ar

of Cecilia's eyes, but every arrow was launched at him in vain.

> Yet did I mark where Cupid's shaft did light:
> It lighted not on little western flower,
> But on a yeoman, flower of all the west,
> Hight Jonas Culbertfield, the steward's son.

Craving pardon for my heroics, (which I am unable in certain cases to resist giving way to,) it is a melancholy fact, that my history must here take leave of the fair Cecilia, who, like many a daughter of Eve, after the departure of Edward, and the dissipation of certain idle visions which she had adopted, quietly contented herself with a *pis-aller*, and gave her hand, at the distance of six months, to the aforesaid Jonas, son of the baronet's steward, and heir (no unfertile prospect) to a steward's fortune; beside the snug probability of succeeding to his father's office. All these advantages moved Squire Stubbs, as much as the ruddy brow and manly form of the suitor influenced his daughter, to abate somewhat in the article of their gentry, and so the match was concluded. None seemed more gratified than Aunt Rachael, who had hitherto looked rather askance upon the presumptuous damsel, (as much so peradventure as her nature would permit,) but who, on the first appearance of the new-married pair at church, honoured the bride with a smile and a profound courtesy, in presence of the rector, the curate, the clerk, and the whole congregation of the united parishes of Waverley *cum* Beverley.

I beg pardon, once and for all, of those readers who take up novels merely for amusement, for plaguing them so long with old-fashioned politics, and Whig and Tory, and Hanoverians and Jacobites. The truth is, I cannot promise them that this story shall be intelligible, not to say probable, without it. My plan requires that I should explain the motives on which its

action proceeded; and these motives necessarily arose from the feelings, prejudices, and the parties of the times. I do not invite my fair readers, whose sex and impatience give them the greatest right to complain of these circumstances, into a flying chariot drawn by hypogriffs, or moved by enchantment. Mine is a humble English post-chaise, drawn upon four wheels, and keeping his majesty's highway. Those who dislike the vehicle may leave it at the next halt, and wait for the conveyance of prince Hussein's tapestry, or Malek the Weaver's flying sentry-box. Those who are contented to remain with me will be occasionally exposed to the dulness inseparable from heavy roads, steep hills, sloughs, and other terrestrial retardations; but, with tolerable horses, and a civil driver, (as the advertisements have it,) I also engage to get as soon as possible into a more picturesque and romantic country, if my passengers incline to have some patience with me during my first stages.

CHAPTER VI.

The Adieus of Waverley.

It was upon the evening of this memorable Sunday that Sir Everard entered the library, where he narrowly missed surprising our young hero as he went through the guards of the broad-sword with the ancient brand of old Sir Hildebrand, which, being preserved as an heir-loom, usually hung over the chimney in the library, beneath a picture of the knight and his horse, where the features were almost entirely hidden by the knight's profusion of curled hair, and the Bucephalus which he bestrode concealed by the voluminous robes of the Bath, with which he was decorated. Sir Everard entered, and, after a glance at the picture, and another at his nephew, began a little speech, which, however, soon dropt into the natural simplicity of his common manner, agitated upon the present occasion by no common feeling. "Nephew," he said; and then, as mending his phrase, "My dear Edward, it is God's will, and also the will of your father, whom, under God, it is your duty to obey, that you should leave us, to take up the profession of arms, in which so many of your ancestors have been distinguished. I have made such arrangements as will enable you to take the field as their descendant, and as the probable heir of the house of Waverley; and, sir, in the field of battle you will remember what name you bear. And Edward, my dear boy, remember also that you are the last of that race, and the only hope of its revival depends upon you; therefore, as far as duty and honour will permit, avoid danger—I mean unnecessary danger—and keep no company with rakes, gamblers, and whigs, of whom, it is to be feared, there is but too many in the service into which you are going. Your colonel, as I am informed, is an excellent man—for a presbyterian; but

you will remember your duty to God, the church of England, and the——(this breach ought to have been supplied, according to the rubrick, with the word *king:* but as, unfortunately, that word conveyed a double and embarrassing sense, one meaning *de facto* and the other *de jure*, the knight filled up the blank otherwise) —the church of England, and all constituted authorities." Then, not trusting himself with any farther oratory, he carried his nephew to his stables to see the horses he destined for his campaign. Two were black, (the regimental colour,) superb chargers both; the other three were stout, active hacks, designed for the road, or for his domestics, of whom two were to attend him from the hall; an additional groom, if necessary might be picked up in Scotland. "You will depart with but a small retinue," quoth the baron, "compared to Sir Hildebrand, when he mustered before the gate of the hall a larger body of horse than your whole regiment consists of. I could have wished that these twenty young fellows from my estate, who have enlisted in your troop, had been to march with you on your journey to Scotland. It would have been something, at least; but I am told their attendance would be thought unusual in these days, when every new and foolish fashion is introduced to break the natural dependence of the people upon their landlords." Sir Everard had done his best to correct this unnatural disposition of the times; for he had brightened the chain of attachment between the recruits and their young captain, not only by a copious repast of beef and ale, by way of parting feast, but by such a pecuniary donation to each individual, as tended rather to improve the conviviality than the discipline of their march. After inspecting the cavalry, Sir Everard again conducted his nephew to the library, where he produced a letter, carefully folded, surrounded by a little stripe of flaw silk, according to ancient form, and sealed with an accurate impression of the Waverley coat of arms. It was addressed, with great for-

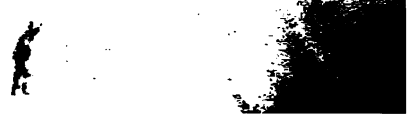
mality, "To Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, Esq. of Bradwardine, at his principal mansion of Tully-Veolan, in Perthshire, North Britain. These—by the hands of Captain Edward Waverley, nephew of Sir Everard Waverley of Waverley-Honour, Bart." The gentleman to whom this enormous greeting was addressed, of whom we shall have more to say in the sequel, had been in arms for the exiled family of Stuart in the year 1715, and was made prisoner at Preston, in Lancashire. He was a man of very ancient family, and somewhat embarrassed fortune; a scholar according to the scholarship of Scotchmen, that is, his learning was more diffuse than accurate, and he was rather a reader than a grammarian. Of his zeal for the classic authors he is said to have given on uncommon instance. On the road between Preston and London, he made his escape from his guards; but being afterwards found loitering near the place where they had lodged the former night, he was recognised, and again arrested. His companions, and even his escort, were surprised at his infatuation, and could not help inquiring, why, being once at liberty, he had not made the best of his way to a place of safety: to which he replied, that he had intended to do so, but, in good faith, he had returned to seek his Titus Livius, which he had forgot in the hurry of his escape. The simplicity of this anecdote struck the gentleman, who as we before observed, had managed the defence of some of those unfortunate persons, at the expense of Sir Everard, and perhaps some others of the party. He was, besides, a special admirer of the old Patavinian, and though probably his own zeal might not have carried him such extravagant lengths, even to recover the edition of Sweynheim and Pannartz, (supposed to be the princeps,) he did not the less estimate the devotion of the North Briton, and so exerted himself to remove and soften evidence, detect legal flaws, *et cetera*, that he accomplished the final discharge and deliverance of Cosmo Comyne Bradwar-

dine from certain very awkward consequences of a plea before our sovereign lord the king in Westminster. The Baron of Bradwardine, for he was generally so called in Scotland, (although his intimates, from his place of residence, used to denominate him Tully-Veolan, or, more familiarly, Tully,) no sooner stood *rectus in curia*, than he posted down to pay his respects and make his acknowledgments at Waverley-Honour. A congenial passion for field sports, and a general coincidence in political opinions, cemented his friendship with Sir Everard, notwithstanding the difference of their habits and studies in other particulars; and having spent several weeks at Waverley-Honour, he departed with many expressions of regard, warmly pressing the baronet to return his visit, and partake of the diversion of grouse shooting upon his moors in Perthshire next season. Shortly after, Mr. Bradwardine remitted from Scotland a sum in reimbursement of expenses incurred in the king's high court of Westminster, which, although not quite so formidable when reduced to the English denomination, had, in its original form of Scotch pounds, shillings, and pence, such a formidable effect upon the frame of Duncan Macwheeble, the laird's confidential factor, baron baillie, and man of resource, that he had a fit of the colic which lasted for five days, occasioned, he said, solely and utterly by becoming the unhappy instrument of conveying such a serious sum of money out of his native country into the hands of the false English. But patriotism, as it is the fairest, so it is often the most suspicious, mark of other feelings; and many who knew Baillie Macwheeble, concluded that his professions of regret were not altogether disinterested, and that he would have grudged the moneys paid to the *loons* at Westminster much less had they not come from Bradwardine estate, a fund which he considered as more particularly his own. But the baillie protested he was absolutely disinterested—

"Wo, wo for Scotland, not a whit for me!"

The laird was only rejoiced that his worthy friend, Sir Everard Waverley of Waverley-Honour, was reimbursed of the expenditure which he had outlaid on account of the house of Bradwardine. It concerned, he said, the credit of his own family, and of the kingdom of Scotland at large, that these debursements should be repaid forthwith, and if delayed it would be a matter of national reproach. Sir Everard, accustomed to treat much larger sums with indifference, received the remittance of 297*l*, 13*s*. 6*d*. without being aware that the payment was an international concern, and indeed would probably have forgot the circumstance altogether, if Baillie Macwheeble had thought of comforting his colic by intercepting the subsidy. A yearly intercourse took place, of a short letter, and a hamper or cask or two between Waverley-Honour and Tully-Veolan, the English exports consisting of mighty cheeses and mightier ale, pheasants, and venison, and the Scottish returns being vested in grouse, white hares, pickled salmon, and usquebaugh. All which were meant and received as pledges of constant friendship and amity between two important houses. It followed, as a matter of course, that the heir apparent of Waverley-Honour could not with propriety visit Scotland without being furnished with credentials to the Baron of Bradwardine.

When this matter was explained and settled, Mr. Pembroke expressed his wish to take a private and particular leave of his dear pupil. The good man's exhortations to Edward to preserve an unblemished life and morals, to hold fast the principles of the Christian religion, and to eschew the company of scoffers and latitudinarians, too much abounding in the army, were not unmingled with his political prejudices. It had pleased Heaven, he said, to place Scotland (doubtless for the sins of their ancestors in 1642) in a more deplorable state of darkness than even this unhappy



kingdom of England. Here, at least, although the candlestick of the church of England had been in some degree removed from its place, it yet afforded a glimmering light; *there* was a hierarchy, though schismatical, and fallen from the principles maintained by those great fathers of the church, Sancroft and his brethren; there *was* a liturgy, though wofully perverted in some of the principal petitions. But in Scotland it was utter darkness, and excepting a sorrowful, scattered, and persecuted remnant, the pulpits were abandoned to presbyterians, and, he feared, to sectaries of every description. It should be his duty to fortify his dear pupil to resist such unhallowed and pernicious doctrines in church and state, as must necessarily be forced at times upon his unwilling ears. Here he produced two immense folded packets, which appeared each to contain a whole ream of closely-written manuscript. They had been the labour of the worthy man's whole life; and never was labour and zeal more absurdly wasted. He had at one time gone to London, with an intention of giving them to the world, by the medium of a bookseller in Little Britain, well known to deal in such commodities, and to whom he was instructed to address himself in a particular phrase, and with a certain sign, which, it seems, passed at that time current among the initiated Jacobites. The moment Mr. Pembroke had uttered the Shibboleth with appropriated gesture, the bibliopolist greeted him, notwithstanding every disclamation, by the title of Doctor, and conveying him into his back shop, after inspecting every possible and impossible place of concealment, he commenced: "Eh, doctor!—Well—all under the rose—snug—I keep no holes here even for a Hanoverian rat to hide in. And, what—eh! any good news from our friends over the water?—and how does the worthy King of France?—or perhaps you are more lately from Rome? it must be Rome will do it at last—the church must light its candle at the old lamp.—Eh—what, cautious? I like you the better; but no fear." Here Mr. Pembroke with some difficulty stopt

a torrent of interrogations eked out with signs, nods, and winks; and having convinced the bookseller that he did him too much honour in supposing him an emissary of exiled royalty he explained his real business. The man of books with a much more composed air proceeded to examine the manuscripts. The title of the first was, "A Dissent from Dissenters, or the Comprehension confuted; showing the impossibility of any composition between the Church and Puritans, Presbyterians, or sectaries of any description; illustrated from the Scriptures, the fathers of the church and the soundest controversial divines." To this work the bookseller positively demurred. "Well meant," he said, "and learned, doubtless; but the time had gone by. Printed on *small pica* it would run to eight hundred pages, and could never pay. Begged therefore to be excused—Loved and honoured the true church from his soul, and, had it been a sermon on the martyrdom, or any twelve-penny touch—why I would venture something for the honour of the cloth—But come, let's see the other. "Right hereditary righted!"—Ay; there's some sense in this. Hum—hum—hum—pages so many, paper so much, letter-press——Ay—I'll tell you, though, doctor, you must knock out some of the Latin and Greek; heavy, doctor, damn'd heavy—(beg your pardon) and if you throw in a few grains more pepper—I am he that never peached my author—I have published for Drake, and Charlwood Lawton, and poor Amherst—Ah, Caleb! Caleb! Well, it was a shame to let poor Caleb starve, and so many fat rectors and squires among us. I gave him a dinner once a-week; but, Lord love you, what's once a-week?—when a man does not know where to go the other six days?—Well, but I must show the manuscript to little Tom Alibi, the solicitor, who manages all my law affairs—must keep on the windy side—the mob were very uncivil the last time in old palace yard—all whigs and roundheads, every man of them, Williamites and Hanover rats."

The next day Mr. Pembroke again called on the

publisher, but found Tom Alibi's advice had determined him against undertaking the work. "Not but what I would go to—(what was I going to say) to the plantations for the church with pleasure—but, dear doctor, I have a wife and family; but to show my zeal, I'll recommend the job to my neighbour Trimmel—he is a bachelor, and leaving off business, so a voyage in a western barge would not inconvenience him." But Mr. Trimmel was also obdurate, and Mr. Pembroke, fortunately, perchance, for himself, was compelled to return to Waverley-Honour with his treatise in vindication of the real fundamental principles of church and state, safely packed in his saddle-bags.

As the public were thus likely to be deprived of the benefit arising from his lucubrations by the selfish cowardice of the trade, Mr. Pembroke resolved to make two copies of these tremendous manuscripts for the use of his pupil. He felt that he had been indolent as a tutor, and, besides, his conscience checked him for complying with the request of Mr. Richard Waverley, that he would impress no sentiments upon Edward's mind inconsistent with the present settlement in church and state. "But now," thought he, "I may, without breach of my word, since he is no longer under my tuition, afford the youth the means of judging for himself, and have only to dread his reproaches for so long concealing the light which the perusal will flash upon his mind." While he thus indulged the reveries of an author and a politician, his darling proselyte, seeing nothing very inviting in the titles of the tracts, and appalled by the bulk and compact lines of the manuscript, quietly consigned them to a corner of his travelling trunk.

Aunt Rachael's farewell was brief and affectionate. She only cautioned her dear Edward whom she probably deemed somewhat susceptible, against the fascination of Scottish beauty. She allowed that the northern part of the island contained some ancient families, but they were all whigs and presbyterians except the Highlanders; and respecting them, she must

needs say, there could be no great delicacy among the ladies, where the gentlemen's usual attire was, as she had been assured, to say the least, very singular, and not at all decorous, She concluded her farewell with a kind and moving benediction, and gave the young officer, as a pledge of her regard, a valuable diamond ring (frequently worn by the male sex at that time) and a purse of broad gold pieces, which also were more common sixty years since than they have been of late.

CHAPTER VII.

A Horse-Quarter in Scotland.

THE next morning, amid various feelings, the chief of which was a predominant, anxious, and even solemn impression, that he was now in a great measure abandoned to his own guidance and direction, Edward Waverley departed from the Hall amid the blessings and tears of all the old domestics and the inhabitants of the village, mingled with some sly petitions for sergeantcies and corporalships, and so forth, on the part of those who professed that they never had thoft to ha' seen Jacob, and Giles, and Jonathan, go off for soldiers, save to attend his honour, as in duty bound. Edward, as in duty bound, extricated himself from the supplicants with the pledge of fewer promises than might have been expected from a young man so little accustomed to the world. After a short visit at London he proceeded on horseback, then the general mode of conveyance, to Edinburgh, and from thence to ———, a sea-port on the eastern coast of Angusshire, where his regiment was then quartered.

He now entered upon a new world, where, for a time, all was beautiful because all was new. Colonel G——, the commanding officer of the regiment, was himself a study for a romantic, and at the same time an inquisitive youth. In person he was tall, handsome, and active, though somewhat advanced in life. In his early years, he had been what is called, by manner of palliative, a very gay young man, and strange stories were circulated about his sudden conversion from doubt, if not infidelity, to a serious and even enthusiastic turn of mind. It was whispered that a supernatural communication, of a nature obvious even to the exterior senses, had produced this wonderful

change; and though some mentioned the proselyte as an enthusiast, none hinted at his being a hypocrite. This singular and mystical circumstance gave Colonel G—— a peculiar and solemn interest in the eyes of the young soldier. It may be easily imagined that the officers of a regiment, commanded by so respectable a person, composed a society more sedate and orderly than a military mess always exhibits: and that Waverley escaped some temptations to which he might otherwise have been exposed.

Meanwhile his military education proceeded. Already a good horseman, he was now initiated into the arts of the manege, which, when carried to perfection, almost realize the fable of the Centaur, the guidance of the horse appearing to proceed from the rider's mere volition, rather than from the use of any external and apparent signal of motion. He received also instructions in his field duty; but I must own, that when his first ardour was past, his progress fell short in the latter particular of what he wished and expected. The duty of an officer, the most imposing of all others to the inexperienced mind, because accompanied with so much outward pomp and circumstance, is in its essence a very dry and abstract study, depending chiefly upon arithmetical combinations, requiring much attention, and a cool and reasoning head to bring them into action. Our hero was liable to fits of absence, in which his blunders excited some mirth, and called down some reproof. This circumstance impressed him with a painful sense of inferiority in those qualities which appeared most to deserve and obtain regard in his new profession. He asked himself in vain, why his eye could not judge of distance of space so well as those of his companions; why his head was not always successful in disentangling the various partial movements necessary to execute a particular evolution; and why his memory, so alert upon most occasions, did not always retain technical phrases, and minute points of etiquette or

field discipline. Waverley was naturally modest, and therefore did not fall into the egregious mistake of supposing such minuter rules of military duty beneath his notice, or conceiting himself to be born a general because he made an indifferent subaltern. The truth was, that the vague and unsatisfactory course of reading which he had pursued, working upon a temper naturally retired and abstracted, had given him that wavering and unsettled habit of mind which is most adverse to study and riveted attention. Time, in the meanwhile hung heavy on his hands. The gentry of the neighbourhood were disaffected, and showed little hospitality to the military guests; and the people of the town, chiefly engaged in mercantile pursuits, were not such as Waverley chose to associate with. The arrival of summer, and a curiosity to know something more of Scotland than he could see in a ride from his quarters, determined him to request leave of absence for a few weeks. He resolved first to visit his uncle's ancient friend and correspondent, with a purpose of extending or shortening the time of his residence according to circumstances. He travelled of course on horseback, and with a single attendant, and passed his first night at a miserable inn, where the landlady had neither shoes nor stockings, and the landlord, who called himself a gentleman, was disposed to be rude to his guest, because he had not bespoke the pleasure of his society to supper. The next day, traversing an open and unenclosed country, Edward gradually approached the highlands of Perthshire, which at first had appeared a blue outline in the horizon, but now swelled into huge, gigantic masses, which frowned defiance over the more level country that lay beneath them. Near the bottom of this stupendous barrier but still in the Lowland country, dwelt Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine of Bradwardine; and if gray-haired eld can be in aught believed, there had dwelt his ancestors, with all their heritage, since the days of the gracious King Duncan.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Scottish Manor House Sixty Years since.

It was about noon when Captain Waverley entered the straggling village, or rather Hamlet, of Tully-Veolan, close to which was situated the mansion of the proprietor. The houses seemed miserable in the extreme, especially to an eye accustomed to the smiling neatness of English cottages. They stood, without any respect to regularity, on each side of a straggling kind of unpaved street, where children, almost in a primitive state of nakedness, lay sprawling, as if to be crushed by the hoofs of the first passing horse. Occasionally, indeed, when such a consummation seemed inevitable, a watchful old grandame, with her close cap, distaff, and spindle, rushed like a sybil in frenzy out of one of these miserable cells, dashed into the middle of the path, and snatching up her own charge from among the sun-burnt loiterers, saluted him with a sound cuff, and transported him back to his dungeon, the little white-headed varlet screaming all the while from the very top of his lungs a shrilly treble to the growling remonstrances of the enraged matron. Another part of this concert was sustained by the incessant yelping of a score of idle, useless curs, which followed, snarling, barking, howling, and snapping at the horses' heels; a nuisance at that time so common in Scotland, that a French tourist, who, like other travellers, longed to find a good and rational reason for every thing he saw, has recorded, as one of the memorabilia of Caledonia, that the state maintained in each village a relay of curs, called *collies*, whose duty it was to chase the *chevaux de poste* (too starved and exhausted to move without such a stimulus) from one hamlet to another, till their annoying convoy drove

them to the end of their stage. The evil and remedy (such as it is) still exist: But this is remote from our present purpose, and is only thrown out for consideration of the collectors under Mr. Dent's dog-bill.

As Waverley moved on, here and there an old man, bent as much by toils as years, his eyes bleared with age and smoke, tottered to the door of his hut, to gaze on the dress of a stranger, and the form and motions of the horses, and then assembled, with his neighbours in a little group at the smithy, to discuss the probabilities of whence the stranger came, and where he might be going. Three or four village girls, returning from the well or brook with pitchers, and pails upon their heads, formed more pleasing objects, and with their thin short-gowns and single petticoats, bare arms, legs, and feet, uncovered heads and braided hair, somewhat resembled Italian forms of landscape. Nor could a lover of the picturesque have challenged either the elegance of their costume, or the symmetry of their shape, although, to say the truth, a mere Englishman, in search of the *comfortable*, a word peculiar to his native tongue, might have wished the clothes less scanty, the feet and legs somewhat protected from the weather, the head and complexion shrouded from the sun, or, perhaps, might even have thought the whole person and dress considerably improved by a plentiful application of spring water, with a *quantum sufficit* of soap. The whole scene was depressing, for it argued, at the first glance, at least a stagnation of industry, and perhaps of intellect. Even curiosity, the busiest passion of the idle, seemed of a listless cast in the village of Tully-Veolan: the curs aforesaid alone showed any part of its activity; with the villagers it was passive. They stood and gazed at the handsome young officer and his attendant, but without any of those quick motions and eager looks that indicate the earnestness with which those who live in monotonous ease at home look out for amusement abroad. Yet the physiognomy of the people,

when more closely examined, was far from exhibiting the indifference of stupidity; their features were rough but remarkably intelligent, grave, and the very reverse of stupid; and from among the young women, an artist might have chosen more than one model whose features and form resembled those of Minerva. The children, also, whose skins were burned black, and whose hair was bleached white, by the influence of the sun, had a look and manner of life and interest. It seemed, upon the whole, as if poverty, and indolence, its too frequent companion, were combining to depress the natural genius and acquired information of a hardy, intelligent, and reflecting peasantry.

Some such thoughts crossed Waverley's mind as he paced his horse slowly through the rugged and flinty streets of Tully-Veolan, interrupted only in his meditations by the occasional cabrioles which his charger exhibited at the reiterated assaults of these canine Cossacks, the *collies* before mentioned. The village was more than half a mile long, the cottages being irregularly divided from each other by gardens, or yards, as the inhabitants called them, of different sizes, where (for it was sixty years since) the now universal potato was unknown, but which were stored with gigantic plants of *kale* of colewort, encircled with groves of nettles, and here and there a huge hemlock, or the national thistle, overshadowing a quarter of the petty enclosure. The broken ground on which the village was built had never been levelled, so that the enclosure presented declivities of every degree, here rising like terraces, there sinking like tanpits. The dry stone walls which fenced, or seemed to fence. (for they were sorely breached,) these hanging gardens of Tully-Veolan, intersected a narrow lane leading to the common field, where the joint labour of the villagers cultivated alternate ridges and patches of rye, oats, barley, and peas, each of such minute extent, that at a little distance the unprofitable variety of the surface resembled a tailor's book of patterns. In

a few favoured instances, there appeared behind the cottages several miserable wigwams, compiled of earth, loose stones, and turf, where the wealthy might perhaps shelter a starved cow or sorely galled horse. But almost every hut was fenced in front by a huge black stack of turf on one side of the door, while on the other the family dunghill ascended in noble emulation. About a bow-shot from the end of the village appeared the enclosure proudly denominated the parks of Tully-Veolan, being certain square fields, surrounded and divided by stone walls five feet in height. In the centre of the exterior barrier was the upper gate of the avenue, opening under an archway, battlemented on the top, and adorned with two large, weather-beaten, mutilated masses of upright stone, which if the tradition of the hamlet could be trusted, had once represented, at least had been once designed to represent, two rampart bears, the supporters of the family of Bradwardine. The avenue was straight, and of moderate length, running between a double row of very ancient horse-chesnuts, planted alternately with sycamores, which rose to such huge height, and flourished so luxuriantly, that their boughs completely overreached the broad road beneath. Beyond these venerable ranks, and running parallel to them, were two walls, of apparently the like antiquity, overgrown with ivy, honeysuckle, and other climbing plants. The avenue seemed very little trodden, and chiefly by foot passengers; so that being very broad, and enjoying a constant shade, it was clothed with grass of a very deep and rich verdure, excepting where a footpath, worn by occasional passengers, tracked with a natural sweep the way from the upper to the lower gate. This nether portal, like the former, opened in front of a wall ornamented with some rude sculpture, and battlemented on the top, over which were seen, half hidden by the trees of the avenue, the high steep roofs and narrow gables of the mansion, with ascending lines leading into steps, and corners

decorated with small turrets. One of the folding leaves of the lower gate was open, and as the sun shone full into the court behind, a long line of brilliancy was flung from the aperture up the dark and sombre avenue. It was one of those effects which a painter loves to represent, and mingled well with the struggling light which found its way between the boughs of the shady arch that vaulted the broad green alley.

The solitude and repose of the whole scene seemed almost monastic, and Waverley, who had given his horse to his servant on entering the first gate, walked slowly down the avenue, enjoying the grateful and cooling shade, and so much pleased with the placid ideas of rest and seclusion excited by this confined and quiet scene, that he forgot the misery and dirt of the hamlet he had left behind him. The opening into the paved court-yard corresponded with the rest of the scene. The house, which seemed to consist of two or three high, narrow, and steep-roofed buildings, projecting from each other at right angles, formed one side of the enclosure. It had been built at a period when castles were no longer necessary, and when the Scottish architects had not yet acquired the art of designing a domestic residence. The windows were numberless, but very small; the roof had some nondescript kind of projections called bartizans, and displayed at each frequent angle, a small turret, rather resembling a pepper-box than a Gothic watch-tower. Neither did the front indicate absolute security from danger. There were loop holes for musketry, and iron stancheons on the lower windows, probably to repel any roving band of gypsies, or resist a predatory visit from the catarens of the neighbouring Highlands. Stables and other offices occupied another side of the square. The former were low vaults, with narrow slits instead of windows, resembling, as Edward's groom observed, "rather a prison for murderers and larceners, and such like as are tried at sizes, than a place

for any christian cattle." Above these dungeon-looking stables were granaries, called girnels, and other offices, to which there was access by outside stairs of heavy masonry. Two battlemented walls, one of which faced the avenue, and the other divided the court from the garden, completed the enclosure. It was not without its ornaments. In one corner was a tumbellied pigeon-house, of great size and rotundity, resembling in figure and proportion the curious edifice called Arthur's Oven, which would have turned the brains of all the antiquaries in England, had not the worthy proprietor pulled it down for the sake of mending a neighbouring dam-dike. This dove-cot, or *columbárium*, as the owner called it, was no small resource to a Scottish laird of this period, whose scanty rents were eked out by the contributions levied upon the farms by these light foragers, and the conscriptions exacted from the latter for the benefit of the table.

Another corner of the court displayed a fountain, where a huge bear, carved in stone, predominated over a large stone basin, into which he disgorged the water. This work of art was the wonder of the country ten miles round. It must not be forgotten, that all sorts of bears, small and large, demi or in full proportion, were carved over the windows, upon the ends of the gables, terminated the spouts, and supported the turrets, with the ancient family motto, "Bewar the Bar," cut under each hyperborean form. The court was spacious, well paved, and perfectly clean, there being probably another entrance behind the stables for removing the litter. Every thing around appeared solitary, and would have been silent, but for the continued splashing of the fountain; and the whole scene still maintained the monastic illusion which the fancy of Waverley had conjured up. And here we beg permission to close a chapter of still life.

CHAPTER IX.

More of the Manor House and its Environs.

After having satisfied his curiosity by gazing around him for a few minutes, Waverley applied himself to the massive knocker of the hall-door, the architrave of which bore the date 1594. But no answer was returned, though the peal resounded through a number of apartments, and was echoed from the court-yard walls without the house, startling the pigeons from the venerable rotunda which they occupied, and alarming anew even the distant village curs, which had retired to sleep upon their respective dunghills. Tired of the din which he created, and the unprofitable responses which it excited, Waverley began to think that he had reached the castle of Orgoglio, which when entered by the victorious Prince Arthur,

> When 'gan he loudly through the house to call,
> But no man cared to answer to his cry,
> There reigned a solemn silence over all,
> Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seen in bower or hall.

Filled almost with expectation of beholding some "old, old man, with beard as white as snow," whom he might question concerning this deserted mansion; our hero turned to a little oaken wicket-door, well clinched with iron nails, which opened in the court-yard wall at its angle with the house. It was only latched, notwithstanding its fortified appearance, and when opened, admitted him into the garden, which presented a pleasant scene. The southern side of the house, clothed with fruit-trees, and having many evergreens trained upon its walls, extended its irre-

lar yet venerable front, along a terrace, partly paved, partly gravelled, partly bordered with flowers and choice shrubs. This elevation descended by three several flights of steps, placed in its centre and at the extremities, into what might be called the garden proper, and was fenced along the top by a stone parapet, with a heavy ballustrade, ornamented from space to space with huge grotesque figures of animals seated upon their haunches, among which the favourite bear was repeatedly introduced. Placed in the middle of the terrace between a sashed door opening from the house and the central flight of steps, a huge animal of the same species supported on his head and fore paws sun-dial of large circumference, inscribed with more diagrams than Edward's mathematics enabled him to decipher.

The garden, which seemed to be kept with great accuracy, and abounded in fruit-trees, exhibited a profusion of flowers and evergreens, cut into grotesque forms. It was laid out into terraces, which descended rank by rank, from the western wall to a large brook, which had a tranquil and smooth appearance where it served as a boundary to the garden; but near the extremity, leaped in tumult over a strong dam, or wear head, the cause of its temporary tranquillity, and there forming a cascade, was overlooked by an octangular summer-house with a gilded bear on the top by way of vane. After this feat the brook, assuming its natural rapid and fierce character, escaped from the eye down the deep and wooded dell, from the copse of which arose a massive but ruinous tower, the former habitation of the Barons of Bradwardine. The park, opposite to the garden, displayed a narrow meadow, or *haugh*, as it was called, which formed a small washing-green; the bank, which retired behind it, was covered by ancient trees.

The scene, though pleasing, was not quite equal to the garden of Alcina; yet it wanted not the "*due donzelette garrule*" of that enchanted paradise, for upon

the green aforesaid, two bare-legged damsels, each standing in a spacious tub performed with their feet the office of a patent washing-machine. These did not, however, like the maidens of Armida, remain to greet with their harmony, the approaching guest, but, alarmed at the appearance of a handsome stranger on the opposite side, dropped their garments (I should say garment, to be quite correct) over their limbs, which their occupation exposed somewhat too freely, and with a shrill exclamation of "Eh, sirs!" uttered with an accent between modesty and coquetry, sprung off like deer in different directions.

Waverley began to despair of gaining entrance into this solitary, and seemingly enchanted mansion, when a man advanced up one of the garden alleys, where he still retained his station. Trusting this might be a gardener, or some domestic belonging to the house Edward descended the steps in order to meet him; but as the figure approached, and long before he could descry his features, he was struck with the oddity of his appearance and gestures. Sometimes this mister wight held his hands clasped over his head, like an Indian Jogue in the attitude of penance: sometimes he swung them perpendicularly, like a pendulum, on each side; and anon he slapped them swiftly and repeatedly across his breast, like the substitute used by a hackney coachman for his usual flogging exercise, when his cattle are idle upon the stand, in a clear frosty day. His gait was as singular as his gestures, for at times he hopped with great perseverance on the right foot, then exchanged that supporter to advance in the same manner on the left, and then putting his feet close together, he hopped upon both at once. His dress also was antiquated and extravagant. It consisted in a sort of gray jerkin, with scarlet cuffs and slashed sleeves, showing a scarlet lining; the other parts of the dress corresponded in colour, not forgetting a pair of scarlet stockings, and a scarlet bonnet, proudly surmounted with a turkey's feather. Edward,

whom he did not seem to observe, now perceived confirmation in his features of what the mien and gestures had already announced. It was apparently neither idiocity nor insanity which gave that wild, unsettled, irregular expression to a face which naturally was rather handsome, but something that resembled a compound of both, where the simplicity of the fool was mixed with the extravagance of a crazed imagination. He sung with great earnestness, and not without some taste, a fragment of an old Scotch ditty:

False love, and hast thou played me this
In summer among the flowers?
I will repay thee back again
In winter among the showers.
Unless again, again, my love,
Unless you turn again,
As you with other maidens rove,
I'll smile on other men.

Here lifting up his eyes, which had hitherto been fixed in observing how his feet kept time to the tune, he beheld Waverley, and instantly doff'd his cap, with many grotesque signals of surprise, respect, and salutation. Edward, though with little hope of receiving an answer to any constant question, requested to know whether Mr. Bradwardine were at home, or where he could find any of the domestics. The questioned party replied, and like the witch of Thalaba, "still his speech was song—"

The knight's to the mountain
His bugle to wind:
The lady's to greenwood
Her garland to bind.
The bower of Burd Ellen
Has moss on the floor,
That the step of Lord William
Be silent and sure.

This conveyed no information, and Edward, repeat-

ing his queries, received a rapid answer, in which, from the haste and the peculiarity of the dialect, the word "butler" was alone intelligible. Waverley then requested to see the butler; upon which the fellow, with a knowing look and nod of intelligence, made a signal to Edward to follow, and began to dance and caper down the alley up which he had made his approaches. "A strange guide this," thought Edward, "and not much unlike one of Shakspeare's roynish clowns. I am not over prudent to trust to his pilotage; but wiser men have been led by fools. By this time he reached the bottom of the alley, where, turning short on a little parterre of flowers, shrouded from the east and north by a close yew hedge, he found an old man at work without his coat, whose appearance wavered between that of an upper servant and gardener; his red nose and ruffled shirt belonging to the former profession; his hale and sunburnt visage, with his green apron, appearing to indicate

Old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden.

The major domo, for such he was, and indisputably the third officer of state in the barony—(nay, as chief minister of the interior, superior even to Baillie Macwheeble in his own department of the kitchen and cellar)—the major domo laid down his spade, slipped on his coat in haste, and with a wrathful look at Edward's guide, probably excited by his having introduced a stranger while he was engaged in this laborious, and as he might suppose it, degrading office, requested to know the gentleman's commands. Being informed that he wished to pay his respects to his master, that his name was Waverley, and so forth, the old man's countenance assumed a great deal of respectful importance. "He could take it upon his conscience to say, his honour would have exceeding pleasure in seeing him. Would not Mr. Waverley choose some refreshment after his journey? His honour was with

the folk who were getting doon the dark hag; the two gardener lads (an emphasis on the word *two*) had been ordered to attend him; and he had been just amusing himself in the meantime with dressing Miss Rose's flower-bed, that he might be near to receive his honour's orders, if need were: he was very fond of a garden, but had little time for such divertisements."—"He canna get it wrought in above twa days in the week, at no rate whatever," said Edward's fantastic conductor. A grim look from the butler chastised his interference, and he commanded him by the name of Davie Gellatly, in a tone which admitted no discussion, to look for his honour at the dark hag, and tell him there was a gentleman from the south had arrived at the ha'." "Can this poor fellow deliver a letter?" asked Edward. "With all fidelity, sir, to any one whom he respects. I would hardly trust him with a long message by word of mouth—though he is more knave than fool."

Waverley delivered his credentials to Mr. Gallatly, who seemed to confirm the butler's last observation, by twisting his features at him, when he was looking another way, into the resemblance of the grotesque face on the bole of a German tobacco-pipe; after which, with an odd congé to Waverley, he danced off to discharge his errand. "He is an innocent, sir," said the butler; "there is one such in almost every town in the country, but ours is brought far ben. He used to work a day's turn well enough; but he helped Miss Rose when she was flemit with the Laird of Killancureit's new English bull, and since that time we call him Davie Do-little; indeed we might call him Davie Do-nothing, for since he got that gay clothing, to please his honour and my young mistress, (great folks will have their fancies,) he has done nothing but dance up and down about the *town*, without doing a single turn, unless trimming the laird's fishing wand, or busking his flies, or, may be, catching a dish of trouts at an over-time. But here comes Miss Rose, who, I take

burden upon me for her, will be especial glad to see one of the house of Waverley at her father's mansion of Tully-Veolan."

But Rose Bradwardine deserves better of her unworthy historian, than to be introduced at the end of a chapter.

In the mean while it may be noticed, that Waverley learned two things from this colloquy; that in Scotland a single house was called a *town*, and a natural fool an *innocent*.

CHAPTER X.

Rose Bradwardine and her Father.

Miss Bradwardine was but seventeen; yet, at the last races of the country town of ——, upon her health being proposed among a round of beauties, the Laird of Bumperquaigh, permanent toast master and croupier of the Bautherwhillery Club, not only said *More* to the pledge in a pint bumper of Bordeaux, but, ere pouring forth the libation, denominated the divinity to whom it was dedicated, the "Rose of Tully-Veolan;" upon which festive occasion, three cheers were given by all the sitting members of that respectable society, whose throats the wine had left capable of such exertion. Nay, I am well assured that the sleeping partners of the company snorted applause, and that although strong bumpers and weak brains had consigned two or three to the floor, yet even these, fallen, as they were, from their high estate, and weltering—I will carry the parody no further—uttered divers inarticulate sounds, intimating their assent to the motion.

Such unanimous applause could not be extorted but by acknowledged merit, and Rose Bradwardine not only deserved it, but also the approbation of much

more rational persons than the Bautherwhillery Club could have mustered, even before discussion of the first *magnum*. She was, indeed, a very pretty girl of the Scotch cast of beauty, that is, with a profusion of hair of paley gold, and a skin like the snow of her own mountains in whiteness. Yet she had not a pallid or pensive cast of countenance; her features, as well as her temper, had a lively expression; her complexion, though not florid, was so pure as to seem transparent, and the slightest cause sent her whole blood at once to her face and neck. Her form, though under the common size, was remarkably elegant, and her motions light, easy, and unembarrassed. She came from another part of the garden to receive Captain Waverley, with a manner that hovered between bashfulness and courtesy.

The first greetings past, Edward learned from her that the *old hag*, which had somewhat puzzled him in the butler's account of his master's avocations, had nothing to do either with black cat or a broomstick, but simply a portion of oak copse which was to be felled that day. She offered, with embarrassed civility, to show the stranger the way to the spot, which, it seems, was not far distant; but they were prevented by the appearance of the Baron of Bradwardine in person, who, summoned by David Gellatly, now appeared, "on hospitable thoughts intent," clearing the ground at a prodigious rate with swift and long strides, which reminded Waverley of the seven league boots of the nursery fable. He was a tall, thin, athletic figure, old, indeed, and gray haired, but with every muscle rendered as tough as whip-cord by constant exercise. He was dressed carelessly, and more like a Frenchman than an Englishman of the period, while, from his hard features and perpendicular rigidity of stature, he bore some resemblance to a Swiss officer of the guards, who had resided some time at Paris, and caught the costume, but not the ease or manner of its inhabitants. The truth was, that his

language and habits were as heterogeneous as his external appearance.

Owing to his natural disposition to study, or perhaps to a very general Scottish fashion of giving young men of rank a legal education, he had been bred with a view to the bar. But the politics of his family precluding the hope of his rising in that profession, Mr. Bradwardine travelled for several years, and made five campaigns in foreign service. After his demelée with the law of high treason in 1715, he had lived in retirement, conversing almost entirely with those of his own principles in the vicinage. The pedantry of the lawyer, superinduced upon the military pride of the soldier, might remind a modern of the days of the zealous volunteer service, when the bar-gown of our pleaders was often flung over a blazing uniform. To this must be added the prejudices of ancient birth and jacobite politics, greatly strengthened by habits of solitary and secluded authority, which, though exercised only within the bounds of his half-cultivated estate, was there indisputable and undisputed. For, as he used to observe, "the lands of Bradwardine, Tully-Veolan, and others, had been elected into a free barony by a charter from David the First, *cum liberali, potest. habendi curias et justicias, cum fossa et furca* (LIE pit and gallows) *et saka et soka, et thol et theam, et infang thief et outfang thief, sive hand-habend. sive bak-barand.*" The peculiar meaning of all these cabalistical words few or none could explain; but they implied, upon the whole, that the Baron of Bradwardine might imprison, try, and execute his vassals and tenants at his pleasure. Like James the First, however, the present possessor of this authority was more pleased in talking about prerogative than in exercising it; and, accepting that he imprisoned two poachers in the dungeon of the old tower of Tully-Veolan, where they were sorely frightened by ghosts, and almost eaten by rats, and that he set an old woman in the *jougs*, (or Scottish pillory,) for saying "there were

mair fules in the laird's ha' house than Davie Gellatly," I do not learn that he was accused of abusing his high powers. Still, however, the conscious pride of possessing them gave additional importance to his language and deportment.

At his first address to Waverly, it would seem that the hearty pleasure he felt to behold the nephew of his friend had somewhat discomposed the stiff and upright dignity of the Baron of Bradwardine's demeanour; for the tears stood in the old gentleman's eyes, when, having first shaken Edward heartily by the hand in the English fashion, he embraced him *a-la-mode François*, and kissed him on both sides of the face; while the hardness of his gripe, and the quantity of Scotch snuff which his *acolade* communicated, called corresponding drops of moisture to the eyes of his guest. "Upon the honour of a gentleman," he said, "but it makes me young again to see you here, Mr. Waverley! A worthy scion of the old stock of Waverley-Honour—*spes altera*, as Maro hath it—and you have the look of the old line, Captain Waverley; not so portly yet as my old friend Sir Everard—*mais cela viendra avec le tems*, as my Dutch acquaintance, Baron Kikkitbroeck, said of the *sagesse* of *Madame son epouse*.—And so ye have mounted the cockade? Right, right; though I could have wished the colour different, and so I would ha' deemed might Sir Everard. But no more of that. I am old, and times are changed. And how does the worthy knight baronet, and the fair Mrs. Rachael?—Ah, ye laugh, young man; but she was the fair Mrs. Rachael in the year of grace seventeen hundred and sixteen; but time passes—*et singula prædantur anni*—that is most certain. But once again, ye are most heartily welcome to my poor house of Tully-Veolan!—Hie to the house, Rose, and see that Alexander Saunderson looks out the old chateau margaux, which I sent from Bordeaux to Dundee in the year 1713."

Rose tripped off demurely enough till she turned the first corner, and then ran with the speed of a fairy, that she might gain leisure, after discharging her father's commission, to put her own dress in order, and produce all her little finery, an occupation for which the approaching dinner hour left but little time. "We cannot rival the luxuries of your English table, Captain Waverley, or give you the *epulæ lautiores* of Waverley-Honour.—I say *epulæ* rather than *prandium*, because the latter phrase is popular; *epulæ ad senatum, prandium vero ad populum attinet*, says Suetonius Tranquillus. But I trust ye will applaud my Bordeaux? *c'est des deux oreilles*, as Captain Vinsauf used to say—*Vinum primæ notæ* the Principal of St. Andrews denominated it. And, once more, Captain Waverley, right glad am I that ye are here to drink the best my cellar can make forthcoming." This speech, with the necessary interjectional answers, continued from the lower valley where they met, up to the door of the house, where four or five servants in old-fashioned liveries, headed by Alexander Saunderson, the butler, who now bore no token of the sable stains of the garden, received them in grand *costume*,

> In an old hall hung round with pikes and with bows,
> With old bucklers and corslets that had borne many shrewd blows.

With much more ceremony, and still more real kindness, the baron, without stopping in any intermediate apartment, conducted his guest through several into the great dining parlour, wainscotted with black oak, and hung round with the pictures of his ancestry, where a table was set forth in form for six persons, and an old-fashioned beaufet, displayed all the ancient and massive plate of the Bradwardine family. A bell was now heard at the head of the avenue; for an old man, who acted as porter upon gala days, had caught the alarm given by Waverley's arrival, and repairing to *his post, announced* the arrival of other guests.

These, as the baron assured his young friend, were very estimable persons. "There was the young Laird of Balmawhapple, a Falconer by surname, of the house of Glenfarquhar, given right much to field-sports—*gaudet equis et canibus*—but a very discreet young gentleman. Then there was the Laird of Killancureit, who had devoted his leisure *untill* tillage and agriculture, and boasted himself to be possessed of a bull of matchless merit, brought from the county of Devon (the Demonia of the Romans, if we can trust Robert of Cirencester.) He is, as ye may well suppose from such a tendency, but of yeomen extraction —*servabit odorem testa diu*—and I believe, between ourselves, his grandsire was from the wrong side of the border—one Bullsegg, who came hither as a steward, or bailiff, or ground officer, or something in that department, to the last Girnigo of Killancureit, who died of an atrophy. After his master's death, sir—ye would hardly believe such a scandal—but this Bullsegg, being portly and comely of aspect, intermarried with the l[illegible] dowager, who was young and amorous, and possessed [illegible]mself of the estate, which devolved on this unhappy w[illegible]an by a settlement of her umwhile husband, in direct contravention of an unrecorded tallie, and to the prejudice of the disponer's own flesh and blood, in the person of his natural heir and seventh cousin, Girnigo of Tapperhewit, whose family was so reduced by the ensuing law-suit, that his representative is now serving as a private gentleman-sentinel in the Highland black watch. But this gentleman, Mr. Bullsegg of Killancureit that now is, has good blood in his veins by the mother and grandmother, who were both of the family of Pickletillim, and he is well liked and looked upon, and knows his own place. And God forbid, Captain Waverly, that we of irreproachable lineage, should exult over him, when it may be, that in the eighth ninth, or tenth generation, his progeny may rank, in a manner, with the old gentry of the country. Rank and ancestry, sir, should be

the last words in the mouths of us men of unblemished race—*vix ea nostra voco*, as Naso saith. There is, besides, a clergyman of the true, though suffering, episcopal church of Scotland. He was a confessor in her cause after the year 1715, when a whiggish mob destroyed his surplice, and plundered his meeting-house, tore his dwelling-place of four silver spoons, intromitting also with his mart and his meal-ark, and with two barrels, one of single and one of double ale, besides three bottles of brandy. My baron-baillie and door, Mr. Duncan Macwheeble, is the fourth in our list. There is a question, owing to the incertitude of ancient orthography, whether he belongs to the clan of Wheedle or of Quibble, but both have produced persons eminent in the law."

"And thus he described them by person and name,
"They enter'd, and dinner was served as they came."

CHAPTER XI.

The Banquet.

The entertainment was ample, and handsome according to the Scotch ideas of the period, and the guests did great honour to it. The baron eat like a famished soldier, the Laird of Balmawhapple like a sportsman, Bullsegg of Killancureit like a farmer, Waverley himself like a traveller, and Baillie Macwheeble eat like all four together, though, either out of more respect, or in order to preserve that proper declination of person which showed his sense that he was in the presence of his patron, he sat upon the edge of his chair, placed at three feet distance from the table, and achieved a communication with his plate by projecting his person towards it in a line which obliqued from the bottom of his spine, so that the

person who sat opposite to him could only see the foretop of his riding periwig.

The stooping position might have been inconvenient to another person, but long habit made it, whether seated or walking, perfectly easy to the worthy baillie.

In the latter posture it occasioned, no doubt, an unseemly projection of the person towards those who happened to walked behind: but such being at all times his inferiors, for Mr. Macwheeble was very scrupulous in giving place to all others, he cared very little what inference of contempt or slight regard they might derive from the circumstance. Hence, when he waddled across the court to and from his old gray poney, he somewhat resembled a turnspit walking upon its hind legs.

The nonjuring clergyman was a pensive and interesting old man, with much the air of a sufferer for conscience' sake. A gentleman by birth and education, a distant relation, indeed, of the baron; he was one of those,

> Who, undeprived, their benefice forsook.

For this whim, when the baron was out of hearing, the baillie used sometimes gently to rally Mr. Rubric, upbraiding him with the nicety of his scruples. Indeed, it must be owned, that he himself, though at heart a keen partisan of the exiled family, had kept pretty fair with all the different turns of state in his time; so that Davie Gellatly once described him as a particular good man, who had a very quiet and peaceful conscience, *that never did him any harm.*

When the dinner was removed, the baron announced the health of the king, politely leaving to the consciences of his guests to drink to the sovereign *de facto* or *de jure*, as their politics inclined. The conversation now became general; and, shortly afterwards, Miss Bradwardine, who had done the honours with

natural grace and simplicity, retired, and was soon followed by the clergyman. Among the rest of the party, the wine, which fully justified the encomiums of the landlord, flowed freely round, although Waverley, with some difficulty, obtained the privilege of sometimes neglecting his glass. At length, as the evening grew more late, the baron made a private signal to Mr. Saunders Saunderson, or, as he facetiously denominated him, *Alexander ab Alexandro*, who left the room with a nod, and soon after returned, his grave countenance mantling with a solemn and mysterious smile, and placed before his master a small oaken casket, mounted with brass ornaments of curious form. The baron, drawing out a private key, unlocked the casket, raised the lid, and produced a golden goblet of a singular and antique appearance, moulded into the shape of a rampant bear, which the owner regarded with a look of mingled reverence, pride, and delight, that irresistibly reminded Waverley of Ben Jonson's Tom Otter, with his Bull, Horse, and Dog, as that wag wittily denominated his chief carousing cups. But Mr. Bradwardine, turning towards him with complacency, requested him to observe this curious relique of the olden time. "It represents," he said, "the chosen crest of our family, a bear, as ye observe, *rampant;* because a good herald will depict every animal in its noblest posture, as a horse *salient*, a grayhound *currant*, and, as may be inferred, a ravenous animal *in actu ferociori*, or in a voracious, lacerating, and devouring posture. Now, sir, we hold this most honourable achievement by the wappen-brief, or concession of arms of Frederick Red-beard, Emperor of Germany, to my predecessor Godmund Bradwardine, being the crest of a gigantic Dane, whom he slew in the lists of the Holy Land, on a quarrel touching the chastity of the emperor's spouse or daughter, tradition saith not precisely which; and thus as Virgilius hath it—

Mutemus clypeos, Danaumque insignia nobis
Aptemus.

Then for the cup, Captain Waverley, it was wrought by the command of Saint Duthac, abbot of Aberbrothock, for behoof of another baron of the house of Bradwardine, who had valiantly defended the patrimony of that monastery against certain encroaching nobles. It is properly termed the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine, (though old Dr. Doublet used jocosely to call it Ursa Major,) and was supposed, in old and catholic times, to be invested with certain properties of a mystical and supernatural quality. And though I give not in to such *anilia*, it is certain it has always been esteemed a solemn standard cup and heir-loom of our house; nor is it ever used but upon seasons of high festival, and such I hold to be the arrival of the heir of Sir Everard under my roof; and I devote this draught to the health and prosperity of the ancient and highly-to-be-honoured house of Waverley." During this long harangue, he carefully decanted a cobwebbed bottle of claret into the goblet, which held nearly an English-pint; and, at the conclusion, delivering the bottle to the butler, to be held carefully in the same angle with the horizon, he devoutly quaffed off the contents of the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine.

Edward, with horror and alarm, beheld the animal making his rounds, and thought with great anxiety upon the appropriate motto, "beware the bear;" but plainly foresaw, that, as none of the guests scrupled to do him this extraordinary honour, a refusal on his part to pledge their courtesy would be extremely ill received. Resolving, therefore, to submit to this last piece of tyranny, and then to quit the table, if possible; and confiding in the strength of his constitution, he did justice to the company in the contents of the blessed bear, and felt less inconveniency from the draught than he could possibly have expected. The

others, whose time had been more actively employed, began to show symptoms of innovation. "The good wine did its good office; the frost of etiquette, and pride of birth, began to give way before the genial blessings of this benign constellation, and the formal appellatives with which the three dignitaries had hitherto addressed each other, were now familiarly abbreviated into Tullie, Bally, and Killie. When a few rounds had passed, the two latter, after whispering together, craved permission (a joyful hearing for Edward) to ask the grace cup. This, after some delay, was at length produced, and Waverley concluded the orgies of Bacchus were terminated for the evening. He was never more mistaken in his life. As the guests had left their horses at the small inn, or *change-house*, as it was called, of the village, the baron could not, in politeness, avoid walking with them up the avenue, and Waverley, from the same motive, and to enjoy, after this feverish revel, the cool summer evening, attended the party. But when they arrived at Luckie Macleary's, the Lairds of Balmawhapple and Killancureit declared their determination to acknowledge their sense of the hospitality of Tully-Veolan, by partaking, with their entertainer and his guest, Captain Waverley, what they technically called *dock and dorroch*, a stirrup-cup, to the honour of the baron's roof tree.

It must be noticed that the baillie, knowing by experience that the day's joviality, which had been hitherto sustained at the expense of his patron, might terminate partly at his own, had mounted his spavined gray poney, and, between gayety of heart, and alarm, for being hooked into a reckoning, spurred him into a hobbling canter, (a trot was out of the question,) and had already cleared the village. The others entered the change-house, leading Edward in unresisting submission; for his landlord whispered him that to demur to such an overture would be construed into a high misdemeanour against the *leges conviviales*, or regulations of genial compotation. Widow Macleary seemed

to have expected this visit, as well she might, for it was the usual consummation of merry-bouts, not only at Tully-Veolan, but at most other gentleman's houses in Scotland, sixty years since. The guests thereby at once acquitted themselves of their burden of gratitude to their entertainer's hospitality, encouraged the trade of his change-house, did honour to the place which afforded harbour to their horses, and indemnified themselves for the previous restraints imposed by private hospitality, by spending what Falstaff calls the sweet of the night, in the general licence of a tavern.

Accordingly, in full expectation of these distinguished guests, Luckie Macleary had swept her house for the first time this fortnight, tempered her turf fire to such a heat as the season required in her damp hovel even at midsummer, set forth her deal table newly washed, propped its lame foot with a fragment of turf, arranged four or five stools of huge and clumsy form, upon the sites which best suited the inequalities of her clay floor; and having, moreover, put on her clean toy, rokelay, and scarlet plaid, gravely awaited the arrival of the company, in full hope of custom and profit. When they were seated under the sooty rafters of Luckie Macleary's only apartment, thickly tapestried with cobwebs, their hostess, who had already taken her cue from the Laird of Balmawhapple, appeared with a huge pewter measuring-pot, containing at least three English quarts, familiarly denominated *a tappit hen*, and which, in the language of the hostess, reamed (*i. e.* mantled) with excellent claret just drawn from the cask.

It was soon plain that what crumbs of reason the bear had not devoured, were to be picked up by the hen; but the confusion which began to prevail favoured Edward's resolution to evade the gayly circling glass. The rest began to talk thick, and at once, each performing his own part in the conversation, without the least respect to his neighbour. The Baron of Bradwardine sung French *chansons-a-boire*, and

spouted pieces of Latin; Killancureit talked, in a steady, unalterable, dull key, of top-dressing, and bottom-dressing, and year-olds, and gimmers, and dinmonts, and stots, and runts, and kyloes, and a proposed turnpike-act; while Balmawhapple, in note exalted above both, extolled his horse, his hawks, and a grayhound called Whistler. In the middle of this din, the baron repeatedly implored silence; and when at length the instinct of polite discipline so far prevailed that for a moment he obtained it, he hastened to beseech their attention "unto a military ariette, which was a particular favourite of the Mareschal Duc de Berwick;" then, imitating, as well as he could, the manner and tone of a French musquetaire, he immediately commenced—

Mon cœur volage, dit elle,
N'est pas pour vous garcon,
Est pour un homme de guerre,
Qui a barbe au menton.
Lon, Lon, Laridon.

Qui port chapeau a plume,
Soulier a rouge talon,
Qui joue de la flute,
Aussi de violon.
Lon, Lon, Laridon.

Balmawhapple could hold no longer, but broke in with what he called a d——d good song, composed by Gibby Gaethroughwi't, the piper of Cupar, and without wasting more time struck up—

It's up, Glenbarchan's braes I gaed,
And o'er the bent of Killebraid,
And mony a weary cast I made
To cuittle the moor-fowl's tail.

The baron, whose voice was drowned in the louder and more obstreperous strains of Balmawhapple, now

dropped the competition, but continued to hum Lon, Lon, Laridon, and to regard the successful candidate for the attention of the company with an eye of disdain, while Balmawhapple proceeded—

> If up a bonny black-cock should spring,
> To whistle down wi' a slug in his wing,
> And strap him on to my lunzie string,
> Right seldom wa'd I fail.

After an ineffectual attempt to recover the second verse, he sung the first over again; and, in prosecution of his triumph, declared there was "more sense in that than in all the *derry-dongs* of France, and Fifeshire to the boot of it." The baron only answered with a long pinch of snuff and a glance of infinite contempt. But those noble allies, the bear and the hen, had emancipated the young laird from the habitual reverence in which he held Bradwardine at other times. He pronounced the claret *shilpit*, and demanded brandy with great vociferation. It was brought; and now the demon of politics envied even the harmony arising from this Dutch concert, merely because there was not a wrathful note in the strange compound of sounds which it produced. Inspired by her, the Laird of Balmawhapple, now superior to the nods and winks with which the Baron of Bradwardine, in delicacy to Edward, had hitherto checked his entering upon political discussion, demanded a bumper with the lungs of a Stentor, "to the little gentleman in black velvet who did such service in 1702, and may the white horse break his neck over a mound of his making."

Edward was not at that time clear-headed enough to remember that King William's fall, which occasioned his death, was said to be owing to his horse stumbling at a mole-hill, yet felt inclined to take umbrage at a toast which seemed, from the glance of Balmawhapple's eye, to have a peculiar and uncivil reference to the government that he served. But ere he could

interfere, the Baron of Bradwardine had taken up the quarrel. "Sir whatever my sentiments, *tanquam privatus*, may be in such matters, I shall not tamely endure your saying any thing that may impinge upon the honourable feelings of a gentleman under my roof. Sir, if you have no respect for the laws of urbanity, do ye not respect the military oath, the *sacramentum militare*, by which every officer is bound to the standards under which he is enrolled? Look at Titus Livius, what he says of those Roman soldiers who were so unhappy as *exure sacramentum*—to renounce their oath; but ye are ignorant, sir, alike of ancient history and modern courtesy."

"Not so ignorant as ye would pronounce me," roared Balmawhapple. I ken well that you mean the solemn league and covenant, but if all the whigs in hell had taken the"——

Here the baron and Waverley spoke both at once, the former calling out, "be silent, sir! ye not only show your ignorance, but disgrace your native country before a stranger and an Englishmen;" and Waverley, at the same moment, entreating Mr. Bradwardine to permit him to reply to an affront which seemed levelled at him personally. But the baron was exalted by wine, wrath, and scorn, above all sublunary considerations.

"I crave you to be hushed, Captain Waverley; you are elsewhere peradventur, *sui juris*—foris-familiated that is, and entitled, it may be, to think and resent for yourself; but in my domain, in this poor barony of Bradwardine, and under this roof, which is *quasi* mine, being held by tacit relocation by a tenant at will, I am *in loco parentis* to you, and bound to see you scathless. And for you, Mr. Falconer of Balmawhapple, I warn ye let me see no more aberrations from the paths of good manners." "And I tell you, Mr. Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan," retorted the sportsman, in huge disdain, "that I'll make a moor-cock of the man that refuses my toast, whe-

ther it be a crop-eared English whig with a black riband at his lug, or any one who deserts his own friends to claw favour with the rats of Hanover." In an instant both rapiers were brandished, and some desperate passes exchanged. Balmawhapple was young, stout, and active; but the baron, infinitely more master of his weapon, would, like Sir Toby Belch, have tickled his opponent other gates than he did, had he not been under the influence of ursa major.

Edward rushed forward to interfere between the combatants, but the prostrate bulk of the Laird of Killancureit, over which he stumbled, intercepted his passage. How Killancureit happened to be in this recumbent posture, at so interesting a moment, was never accurately known. Some thought he was about to ensconce himself under the table; he himself alleged that he stumbled in the act of lifting a joint-stool, to prevent mischief by knocking down Balmawhapple. Be that as it may, if readier aid than either his or Waverley's had not interposed, there would certainly have been bloodshed. But the well known clash of swords, which was no great stranger to her dwelling, aroused Luckie Macleary as she sat quietly beyond the hallan, or earthern partition of the cottage, with eyes employed on Boston's Crook of the Lot, while her ideas were engaged in summing up the reckoning. She boldly rushed in with the shrill expostulation, "wad their honour slay each other there, and bring discredit on an honest widow woman's house, when there was a' the lea-land in the country to fight upon?" a remonstrance which she seconded by flinging her plaid with great dexterity over the weapons of the combatants. The servants by this time rushed in, and being, by great chance, tolerably sober, separated the incensed opponents, with the assistance of Edward and Killancureit. The latter led off Balmawhapple, cursing, swearing, and vowing revenge against every whig, presbyterian, and fanatic in England and Scotland, from John-o'-Groat's to Land's End, and was with dif-

ficulty got to horse. Our hero, with the assistance of Saunders Saunderson, escorted the Baron of Bradwardine to his own dwelling, but could not prevail upon him to retire to bed until he had made a long and learned apology for the events of the evening, of which, however, there was not a word intelligible, except something about the Centaurs and the Lapithæ.

CHAPTER XII.

Repentance and Reconciliation.

WAVERLEY was unaccustomed to the use of wine, excepting with great temperance. He slept therefore soundly till late in the succeeding morning, and then awakened to a painful recollection of the scene of the preceding evening. He had received a personal affront —he, a gentleman, a soldier, and a Waverley. True, the person who offered it was not, at the time it was given, possessed of the moderate share of sense which nature had allotted him: true, also, in resenting this insult, he would break the laws of heaven as well as of his country; true, in doing so, he might take the life of a young man who perhaps respectably discharged the social duties, and render his family miserable; or he might loose his own, no pleasant alternative even to the bravest, when it is debated coolly and in private.

All this pressed on his mind; yet the original statement recurred with the same irresistible force. He had received a personal insult; he was of the house of Waverley; and he bore a commission. There was no alternative; and he descended to the breakfast parlour, with the intention of taking leave of the family, and writing to one of his brother-officers to meet him at the inn mid-way between Tully-Veolan and the town where they were quartered, in order that he might convey such a message to the Laird of Bal[illegible]

whapple as the circumstances seemed to demand. He found Miss Bradwardine presiding over the tea and coffee, the table loaded with warm bread, both of flour and barley, in the shape of loaves, cakes, biscuits, and other varieties, together with eggs, rein-deer ham, mutton and beef ditto, smoked salmon, marmalade, and all the other delicacies which induced Johnson himself to extol the luxury of a Scotch breakfast above that of all other countries. A mess of oatmeal porridge, flanked by a silver jug, which held an equal mixture of cream and buttermilk, was placed for the baron's share of this repast; but Rose observed he had walked out early in the morning, after giving orders that his guest should not be disturbed.

Waverley sat down almost in silence, and with an air of absence and abstraction which could not give Miss Bradwardine a favourable opinion of his talents for conversation. He answered at random one or two observations which she ventured to make upon ordinary topics; so that feeling herself almost repulsed in her efforts at entertaining him, and secretly wondering that a scarlet coat should cover no better breeding, she left him to his mental amusement of cursing Dr. Double's favourite constellation of ursa major, as the cause of all the mischief which had already happened, and was likely to ensue. At once he started, and his colour heightened, as looking towards the window he beheld the baron and young Balmawhapple pass, arm in arm, apparently in deep conversation. "Did Mr. Falconer sleep here last night?" Rose, not much pleased with the abruptness of the first question which the young stranger addressed to her, answered dryly in the negative, and the conversation again sunk into silence.

At this moment Mr. Saunderson appeared with a message from his master, requesting to speak with Captain Waverley in another apartment. With a heart which beat a little quicker, not, indeed, from fear, but from uncertainty and anxiety, Edward obeyed the

summons. He found the two gentlemen standing together, an air of complacent dignity on the brow of the baron, while something like sullenness or shame, or both, blanked the bold visage of Balmawhapple. The former slipped his arm through that of the latter, and thus seeming to walk with him, while in reality he led him, advanced to meet Waverley, and stooping in the midst of the apartment, made in great state the following oration: "Captain Waverley—my young and esteemed friend, Mr. Falconer of Balmawhapple, has craved of my age and experience, as of one not wholly unskilled in the dependencies and punctilios of the duello, or monomachia, to be his interlocutor in expressing to you the regret with which he calls to remembrance certain passages of our symposion last night, which could not but be highly displeasing to you, as serving for the time under this present existing government. He craves you, sir, to drown in oblivion the memory of such solecisms against the laws of politeness, as being what his better reason disavows, and to receive the hand which he offers you in amity; and I must needs assure you, that nothing less than a sense of being *dans sons tort*, as a gallant French chevalier, Mons. Le Bretalleur, once said to me on such an occasion, an opinion also of your peculiar merit, could have extorted such concessions; for he and all his family are, and always have been, time out of mind, *mavortia pectora*, as Buchanan saith, a bold and warlike sept or people."

Edward immediately, and with natural politeness, accepted the hand which Balmawhapple, or rather the baron, in his character of mediator, extended towards him. "It was impossible," he said, "for him to remember what a gentleman expressed his wish he had not uttered; and he willingly imputed what had passed to the exuberant festivity of the day."

"That is very handsomely said," answered the baron; "for, undoubtedly, if a man be *ebrius*, or intoxicated, an incident which, on solemn and festive

occasion, may and will take place in the life of a man of honour; and if the same gentleman, being fresh and sober, recants the contumelies which he hath spoken in his liquor, it must be held *vinum locutus est;* the words cease to be his own. Yet would I not find this exculpation relevant to the case of one who was *ebriosus*, or an habitual drunkard: because, if such person choose to pass the greatest part of his time in the predicament of intoxication, he hath no title to be exeemed from the obligations of the code of politeness, but should learn to deport himself peaceably and courteously when under the influence of the vinous stimulus. And now let us proceed to breakfast, and think no more of this daft business."

I must confess, whatever inference may be drawn from the circumstance, that Edward, after so satisfactory an explanation, did much greater honour to the delicacies of Miss Bradwardine's breakfast-table than his commencement had promised. Balmawhapple, on the contrary, seemed embarassed and dejected; and Waverley, now, for the first time, observed that his arm was in a sling, which seemed to account for the awkward and embarrassed manner with which he had presented his hand. To a question from Miss Bradwardine, he muttered, in answer, something about his horse having fallen; and seeming desirous to escape both from the subject and the company, he arose as soon as breakfast was over, made his bow to the party, and, declining the baron's invitation to tarry till after dinner, mounted his horse, and returned to his own house.

Waverley now announced his purpose of leaving Tully-Veolan early enough after dinner to gain the stage at which he meant to sleep; but the unaffected and deep mortification with which the good-natured and affectionate old gentleman heard the proposal, quite deprived him of courage to persist in it. No sooner had he gained Waverley's consent to lengthen his visit for a few days, than he laboured to remove

the grounds upon which he conceived he was meditating a more early retreat. "I would not have you opine, Captain Waverley, that I am by practice or precept an advocate for ebriety, though it may be that, in our festivity of last night, some of our friends, if not altogether *ebrii*, or drunken, were, to say the least, *ebrioli*, by which the ancients designed those who were fuddled, or, as your English vernacular and metaphorical phrase goes, half seas over. Not that I would so insinuate respecting you, Captain Waverley, who, like a prudent youth, did rather abstain from potation; nor can it be truly said of myself, who, having assisted at the tables of many great generals and mareschals at their solemn carousals, have the art to carry my wine discreetly, and did not during the whole evening, as ye must have doubtless observed, exceed the bounds of a modest hilarity."

There was no refusing assent to a proposition so decidedly laid down by him, who undoubtedly was the best judge; although, had Edward formed his opinion from his own recollections, he would have pronounced that the baron was not only *ebriolus*, but verging to become *ebrius*; or, in plain English, was incomparably the most drunk of the party, except, perhaps, his antagonist, the Laird of Balmawhapple. However, having received the expected, or rather the required compliment on his sobriety, the baron proceeded—"No, sir, though I am myself of a strong temperament, I abhor ebriety, and detest those who swallow *gulæ causa*, for the oblectation of the gullet. Albeit, I might deprecate the law of Pittacus of Mitylene, who punished doubly a crime committed under the influence of *Liber Pater*; not utterly accede to the objurgation of the younger Plinius, in the fourteenth book of his 'Historia Naturalis.' No sir, I distinguish, I discriminate, and approve of wine so far as it maketh glad the face, or, in the language of Flaccus, *recepto amico*."

Thus terminated the apology which the Baron of Bradwardine thought it necessary to make for the superabundance of his hospitality; and it may be easily believed that he was neither interrupted by dissent, or any expression of incredulity.

He then invited his guest to a morning's ride, and ordered that Davie Gellatly should meet them at the *dern path* with ban and buscar. "For, until the shooting season commence, I would willingly show you some sport; and we may, God willing, meet with a roe. The roe, Captain Waverley, may be hunted at all times alike; for never being in what is called *pride of grease*, he is never out of season, though it be a truth that his venison is not equal to that of either the red or fallow deer. But he will serve to show how my dogs run; and therefore they shall attend us with Davie Gellatly."

Waverley expressed his surprise that his friend Davie was capable of such trust; but the baron gave him to understand, that this poor simpleton was neither fatuous, *neo naturaliter idiola*, as is expressed in the brieves of furiosity, but simply a crack-brained knave, who could execute very well any commission which jumped with his own humour, and made his folly a plea for avoiding every other. "He has made an interest with us," continued the baron, "by saving Rose from a great danger with his own proper peril; and the roguish *loon* must therefore eat of our bread and drink of our cup, and do what he can, or what he will; which, if the suspicions of Saunderson and the baillie are well founded, may, perchance, in his case be commensurate terms."

Miss Bradwardine than gave Waverley to understand, that this poor simpleton was doatingly fond of music, deeply affected by that which was melancholy, and transported into extravagant gayety by light and lively tunes. He had in this respect a prodigious memory, stored with miscellaneous snatches and fragments of all tunes and songs, which he sometimes ap-

plied, with considerable address, as the vehicles of remonstrance, explanation, or satire. Davie was much attached to the few who showed him kindness; and both aware of any slight or ill usage which he happened to receive, and sufficiently apt, where he saw opportunity, to revenge it. The common people, who often judge hardly of each other, as well as of their betters, although they had expressed great compassion for the poor *innocent* while suffered to wander in rags about the village, no sooner beheld him decently clothed, provided for, and even a sort of favourite, than they called up all the instances of sharpness and ingenuity, in action and repartee, which his annals afforded, and charitably bottomed thereupon an hypothesis, that David Gellatly was no farther fool than was necessary to avoid hard labour. This opinion was not better founded than that of the negroes, who, from the acute and mischievous pranks of the monkeys, suppose that they have the gift of speech, and only suppress the powers of elocution to escape being set to work. Davie Gellatly was, in good earnest, the half-crazed simpleton which he appeared, and was incapable of any constant and steady exertion. He had just so much solidity as kept on the windy side of insanity; so much wild wit as saved him from the imputation of idiocy; some dexterity in field sports; (in which we have known as great fools excel;) great kindness and humanity in the treatment of animals entrusted to him, warm affections, a prodigious memory, and an ear for music.

The stamping of horses was now heard in the court, and Davie's voice, singing to the two large deer greyhounds,

Hie away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae;
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,

Where the black cock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it,
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away.

"Do the verses he sings belong to old Scottish poetry, Miss Bradwardine?"

"I believe not," she replied. "This poor creature had a brother, and heaven, as if to compensate to the family Davie's deficiencies, had given him what the hamlet thought uncommon talents. An uncle contrived to educate him for the Scottish kirk, but he could not get preferment because he came from our *ground*. He returned from college hopeless and broken-hearted, and fell into a decline. My father supported him till his death, which happened before he was nineteen. He played beautifully on the flute, and was supposed to have a great turn for poetry. He was affectionate and compassionate to his brother, who followed him like his shadow, and we think that from him Davie gathered many fragments of songs and music unlike those of his country. But if we ask him where he got such a fragment as he is now singing, he either answers with wild and long fits of laughter, or else breaks into tears of lamentation; but was never heard to give any explanation, or mention his brother's name since his death."

"Surely," said Edward, who was readily interested by a tale bordering on the romantic, "more might be learned by more particular inquiry."

"Perhaps so," answered Rose, "but my father will not permit any one to practise on his feelings on this subject."

By this time the baron, with the help of Mr. Saunderson, had indued a pair of jack-boots of large dimension, and now invited our hero to follow him as he stalked clattering down the ample staircase, tapping each huge

balustrade as he passed with the butt of his massive horsewhip, and humming, with the air of a chasseur of Louis Quatorze,

> Pour la chasse ordonée il faut preparer tout,
> Ho la ho! Vite! vite debout.

CHAPTER XIII.

A more rational Day than the last.

The Baron of Bradwardine, mounted on an active and well-managed horse, and seated on a demi-pique saddle, with deep housings to agree with his livery, was no bad representation of the old school. His light-coloured embroidered coat, and superbly barred waistcoat, his brigadier wig, surmounted by a small gold-laced cocked hat, completed his personal costume; but he was attended by two well-mounted servants on horseback, armed with holster-pistols.

In this guise he ambled forth over hill and valley, the admiration of every farmyard which they passed in their progress; till, "low down in a grassy vale," they found David Gellatly leading two very tall deer grayhounds, and presiding over half a dozen curs, and about as many bare-legged and bare-headed boys, who, to procure the chosen distinction of attending on the chase, had not failed to tickle his ears with the dulcet appellation of *Maister Gellatly*, though probably all and each had hooted him on former occasions in the character of *daft-Davie*. But this is no uncommon strain of flattery to persons in office, nor altogether confined to the bare-legged villagers of Tully-Veolan; it was in fashion sixty years since, is now, and will be six hundred years hence, if this admirable compound of folly and knavery, called the world, should be then in existence.

These *Gillie-white foots*, as they were called, were destined to beat the bushes, which they performed with so much success, that after half an hour's search a roe was started, coursed, and killed; the baron following on his white horse like Earl Percy of yore, and magnanimously flaying and disembowelling the slain animal (which, he observed, was called by the French chasseurs, *fair la curée*,) with his own baronial conteau de chasse. After this ceremony, he conducted his guest homeward by a pleasant and circuitous route, commanding an extensive prospect of different villages and houses, to each of which Mr. Bradwardine attached some anecdote of history or genealogy, told in language whimsical from prejudice and pedantry, but often respectable for the good sense and honourable feeling which his narratives displayed, and almost always curious, if not valuable, for the information they contained.

The truth is, the ride seemed agreeable to both gentlemen, because they found amusement in each other's conversation, although their characters and habits of thinking were in many respects totally opposite. Edward, we have informed the reader, was warm in his feelings, wild and romantic in his ideas and in his taste of reading, with a strong disposition towards poetry. Mr. Bradwardine was the reverse of all this, and piqued himself upon stalking through life with the same upright, starched, stoical gravity which distinguished his evening promenade upon the terrace of Tully-Veolan, where for hours together—the very model of old Hardyknute—

> And stately stepp'd he east the wa',
> And stately stepp'd he west.

As for literature, he read the classic poets, to be sure, and the Epithalamium of Georgius Buchanan, and Arthur Johnstoun's Psalms, of a Sunday; and the Deliciæ Poetarum, and Sir David Lindsay's Works,

and Barbour's Bruce, and blind Harry's Wallace, and the Gentle Shepherd, and the Cherry and the Slae. But though he thus far sacrificed his time to the muses, he would, if the truth must be spoken, have been much better pleased had the pious or sapient apophthegms, as well as the historical narratives which these various works contained, been presented to him in the forms of simple prose. And he sometimes could not refrain from expressing contempt of the "vain and unprofitable art of poem-making," in which, he said, "the only one who had excelled in his time was Allan Ramsay, the periwig maker."

But although Edward and he differed *tota cœla*, as the baron would have said upon this subject, yet they met upon history as upon neutral ground, in which each claimed an interest. The baron, indeed, only cumbered his memory with matters of fact; the cold, dry, hard outlines which history delineates. Edward, on the contrary, loved to fill up and round the sketch with the colouring of a warm and vivid imagination, which gives light and life to the actors and speakers in the drama of past ages. Yet with taste so opposite, they contributed greatly to each other's amusement. Mr. Bradwardine's minute narratives and powerful memory supplied to Waverley fresh subjects of the kind upon which his fancy loved to labour, and opened to him a new mine of incident and of character. And he repaid the pleasure thus communicated, by an earnest attention, valuable to all story-tellers, more especially to the baron, who felt his habits of self-respect flattered by it; and sometimes also by reciprocal communications, which interested Mr. Bradwardine, as confirming or illustrating his own favourite anecdotes. Besides, Mr. Bradwardine loved to talk of the scenes of his youth, which had been spent in camps and foreign lands, and had many interesting particulars to tell of the generals under whom he had served, and the actions he had witnessed.

Both parties returned to Tully-Veolan in great goo

humour with each other; Waverley, desirous of studying more attentively what he considered as a singular and interesting character, gifted with a memory containing a curious register of ancient and modern anecdotes; and Bradwardine disposed to regard Edward as *puer* (or rather *juvenis*) *bonæ spei et magnæ indolis*, a youth devoid of that petulent volatility, which is impatient of, or vilipends, the conversation and advice of his seniors, from which he predicted great things of his future success and deportment in life. There was no other guest except Mr. Rubrick, whose information and discourse, as a clergyman and a scholar, harmonized very well with that of the baron and his guest.

Shortly after dinner, the baron, as if to show that his temperance was not entirely theoretical, proposed a visit to Rose's apartment, or, as he termed it, her *Troisieme Etage*. Waverley was accordingly conducted through one or two of those long awkward passages with which ancient architects studied to puzzle the inhabitants of the houses which they planned, at the end of which Mr. Bradwardine began to ascend, by two steps at once, a very steep, narrow, and winding stair, leaving Mr. Rubrick and Waverley to follow at more leisure, while he should announce their approach to his neighbour.

After having climbed this perpendicular cork-screw until their brains were almost giddy, they arrived in a little matted lobby, which served as an ante-room to Rose's *sanctum sanctorum*, and through which they entered her parlour. It was a small, but pleasant apartment, opening to the south, and hung with tapestry; adorned, besides, with two pictures, one of her mother in the dress of a shepherdess with a bell-hoop; the other of the baron, in his tenth year, in a blue coat embroidered waistcoat, laced hat, and bag wig, with a bow in his hand. Edward could not help smiling at the costume, and at the odd resemblance between the round smooth, red cheeked, sta-

ring visage in the portrait, and the gaunt, bearded, hollow-eyed, swarthy features, which travelling, fatigues of war, and advanced age, had bestowed on the original. The baron joined in the laugh. "Truly," he said, "that picture was a woman's fantasy of my good mother's; (a daughter of the Laird of Tulliellum, Captain Waverley; I indicated the house to you when we were on the top of the Shinny-heuch: it was burned by the Dutch auxiliaries brought in by the government in 1715;) I never sat for my portraiture but once since that was painted, and it was at the special and reiterated request of the Mareschal Duke of Berwick."

The good old gentleman did not mention what Mr. Rubrick afterwards told Edward, that the duke had done him the honour on account of his being the first to mount the breach of a fort in Savoy during the memorable campaign of 1709, and having there defended himself with his half pike for nearly ten minutes before any support reached him. To do the baron justice, although sufficiently prone to exaggerate his family dignity and consequence, he was too much a man of real courage ever to dwell upon such personal acts of merit as he had himself manifested.

Miss Rose now appeared from the interior room of her apartment, to welcome her father and his friends. The little labours in which she had been employed, obviously showed a natural taste which required only cultivation. Her father had taught her French and Italian, and a few of the ordinary authors in those languages ornamented her shelves. He had endeavoured also to be her preceptor in music; but as he began with the more abstruse doctrines of the science, and was not perhaps master of them himself, she had made no proficiency further than to be able to accompany her voice with the harpsicord: but even this was not very common in Scotland at that period. To make an [illegible] she sung with great taste and feeling, and with a respect to the sense of what she uttered,

that might be proposed in example to ladies of much superior musical talent. Her natural good sense taught her, that if, as we are assured by high authority, music "be married to immortal verse," they are very often divorced by the performer in a most shameful manner. It was perhaps, owing to this sensibility to poetry, and power of combining its expression with those of the musical-notes, that her singing gave more pleasure to all the unlearned in music, and even to many of the learned, than could have been extracted by a much finer voice and more brilliant execution, unguided by the same delicacy of feeling.

A bartizan, or projecting gallery, before the windows of her parlour, served to illustrate another of Rose's pursuits, for it was crowded with flowers of different kinds, which she had taken under her special protection. A projecting turret gave access to this gothic balcony, which commanded a most beautiful prospect. The formal garden, with its high bounding walls, lay below, contracted, as it seemed, to a mere parterre; while the view extended beyond them down a wooded glen, where the river was sometimes visible, sometimes hidden in copse. The eye might be delayed by a desire to rest on the rocks, which here and there rose from the dell with massive or spiry fronts, or it might dwell on the noble, though ruined tower, which was here seen in all its dignity, frowning from a promontory over the river. To the left were seen two or three cottages, a part of the village; the brow of a hill concealed the others. The glen, or dell, was terminated by a sheet of water called Loch Veolan, into which the brook discharged itself, and which now glistened in the western sun. The distant country seemed open and varied in surface, though not wooded; and there was nothing to interrupt the view until the scene was bounded by a ridge of distant and blue hills, which formed the southern boundery of the strath or valley. To this pleasant station [illegible] Bradwardine had ordered coffee.

The view of the old tower of fortalice, introduced some family anecdotes and tales of Scottish chivalry, which the baron told with great enthusiasm. The projecting peak of an impending crag, which rose near it, had acquired the name of St. Swithin's Chair. It was the scene of a peculiar superstition of which Mr. Rubrick mentioned some curious particulars, which reminded Waverley of a rhyme quoted by Edgar in King Lear; and Rose was called upon to sing a little legend in which they had been interwoven by some village poet,

> Who, noteless as the race from which he sprung
> Saved others' names, but left his own unsung.

The sweetness of her voice, and the simple beauty of her music, gave all the advantage which the minstrel could have desired, and which his poetry so much wanted. I almost doubt if it can be read with patience, destitute of those advantages; although I conjecture, the following copy to have been somewhat corrected by Waverley, to suit the taste of those who might not relish pure antiquity;

St. Swithin's Chair.

On Hallow Mass Eve, ere you boune ye to rest,
Ever beware that your couch be bless'd;
Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead,
Sing the Ave and say the creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will ride
All her nine-fold sweeping on by her side,
Whether the wind sing lowly or loud,
Sailing through moonshine, or swath'd in the cloud.

The lady she sate in St. Swithin's Chair,
The dew of the night has damp'd her hair;
Her cheek was pale—but resolved and high
Was the word of her lip, and the glance of her eye.

She mutter'd the spell of St. Swithin bold,
When his naked foot trac'd the midnight wold,

When he stopped the Hag as she rode the night,
And bade her descend, and her promise plight.

He that dare sit in St. Swithin's Chair,
When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three, when he speaks the spell,
He may ask, and she must tell.

The baron has been with King Robert his liege,
These three long years in battle and siege;
News are there none of his weal or his wo,
And fain the lady his fate would know.

She shudders and stops, as the charm she speaks;
Is it the mo dy owl that shri ks?
Or is it that sound betwixt laughter and scream,
The voice of the Demon who haunts the stream?

The moan of the wind sunk silent and low,
And the roaring torrent has ceased to flow;
The calm was mo e dreadful than raging storm,
When the cold gray mist brought the ghastly Form?

* * * *

"I am sorry to disappoint the company, especiall Captain Waverley, who listens with such laudibl gravity: it is but a fragment, although I think thei are other verses, describing the return of the barc from the wars, and how the lady was found 'clay col upon the grounsill ledge.'"

"It is one of those fragments," observed Mr. Brac wardine, "with which the early history of distinguisl ed families was deformed in the times of superstition as that of Rome, and other ancient nations, had the prodigies, sir, the which you may read in ancient hi tories, or in the little work compiled by Julius Obs quens, and inscribed by the learned Scheffer, the ed tor to his patron, Benedictus Skyttee, Baron of Du dershoff."

"My father has a strange defiance of the marvellou Captain Waverley, and once stood firm when a who

synod of presbyterian divines were put to the rout by a sudden apparition of the foul fiend."

Waverley looked as if desirous to hear more.

"Must I tell my story as well as sing my song?—Well—Once upon a time there lived an old woman, called Janet Gellatly, who was suspected to be a witch, on the infallible grounds that she was very old, very ugly, very poor, and had two sons, one of whom was a poet, and the other a fool, which visitation, all the neighbourhood agreed, had come upon her for the sin of witchcraft. And she was imprisoned for a week in the steeple of the parish church, and sparely supplied with food, and not permitted to sleep, until she herself became as much persuaded of her being a witch, as her accusers; and in this lucid and happy state of mind was brought forth to make a clean breast, that is, to make open confession of her sorceries before all the whig gentry and ministers in the vicinity, who were no conjurers themselves. My father went to see fair play between the witch and the clergy; for the witch had been born on his estate. And while the witch was confessing that the enemy appeared, and made his addresses to her as a handsome black man—which, if you could have seen poor old bleareyed Janet, reflected little honour on Apollyon's taste—and while the auditors listened with astonished ears, and the clerk recorded with a trembling hand, she, all of a sudden, changed the low mumbling tone with which she spoke, into a shrill yell, and exclaimed, 'Look to yourselves! look to yourselves! I see the Evil One seated in the midst of ye.' The surprise was general, and terror and flight its immediate consequence. Happy were those who were next the door; and many were the disasters that befell hats, bands, cuffs, and wigs, before they could get out of the church, where they left the obstinate prelatist to settle matters with the witch and her admirer, at his own peril or pleasure."

"*Risu solvuntur tabulæ*," said the baron; when

they recovered their panic trepidation, they were too much ashamed to bring any wakening of the process against Janet Gellatly."

This anecdote led into a long discussion of

> All those idle thoughts and fantasties
> Devices, dreams, opinions unsound,
> Shows, visions, soothsays, and prophecies,
> And all that feigned is as leasings, tales, and lies.

With such conversation, and the romantic legends which it introduced, closed our hero's second evening in the house of Tully-Veolan.

CHAPTER XIV.

A discovery—Waverley becomes domesticated at Tully-Veolan.

The next morning Edward arose betimes, and in a morning walk around the house and its vicinity, came suddenly upon a small court in front of the dog-kennel, where his friend Davie was employed about his four-footed charge. One quick glance of his eye recognised Waverley, when, instantly turning his back, as if he had not observed him, he began to sing part of an old ballad:

> Young men will love thee more fair and more fast,
> *Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?*
> Old men's the longest will last,
> *And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.*
> The young man's wrath is like light straw on fire;
> *Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?*

But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire;
And the throstle cock's head is under his wing.
The young man will brawl at the evening board;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?
But the old man will draw at the dawning the sword,
And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

Waverley could not avoid observing that Davie laid something like a satirical emphasis on these lines. He therefore approached, and endeavoured, by sundry queries, to elicit from him what the inuendo might mean; but Davie had no mind to explain, and had wit enough to make his folly cloak his knavery. Edward could collect nothing from him excepting that the Laird of Balmawhapple, had gone home "wi' his boots full o' bluid." In the garden, however, he met the old butler, who no longer attempted to conceal, that, having been bred in the nursery line with Sumack & Co. of Newcastle, he sometimes wrought a turn in the flower-borders to oblige the laird and Miss Rose. By a series of queries, Edward at length discovered, with a painful feeling of surprise and shame, that Balmawhapple's submission and apology had been the consequence of a rencontre with the baron before he had quitted his pillow, in which the younger combatant had been disarmed and wounded in the sword arm.

Greatly mortified at this information Edward sought out his friendly host, and anxiously expostulated with him upon the injustice he had done him in anticipating his meeting with Mr. Falconer; a circumstance which, considering his youth and the profession of arms which he had just adopted, was capable of being represented much to his prejudice. The baron justified himself at greater length than I choose to report. He urged that the quarrel was common to them, and that Balmawhapple could not, by the code of honour, *evite* giving satisfaction to both, which he had done in this case by an honourable meeting, and in that of Edward, by such a *palinode* as rendered the use of the sword unnecessary, and which, being made and accepted,

must necessarily *sopite* the whole affair. With th
cuse, or explanation, Waverley was silenced,
satisfied, but he could not help testifying som
pleasure against the blessed bear which had give
to the quarrel, nor refrain from hinting, that the
tified epithet was hardly appropriate. The bar
served, he could not deny that "the bear, th
allowed by heralds as a most honourable ordinary
nevertheless, somewhat fierce, churlish, and mor
his disposition, (as might be read in Archibald Si
pastor of Dalkeith's *Hierogliphica Animalium*,
has thus been the type of many quarrels and d
sions which had occurred in the house of Brac
dine; of which," he continued, "I might comm
rate mine own unfortunate dissension with my
cousin by the mother's side, Sir Hew Halbert,
was so unthinking as to deride my family name,
it had been *quasi Bear-warden;* a most uncivil
since it not only insinuated that the founder o
house occupied such a mean situation as to be a
todier of wild beasts, a charge which ye must
observed is only entrusted to the very basest
beians; but, moreover, seemed to infer that our
armours had not been achieved by honourable ac
in war, but bestowed by way of *paranomasia*, or
upon our family appellation—a sort of bearing v
the French call *armoires parlantes;* the Latin
cantantia; and your English authorities, ca
heraldry; being indeed a species of emblaze
more befitting canters, gaberlunzies, and such
mendicants, whose gibberish is formed upon pl
on the word, than the noble, honourable, and u
science of heraldry, which assigns armorial bea
as the reward of noble and generous actions, an
to tickle the ear with vain quodlibets, such a
found in jest books." Of this quarrel with Sir
he said nothing more than that it was settled in
ting manner.

Having been so minute with respect to the d

of Tully-Veolan, on the first days of Edward's
al, for the purpose of introducing its inmates to the
r's acquaintance, it becomes less necessary to
the progress of his intercourse with the same
acy. It is probable that a young man, accus-
d to more cheerful society, would have tired of
nversation of so violent an asserter of the "boast
eraldry" as the baron; but Edward found an
able variety in that of Miss Bradwardine, who
ied with eagerness to his remarks upon literature,
showed great justness of taste in her answers,
sweetness of her disposition had made her submit
complacency, and even pleasure, to the course of
ng prescribed by her father, although it not only
rehended several heavy folios of history, but
in gigantic tomes in high-church polemics. In
dry he was fortunately contented to give her
such a slight tincture as might be acquired by
sal of the two folio volumes of Nisbett. Rose was
ed the very apple of her father's eye: her constant
ness, her attention to all those little observances
gratifying to those who would never think of
ting them, her beauty, in which he recalled the fea-
of his beloved wife, her unfeigned piety, and the
generosity of her disposition, would have justi-
the affection of the most doating father.
is anxiety on her behalf did not, however, seem
tend itself in that quarter where, according to the
ral opinion, it is most effectually displayed, in la-
ing, namely, to establish her in life either by a
dowry, or a wealthy marriage. By an old set-
ent, almost all the landed estates of the baron
, after his death, to a distant relation; and it was
osed that Miss Bradwardine would remain but
lerly provided for, as the good gentleman's cash
ers had been too long under the exclusive charge
illie Macwheeble, to admit of any great expecta-
from his personal succession. It is true the said
e loved his patron and his patron's daughter next

913914

(though at an incomparable distance) to himself. He thought it was possible to set aside the settlement on the male line, and had actually procured an opinion to that effect, and, as he boasted, without a fee) from an eminent Scottish counsel, under whose notice he contrived to bring the point while consulting him regularly on some other business. But the baron would not listen to such a proposal for an instant. On the contrary, he used to have perverse pleasure in boasting that the barony of Bradwardine was a male fief, the first charter having been given at that early period when women were not deemed capable to hold a feudal grant; because, according to *Les coustusmes de Normandie*, *C'es L'Homme ki se basi et ki conseille*; or, as is yet more ungallantly expressed by other authorities, all of whose barbarous names he delighted to quote at full length, because a woman could not serve the superior, or feudal lord, in war, on account of the decorum of her sex, nor assist him with advice, because of her limited intellect, nor keep his counsel, owing to the infirmity of her disposition. He would triumphantly ask, how it would become a female, and that female a Bradwardine, to be seen employed *in servitio exuendi seu detrahendi caligas regis post battoliam?* that is, in pulling off the king's boots after an engagement, which was the feudal service by which he held the barony of Bradwardine. "No," he said, beyond hesitation, *procul dubio*, many females, as worthy as Rose, had been excluded, in order to make way for my own succession, and heaven forbid that I should do aught that might contravene the destination of my forefathers, or impinge upon the right of my kinsman, Malcolm Bradwardine of Inchgrabbit, an honourable, though decayed branch of my own family."

The baillie, as prime minister, having received this decisive communication from his sovereign, durst not press his own opinion any farther, but contented himself with deploring, on all suitable occasions, to Saun-

derson, the minister of the interior, the laird's self-willedness, and with laying plans for uniting Rose with the young Laird of Balmawhapple, who had a fine estate, only moderately burdened, and was a faultless young gentleman, being as sober as a saint—if you kept brandy from him, and him from brandy—and who in brief, had no imperfection but that of keeping light company at a time; such as Jinker, the horse couper, and Gibby Gaethrowit, the piper o' Cupar; "o' whilk follies, Mr. Saunderson, he'll mend, he'll mend"—pronounced the baillie.

"Like sour ale in summer," added Davie Gellatly, who happened to be nearer the conclave than they were aware of.

Miss Bradwardine, such as we have described her, with all the simplicity and curiosity of a recluse, attached herself to the opportunities of increasing her store of literature which Edward's visit afforded her. He sent for some of his books from his quarters, and they opened to her sources of delight of which she had hitherto no idea. The best English poets, of every description, and other works on belles-lettres, made a part of this precious cargo. Her music, even her flowers, were neglected, and Saunders not only mourned over, but began to mutiny against the labour for which he now scarce received thanks. These new pleasures became gradually enhanced by sharing them with one of a kindred taste. Edward's readiness to comment, to recite, to explain difficult passages, rendered his assistance invaluable; and the wild romance of his spirit delighted a character too young and inexperienced to observe its deficiencies. Upon subjects which interested him, and when quite at ease, he possessed that flow of natural, and somewhat florid eloquence, which has been supposed as powerful as figure, fashion, fame or fortune, in winning the female heart. There was, therefore, an increasing danger in this constant intercourse, to poor Rose's peace of mind, which was the more imminent as her father was

greatly too much abstracted in his studies, and wrapped up in his own dignity, to dream of his daughter's incurring it. The daughters of the house of Bradwardine were, in his opinion, like those of the house of Bourbon or Austria, placed high above the clouds of passion which might obfuscate the intellects of meaner females; they moved in another sphere, were governed by other feelings, and amenable to other rules than those of idle and fantastic affection. In short, he shut his eyes so resolutely to the natural consequences of Edward's intimacy with Miss Bradwardine, that the whole neighbourhood concluded that he had opened them to the advantages of a match between his daughter and the wealthy young Englishman, and pronounced him much less a fool than he had generally shown himself in cases where his own interest was concerned.

If the baron, however, had really meditated such an alliance, the indifference of Waverley would have been an insuperable bar to his project. Our hero, since mixing more freely with the world, had learned to think with great shame and confusion upon his mental legand of Saint Cecilia, and the vexation of these reflections was likely, for some time at least, to counterbalance the natural susceptibility of his disposition. Besides, Rose Bradwardine, beautiful and amiable as we have described her, had not precisely the sort of beauty or merit which captivates a romantic imagination in early youth. She was too frank, too confiding, too kind; amiable qualities undoubtedly, but destructive of the marvellous with which a youth of imagination delights to dress the empress of his affections. Was it possible to bow, to tremble, and to adore before the timid, yet playful little girl, who how asked Edward to mend her pen, now to construe a stanza in Tasso, and now how to spell a very—very long word in her version of it? All these incidents have their fascination on the mind at a certain period in life, but not when a youth is entering it,

and rather looking out for some object whose affection may dignify him in his own eyes, then stooping to one who looks up to him for such distinction.—Hence, though there can be no rule in so capricious a passion, early love is frequently ambitious in choosing its object, or, which comes to the same, selects her (as in the case of Saint Cecilia aforesaid) from a situation that gives fair scope for *le beau ideal*, which the reality of intimate and familiar life rather tends to limit and impair. I knew a very accomplished and sensible young man cured of a violent passion for a pretty woman, whose talents were not equal to her face and figure, by being permitted to bear her company alone for a whole afternoon. Thus, it is certain, that had Edward enjoyed such an opportunity of conversing with Miss Stubbs, aunt Rachael's precaution would have been unnecessary, for he would as soon have fallen in love with the dairy-maid. And although Miss Bradwardine was a very different character, it seems probable that the very intimacy of their intercourse prevented his feeling for her other sentiments than those of a brother for an amiable and accomplished sister, while the sentiments of poor Rose were gradually and without her being conscious, assuming a shade of warmer affection.

I ought to have mentioned that Edward had applied for, and received permission, extending his leave of absence. But the letter of his commanding officer contained a friendly recommendation to him, not to spend his time exclusively with persons, who estimable as they might be in a general sense, could not be supposed well affected to a government which they declined to acknowledge by taking the oath of allegiance. The letter further insinuated, though with great delicacy, that although some family connexions might be supposed to render it necessary for Captain Waverley to communicate with gentlemen who were in this unpleasant state of suspicion, yet his father's situation and wishes ought to prevent his prolonging

those attentions into exclusive intimacy. And it was intimated, that while his political principles were endangered by communicating with laymen of this description, he might also receive erroneous impressions in religion from the prelatic clergy, who so perversely laboured to set up the royal prerogative in things sacred.

This last insinuation probably induced Waverley to set both down to the prejudices of his commanding officer. He was sensible that Mr. Bradwardine had acted with the most scrupulous delicacy in never entering upon any discussion that had the most remote tendency to bias his mind in political opinions, although he was himself not only a decided partisan of the exiled family, but had been trusted at different times with important commissions for their service. Sensible, therefore, that there was no risk of his being perverted from his allegiance, Edward felt as if he should do his uncle's old friend injustice in removing from a house where he gave and received pleasure and amusement, merely to gratify a prejudiced and ill-judged suspicion. He therefore wrote a very general answer, assuring his commanding officer that his loyalty was not in the most distant danger of contamination, and continued an honoured guest and inmate of the house of Tully-Veolan.

CHAPTER XV.

A Creagh, and its consequences.

When Edward had been a guest at Tully-Veolan nearly six weeks, he descried, one morning as he took his usual walk before the breakfast hour, signs of unusual perturbation in the family. Four bare-legged dairy maids, with each an empty milk pail in her hand, ran about with frantic gestures, and uttering loud ex-

clamations of surprise, grief, and resentment. From their appearance, a pagan might have conceived them a detachment of the celebrated Belides, just come from their baleing penance. As nothing was to be got from this distracted chorus, excepting "Lord guide us!" and "Eh sirs!" ejaculations which threw no light upon the cause of their dismay, Waverley repaired to the fore-court, as it was called, where he beheld Baillie Macwheeble cantering his white poney down the avenue with all the speed it could muster. He had arrived, it would seem, upon a hasty summons, and was followed by half a score of peasants from the village, who had no great difficulty in keeping pace with him.

The baillie, greatly too busy, and too important, to enter into explanations with Edward, summoned forth Mr. Saunderson, who appeared with a countenance in which dismay was mingled with solemnity, and they immediately entered into close conference. Davie Gellatly was also seen in the group, idle as Diogenes at Sinope, while his countrymen were preparing for a siege. His spirits always rose with any thing, good or bad, which occasioned tumult, and he continued frisking, hopping, dancing, and singing the burden of an old ballad—

"Our gear's a' gane,"

until, happening to pass too near the baillie, he received an admonitory hint from his horse whip, which converted his songs into lamentation.

Passing from thence towards the garden, Waverley beheld the baron in person, measuring and re-measuring, with swift and tremendous strides, the length of the terrace; his countenance clouded with offended pride and indignation, and the whole of his demeanour, such as seemed to indicate, that any inquiry concerning the cause of his discomposure would give pain at least, if not offence. Waverley, therefore, glided into

the house, without addressing him, and took his way to the breakfast parlour, where he found his young friend Rose, who, though she neither exhibited the resentment of her father, the turbid importance of Baillie Macwheeble, nor the despair of the handmaidens, seemed vexed and thoughtful. A single word explained the mystery. "Your breakfast will be a disturbed one, Captain Waverley. A party of catherans have come down upon us last night, and driven off all our milch cows."

"A party of catherans?"

"Yes; robbers from the neighbouring Highlands, We used to be quite free from them while we paid *black-mail* to Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr; but my father thought it unworthy of his rank and birth to pay it any longer, and so this disaster has happened. It is not the value of the cattle, Captain Waverley, that vexes me; but my father is so much hurt at the affront, and is so bold and hot, that I fear he will try to recover them by the strong hand; and then, if he is not hurt himself, he will hurt some of these wild people, and there will be no peace between them and us perhaps for our lifetime; and we cannot defend ourselves as in old times, for the government have taken all our arms; and my dear father is so rash—O what will become of us!"——Here poor Rose lost heart altogether, and burst into a flood of tears.

The baron entered at this moment, and rebuked her with more asperity than Waverley had ever heard him use to any one. "Was it not a shame," he said, "that she should exhibit herself before any gentlemen in such a light, as if she shed tears for a drove of horned nolt and milch kine, like the daughter of a Cheshire yeoman!—Captain Waverley. I must request your favourable construction of her grief, which may, or ought to proceed solely from seeing her father's estate exposed to *spulzie* and depredation from common thieves and *sornars*, while we are not allowed to keep

a half score of muskets, whether for defence or rescue,"

Baillie Macwheeble entered immediately afterwards, and, by his report of arms and ammunition, confirmed this statement, informing the baron, in a melancholy voice, that though the people would certainly obey his honour's orders, yet was there no chance of their following the *gear* to any *guid* purpose in respect there were only his honour's body servants who had swords and pistols, and the depredators were twelve Highlanders, completely armed after the manner of their country. Having delivered this doleful annunciation, he assumed a posture of silent dejection, shaking his head slowly with the motion of a pendulum when it is ceasing to vibrate, and then remained stationary, his body stooping at a more acute angle than usual, and the latter part of his person projected in proportion.

The baron, meanwhile, paced the room in silent indignation, and at length fixing his eye upon an old portrait, whose person was clad in armour, and whose features glared grimly out of a huge bush of hair, part of which descended from his head to his shoulders, and part from his chin and upper lip to his breast-plate —"That gentlemen, Captain Waverley, my grandsire, with two hundred horse, whom he levied within his own bounds, discomfited and put to the rout more than five hundred of these Highland *reivers* who have been ever *lapis offensionis, et petra scandali* a stumbling block and a rock of offence to the Lowland vicinage. —He discomfited them, I say, when they had the temerity to descend to *harry* this country, in the time of the civil dissensions, in the year of grace sixteen hundred forty and two. And now, sir, I, his grandson, am thus used at such unworthy hands."

Here there was an awful pause; after which all the company, as is usual in cases of difficulty, began to give separate and inconsistent counsel. Alexander ab Alexandro proposed they should send some one to

compound with the catherans, who would readily, he said, give up their prey for a dollar a head. The baillie opined that this transaction would amount to *thejboot* or composition of felony; and he recommended that some *canny hand* should be sent up to the glens to make the best bargain he could, as it were for himself, so that the Laird might not be seen in such a transaction. Edward proposed to send off to the nearest garrison for a party of soldiers and a magistrate's warrant; and Rose, as far as she dared, endeavoured to insinuate the course of paying the arrears of tribute money to Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr, who, they all knew, could easily procure restoration of the cattle, if he was properly propitiated.

None of these proposals met the baron's approbation. The idea of composition, direct or implied, was absolutely ignominious; that of Waverley only showed that he did not understand the state of the country, and of the political parties which divided it; and standing matters as they did with Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr, the baron would make no concession to him, were it, he said, "to procure restitution *in integrum* of every stirk and stot that his clan had stolen since the days of Malcolm Canmore."

In fact, his voice was still for war, and he proposed to send expresses to Balmawhapple, Killancureit, Tilliellum, and other lairds, who were exposed to similar depredations, inviting them to join in the pursuit; "and then, sir, shall these *nebulones nequissimi*, as Leslæus calls them, be brought to the fate of their predecessor, Cacus,

'Elisos oculos et siccum sanguine guttur.'"

The baillie, who by no means relished these warlike councils, here pulled forth an immense watch, of the colour, and nearly the size, of a pewter warming-pan, and observed it was now past noon, and that the catherans had been seen in the pass of Ballybrough

soon after sun-rise; so that before the allied forces could assemble, they and their prey would be far beyond the reach of the most active pursuit, and sheltered in those pathless deserts, where it was neither advisable to follow, nor, indeed, possible to trace them.

This proposition was undeniable. The council, therefore, broke up without coming to any conclusion, as has occurred to councils of more importance; only it was determined that the baillie should send his own three milk cows down to the Mains for the use of the baron's family, and brew small ale as a substitute for milk in his own. To this arrangement, which was suggested by Saunderson, the baillie readily assented, both from habitual deference to the family, and an internal consciousness that this courtesy would, in some mode or other, be repaid tenfold.

The baron having also retired to give some necessary directions, Waverley seized the opportunity to ask, whether this Fergus, with the unpronounceable name, were the chief thief-taker of the district?

"Thief-taker!" answered Rose, laughing; "he is a gentleman of great honour and consequence; the chieftain of an independent branch of a powerful Highland clan, and is much respected, both for his own power, and that of his *kith*, *kin*, and *allies*."

"And what has he to do with the thieves, then? Is he a magistrate, or in the commission of peace?"

"The commission of war rather, if there be such a thing," said Rose; "for he is a very unquiet neighbour to his *un-friends*, and keeps a greater *following* on foot than many that have thrice his estate. As to his connexion with the thieves, that I cannot well explain; but the boldest of them will never steal a hoof from any one that pays *black-mail* to Vich Ian Vohr."

"And what is *black-mail?*

"A sort of protection money that low country gentlemen and heritors, lying near the Highlands, pay to some highland chief, that he may neither do them harm himself, nor suffer it to be done to them by

others and then, if your cattle are stole, you have only to send him word, and he will recover them, or it may be he will drive away cows from some distant place where he has a quarrel, and give them to you to make up your loss."

"And is this sort of Highland Jonathan Wild admitted into society, and called a gentleman?"

"So much so, that the quarrel between my father and Fergus Mac-Ivor began at a county meeting, where he wanted to take precedence of all the Lowland gentlemen then present, only my father would not suffer it. And then he upbraided my father that he was under his banner, and paid him tribute; and my father was in a towering passion, for Baillie Macwheeble, who manages such things his own way, had contrived to keep this *black-mail* a secret from him, and passed it in his account for cess money. And they would have fought; but Fergus Mac-Ivor said, very gallantly, he would never raise his hand against a gray head that was so much respected as my father's.—Oh, I wish, I wish they had continued friends!"

"And did you ever see this Mac-Ivor, if that be his name, Miss Bradwardine?"

"No, that is not his name; and he would consider *master* as a sort of affront, only that you are an Englishman, and know no better. But the Lowlanders call him, like other gentlemen, by the name of his estate, Glennaquoich; and the Highlanders call him Vich Ian Vohr, that is, the Son of John the Great; and we, upon the *braes* here, call him by both names indifferently."

"I am afraid I shall never bring my English tongue to call him by either one or other."

"But he is a very polite, handsome man," continued Rose; "and his sister Flora is one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies in this country; she was bred in a convent in France, and was a great friend of mine before this unhappy dispute. Dear Captain Waverley try your influence with my

father to make matters up. I am sure this is but the beginning of our troubles; for Tully-Veolan has never been a safe or quiet residence when we have been at feud with the Highlanders. When I was a girl about ten, there was a skirmish fought between a party of twenty of them, and my father and his servants behind the Mains; and the bullets broke several panes in the north windows, they were so near. Three of the Highlanders were killed, and they brought them in, wrapped in their plaids, and laid them on the stone floor of the hall; and next morning their wives and daughters came, clapping their hands, and crying the coronach and shrieking, and carried away the dead bodies with the pipes playing before them. I could not sleep for six weeks without starting, and thinking I heard these terrible cries, and saw the bodies lying on the steps, all stiff and swathed up in their bloody tartans. But since that time there came a party from the garrison at Stirling, with a warrant from the Lord Justice Clerk, or some such great man, and took away all our arms; and now, how are we to protect ourselves if they come down in any strength?"

Waverley could not help starting at a story which bore so much resemblance to one of his own day-dreams. Here was a girl scarce seventeen, the gentlest of her sex, both in temper and appearance, who had witnessed with her own eyes such a scene as he had used to conjure up in his imagination, as only occurring in ancient times. He felt at once the impulse of curiosity, and that slight sense of danger which only serves to heighten its interest. He might have said with Malvolio, "I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me. I am actually in the land of military and romantic adventures, and it only remains to be seen what will be my own share in them."

The whole circumstance now detailed concerning the state of the country, seemed equally novel and extraordinary. He had indeed often heard of Highland thieves, but had no idea of the systematic mode in which their depredations were conducted; still less

that the practice was connived at, and even encouraged, by many of the Highland chieftains, who not only found these *creaghs*, or forays, useful for the purpose of training individuals of their clans to the practice of arms, but also of maintaining a wholesome terror among their Lowland neighbours, and levying as we have seen, a tribute from them, under colour of protection money.

Baillie Macwheeble, who soon afterwards entered, expatiated still more at length upon the same topic. This honest gentleman's conversation was so formed upon his professional practice that David Gellatly once said his discourse was like a "charge of horning." He assured our hero, that "from the *maist* ancient times of record, the lawless thieves, *limmers*, and broken men of the Highlands, had been in fellowship together, by reason of their surnames, for the committing of divers thefts, *reifs*, and *hership* upon the honest men of the low country, when they not only intromitted with their whole goods and gear, corn, cattle, horse, nolt, sheep, outsight and insight plenishing, at their wicked pleasure, but moreover made prisoners, ransomed them, or concussed them into giving borrows, (pledges,) to enter into captivity again: all which was directly prohibited in divers parts of the statute book, both by the act of one thousand five hundred and sixty-seven, and various others; the whilk statutes, with all that had followed and might follow thereupon, were shamefully broken and willipended by the said sorners, limmers, and broken men, associated into fellowships for the aforesaid purpose of theft, stouthreef, fireraising, murther, *raptus mulierum*, or forcible abduction of women, and such like as aforesaid."

It seemed like a dream to Waverley that these deeds of violence should be familiar to men's minds, and currently talked of, as falling within the common order of things, and happening daily in the immediate neighbourhood, without his having crossed the seas, and while he was yet in the otherwise well-ordered island of Great Britain.

CHAPTER XVI.

An unexpected Ally appears.

THE baron returned at the dinner hour, and had in a great measure recovered his composure and good humour. He not only confirmed the stories which Edward had heard from Rose and Baillie Macwheeble, but added many anecdotes from his own experience, concerning the state of the Highlands and their inhabitants. The chiefs he pronounced to be, in general, gentlemen of great honour and high pedigree, whose word was accounted as a law by all those of their own sept or clan. "It did not, indeed," he said, "become them, as had occurred in late instances, to propone their *prosapia*, a lineage which rested for the most part on the vain and fond rhimes of their *Seannachies* or *Bhairds*, as equiponderant with the evidence of ancient charters and royal grants of antiquity, conferred upon distinguished houses in the low country by divers Scottish monarchs; nevertheless, such was their *outrecuidence* and presumption as to undervalue those who possessed such evidents, as if they held their lands in a sheep's skin."

This, by the way, pretty well explained the cause of quarrel between the baron and his Highland ally. But he went on to state many curious particulars concerning the manners, customs, and habits of this patriarchal race, that Edward's curiosity became highly interested, and he inquired whether it were possible to make with safety an excursion into the neighbouring Highlands, whose dusky barrier of mountains had already excited his wish to penetrate beyond them. The baron assured his guest that nothing would be more easy, providing this quarrel were first made up, since he could himself give him letters to many of the distin-

guished chiefs, who would receive him with the utmost courtesy and hospitality.

While they were on this topic, the door suddenly opened, and, ushered by Saunders Saunderson, a Highlander fully armed and equipped entered the apartment. Had it not been that Saunders acted the part of master of the ceremonies to this martial apparition, without appearing to deviate from his usual composure, and that neither Mr. Bradwardine nor Rose exhibited any emotion, Edward would certaily have thought the intrusion hostile. As it was, he started at the sight of what he had not yet happened to see, a mountaineer in his full national costume. The individual Gael was a stout dark man of low stature, the ample folds of whose plaid added to the appearance of strength which his person exhibited. The short kilt, or petticoat, showed his sinewy and clean-made limbs; the goat-skin purse, flanked by the usual defences, a dirk and steel-wrou ht pistol, hung before him; his bonnet had a short feather, which indicated his claim to be treated as a Duinhé-Wassall, or sort of gentleman; a broad-sword dangled by his side, a target hung upon his shoulder, and a long Spanish fowling-piece occupied one of his hands. With the other he pulled off his bonnet, and the baron, who well knew their customs, and the proper mode of addressing them, immediately said, with an air of dignity, but without rising, and much, as Edward thought, in the manner of a prince receiving an embassy, "Welcome Evan Dhu Maccombich; what news from Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr?"

"Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr," said the ambassador, in good English, "greets you well, Baron of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan, and is sorry there has been a thick cloud interposed between you and him, which has kept you from seeing and considering the friendship and alliances that have been between your houses and forbears of old; and he prays you that the cloud may pass away, and that things may be as they

have been heretofore between the clan Ivor and the house of Bradwardine, when there was an egg between them for a flint, and a knife for a sword. And he expects you will also say, you are sorry for the cloud; and no man shall hereafter ask whether it descended from the hill to the valley, or rose from the valley to the hill; for they never struck with the scabbard who did not receive with the sword, and wo to him who would lose his friend for the stormy cloud of a spring morning."

To this the Baron of Bradwardine answered with suitable dignity, that he knew the chief of clan Ivor to be a well-wisher to the *king*, and he was sorry there should have been a cloud between him and any gentleman of such sound principles, "for when folks are banding together, feeble is he who hath no brother."

This appearing perfectly satisfactory, that the peace between these august persons might be duly solemnized, the Baron ordered a stoup of usquebaugh, and, filling a glass, drank to the health and prosperity of Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich; upon which the Celtic ambassador, to requite his politeness, turned down a mighty bumper of the same generous liquor, seasoned with his good wishes to the house of Bradwardine.

Having thus ratified the preliminaries of the general treaty of pacification, the envoy retired to adjust with Mr. Macwheeble some subordinate articles, with which it was not thought necessary to trouble the baron. These probably referred to the discontinuance of the subsidy, and apparently the baillie found means to satisfy their ally without suffering his master to suppose that his dignity was compromised. At least, it is certain, that after the plenipotentiaries had drunk a bottle of brandy in single drams, which seemed to have no more effect upon such seasoned vessels, than if it had been poured upon the two bears at the top of the avenue, Evan Dhu Maccombich having possessed himself of all the information which he could procure respecting the robbery of the preceding night, declared his inten-

tion to set off immediately in pursuit of the cattle, which he pronounced to be "no that far off;—they have broken the bone," he observed, "but have had no time to suck the marrow."

Our hero, who had attended Evan Dhu during his perquisitions, was much struck with the ingenuity which he displayed in collecting information, and the precise and pointed conclusions which he drew from it. Evan Dhu, on his part, was obviously flattered with the attention of Waverley, the interest he seemed to take in his inquiries, and his curiosity about the customs and scenery of the Highlands. Without much ceremony he invited Edward to accompany him on a short walk of ten or fifteen miles into the mountains, and see the place where the cattle were conveyed to; adding, "If it be as I suppose, you never saw such a place in your life, nor ever will, unless you go with me or the like of me."

Our hero, feeling his curiosity considerably excited by the idea of visiting the den of a Highland Cacus, took however the precaution to inquire if his guide might be trusted. He was assured, that the invitation would on no account have been given had there been the least danger, and that all he had to apprehend was a little fatigue; and as Evan proposed he should pass a day at his chieftain's house in returning, where he would be sure of good accommodation and an excellent welcome, there seemed nothing very formidable in the task he undertook. Rose, indeed, turned pale when she heard of it; but her father, who loved the spirited curiosity of his young friend, did not attempt to damp it by an alarm of danger which really did not exist, and a knapsack, with a few necessaries, being bound on the shoulders of a sort of deputy gamekeeper, our hero set forth with a fowling-piece in his hand, accompanied by his new friend Evan Dhu, and followed by the gamekeeper aforesaid, and by two wild Highlanders, the attendants of Evan, one of whom had upon his shoulder a hatchet at the end of a

pole, called a Lachaber axe, and the other a long ducking gun. Evan, upon Edward's inquiry gave him to understand, that this martial escort was by no means necessary as a guard, but merely, as he said, drawing up and adjusting his plaid with an air of dignity, that he might appear decently at Tully-Veolan, and as Vich Ian Vohr's foster-brother ought to do. "Ah! if you Saxon Duinhé-wassal (English gentleman) saw but the chief himself with his tail on!"

"With his tail on!" echoed Edward in some surprise.

"Yes—that is, with all his usual followers, when he visits those of the same rank. There is',' he continued, stopping and drawing himself proudly up, while he counted upon his fingers the several offices of his chief's retinue: "there is his *hanchman*, or right-hand man, then his *bhaird*, or poet; then his *bladier*, or orator, to make harangues, to the great folks whom he visits; then his *gilly-more*, or armour bearer, to carry his sword and target, and his gun; then his *gilly-cassflue*, who carries him on his back through the sikes and brooks; then his *gilly-comstraine* to lead his horse by the bridle in steep and difficult paths; then his *gillie-trusharnish*, to carry his knap-sack; and the piper and the piper's man, and it may be, a dozen young lads beside, that have no business, but are just boys of the belt to follow the laird, and do his honour's bidding."

"And does your master regularly maintain all these men?"

"All these? ay, and many a fair head beside, that would not ken where to lay itself, but for the mickle barn at Glennaquoich."

With similar tales of the grandeur of the chief in peace and war, Even Dhu beguiled the way till they approached more closely those huge mountains which Edward had hitherto only seen at a distance. It was towards evening as they entered one of the tremendous passes which afford communication between the hig

and low country; the path which was extremely steep and rugged, winded up a chasm between two tremendous rocks, following the passage which a foaming stream, that brawled far below, appeared to have worn for itself in the course of ages. A few slanting beams of the sun, which was now setting, reached the water in its darksome bed, and showed it partially, chafed by a hundred rocks, and broken by a hundred falls. The descent from the path to the stream was a mere precipice, with here and there a projecting fragment of granite, or a scathed tree, which had warped its twisted roots into the fissures of the rock. On the right hand, the mountain rose above the path with almost equal inaccessibility; but the hill on the opposite side displayed a shroud of copsewood, with which some pines were intermingled.

"This," said Evan, "is the pass of Bally Brough, which was kept in former times by ten of the clan Donnochie against a hundred of the low country carls. The graves of the slain are still to be seen in that little corri, or bottom, on the opposite side of the burn—if your eyes are good, you may see the green specks among the heather. See, there is an earn, which you southerns call an eagle—you have no such birds as that in England—he is going to fetch his supper from the Laird of Bradwardine's braes, but I'll send a slug after him."

He fired his piece accordingly, but missed the superb monarch of the feathered tribes, who, without noticing the attempt to annoy him, continued his majestic flight to the southward. A thousand birds of prey, hawks, kites, carrion crows, and ravens, disturbed from the lodgings which they had just taken up for the evening, rose at the report of the gun, and mingled their hoarse and discordant notes with the echoes which replied to it, and with the roar of the mountain cataracts. Evan, a little disconcerted at having missed his mark, when he meant to have displayed peculiar dexterity, covered his confusion by whistling part of

a pibroch, as he reloaded his piece, and proceeded in silence up the pass.

It issued in a narrow glen, between two mountains, both very lofty and covered with heath. The brook continued to be their companion, and they advanced up its mazes, crossing them occasionally, on which occasions Evan Dhu uniformly offered the assistance of his attendants to carry over Edward; but our hero, who had been always a tolerable pedestrian, declined the accommodation, and obviously rose in his guide's opinion, by showing that he did not fear wetting his feet. Indeed he was anxious, as far as he could, without affectation, to remove the opinion which Evan seemed to entertain of the effeminacy of the Lowlanders, and particularly of the English.

Through the gorge of this glen they found access to a black bog, of tremendous extent, full of large pit-holes, which they traversed, with great difficulty and some danger, by tracks which no one but a Highlander could have followed. The path itself, or rather the portion of more solid ground on which the travellers half walked, half waded, was rough, broken, and in many places quaggy and unsound. Sometimes the ground was so completely unsafe, that it was necessary to spring from one hillock to another, the space between being incapable of bearing the human weight. This was an easy matter to the Highlanders, who wore thin-soled brogues fit for the purpose, and moved with a peculiar springing step; but Edward began to find the exercise, to which he was unaccustomed, more fatiguing than he expected. The lingering twilight served to show them through this Serbonian bog, but deserted them almost totally at the bottom of a steep and very stony hill, which it was the travellers' next toilsome task to ascend. The night, however was pleasant and not dark; and Waverley, calling up mental energy to support personal fatigue, held on his march gallantly, though envying in his heart his Highland attendants, who continued, without a symptom of abated vigour,

the rapid and swinging pace, or rather trot, which, according to his computation, had already brought them fifteen miles upon their journey.

After crossing the mountain, and descending on the other side towards a block wood, Evan Dhu held some conference with his Highland attendants, in consequence of which Edward's baggage was shifted from the shoulders of the game-keeper to that of one of the *gillies*, and the former was sent off with the other mountaineer in a direction different from that of the three remaining travellers. On asking the meaning of this separation, Waverley was told that the Lowlander must go to a hamlet about three miles off for the night; for, unless it was some very particular friend, Donald Bean Lean, the worthy person whom they supposed to be possessed of the cattle, did not much approve of strangers approaching his retreat. This seemed reasonable, and silenced the qualm of suspicion which came across Edward's mind, when he saw himself, at such a place and such an hour, deprived of his only Lowland companion. And Evan immediately afterwards added, "that indeed he himself had better get forward, and announce their approach to Donald Bean Lean, as the arrival of a *sidier roy* (red soldier) might otherwise be a disagreeable surprise." And without waiting for an answer, he, in jockey phrase, trotted out, and putting himself to a very round pace, was out of sight in an instant.

Waverley was now left to his own meditations, for his attendant with the battle-ax spoke very little English. They were traversing a thick, and, as it seemed, an endless wood of pines, and, consequently, the path was altogether undiscernible in the murky darkness which surrounded them. The Highlander, however, seemed to trace it by instinct, without the hesitation of a moment, and Edward followed his footsteps as close as he could.

After journeying a considerable time in silence, he

could not help asking, "Was it far to the end of their journey?"

"Ta cove was tree, four mile; but as Duinhé-wassal was a wee taight, Donald could, tat is, might—would—should send ta curragh."

This conveyed no information. The *curragh* which was promised might be a man, a horse, a cart, or chaise; and no more could be got from the man with the battle-axe but a repetition of "Aich aye! ta curragh."

But in a short time Edward began to conceive his meaning, when, issuing from the wood, he found himself on the banks of a large river or lake, where, his conductor gave him to understand, they must sit down for a little while. The moon, which now began to rise, showed obscurely the expanse of water which spread before them, and the shapeless and indistinct forms of mountains, with which it seemed to be surrounded. The cool and yet mild air of the summer night, refreshed Waverley after his rapid and toilsome walk; and the perfume which it wafted from the birch tree, bathed in the evening dew, was exquisitely fragrant.

He had now time to give himself up to the full romance of his situation. Here he sate on the banks of an unknown lake, under the guidance of a wild native, whose language was unknown to him, on a visit to the den of some renowned outlaw, a second Robin Hood perhaps, or Adam o' Gordon, and that at deep midnight, through scenes of difficulty and toil, separated from his attendant, left by his guide:—what a fund of circumstances for the exercise of a romantic imagination, and all enhanced by the solemn feeling of uncertainty at least, if not of danger! The only circumstance which assorted ill with the rest was the cause of his journey—the baron's milk cows! This degrading incident he kept in the back-ground.

While wrapt in these dreams of imagination, his companion gently touched him, and, pointing in a di-

rection nearly straight across the lake, said, "Yon's ta cove. A small point of light was seen to twinkle in the direction in which he pointed, and gradually increasing in size and lustre, seemed to flicker like a meteor upon the verge of the horizon. While Edward watched this phenomenon, the distant dash of oars was heard. The measured splash arrived near and more near, and presently a loud whistle was heard in the same direction. His friend with the battle-axe immediately whistled clear and shrill, in reply to the signal, and a boat, manned with four or five Highlanders, pushed for a little inlet, near which Edward was seated. He advanced to meet them with his attendant, was immediately assisted into the boat by the officious attention of two stout mountaineers, and had no sooner seated himself than they resumed their oars, and began to row across the lake with great rapidity.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Hold of a Highland Robber.

The party preserved silence, interrupted only by the monotonous and murmured chant of a Gaelic song, sung in a kind of low recitative by the steersman, and by the dash of the oars, which the notes seemed to regulate, as they dipped to them in cadence. The light, which they now approached more nearly, assumed a broader, redder, and more irregular splendour. It appeared plainly to be a large fire, but whether kindled upon an island, or the main land, Edward could not determine. As he saw it, the red glaring orb seemed to rest on the very surface of the lake itself, and resembled the fiery vehicle in which the evil genius of an oriental tale traverses land and sea. They approached nearer, and the light of the fire sufficed to show that it was kindled at the bottom

a huge dark crag or rock, rising abruptly from the
y edge of the water; its front, changed by the re-
tion to dusky red, formed a strange, and even
ul contrast to the banks around, which were from
e to time faintly and partially enlightened by pallid
onlight.

The boat now neared the shore, and Edward could
over that this large fire, amply supplied with
nches of pine wood by two figures, who, in the red
ection of its light, appeared like demons, was
lled in the jaws of a lofty cavern, into which an
t from the lake seemed to advance; and he con-
ured, which was indeed true, that the fire had been
lled as a beacon to the boatmen on their return.
ey rowed right for the mouth of the cave, and
n shipping their oars, permitted the boat to enter
h the impulse which it had received. The skiff
sed the little point, or platform, of rock on which
fire was blazing, and running about two boats'
gth farther, stopped where the cavern, for it was
ady arched overhead, ascended from the water
five or six broad ledges of rock, so easy and regu-
that they might be termed natural steps. At this
ment a quantity of water was suddenly flung upon
fire, which sunk with a hissing noise, and with it
appeared the light it had hitherto afforded. Four
five active arms lifted Waverley out of the boat,
ced him on his feet, and almost carried him into
recesses of the cave. He made a few paces in
kness, guided in this manner; and advancing
ards a hum of voices, which seemed to sound from
centre of the rock, at an acute turn Donald Bean
an and his whole establishment were before his
es.

The interior of the cave, which here rose very
h, was illuminated by torches made of pine tree,
ich emitted a bright and bickering light, attended
a strong, though not unpleasant odour. Their light
s assisted by the red glare of a large charcoal fire

round which were seated five or six armed Highlanders, while others were indistinctly seen couched on their plaids, in the more remote recesses of the cavern. In one large aperture, which the robber facetiously called his *spence*, (or pantry,) there hung by the heels the carcasses of a sheep or ewe, and two cows lately slaughtered. The principal inhabitant of this singular mansion, attended by Evan Dhu as master of ceremonies, came forward to meet his guest, totally different in appearance and manner from what his imagination had anticipated. The profession which he followed—the wilderness in which he dwelt—the wild warrior forms that surrounded him, were all calculated to inspire terror. From such accompaniments, Waverley prepared himself to meet a stern, gigantic, ferocious figure, such as Salvator would have chosen to be the central object of a group of banditti.

Donald Bean Lean was the very reverse of all these. He was thin in person, and low in stature, with light, sandy-coloured hair and small pale features, from which he derived his agnomen of *Bean*, or white; and although his form was light, well proportioned, and active, he appeared, on the whole, rather a diminutive and insignificant figure. He had served in some inferior capacity in the French army, and in order to receive his English visiter in great form, and probably meaning, in his way, to pay him a compliment, he had laid aside the Highland dress for the time, to put on an old blue and red uniform, and a feathered hat, in which he was far from showing to advantage, and indeed looked so incongruous, compared with all around him, that Waverley would have been tempted to laugh, had laughter been either civil or safe. He received Captain Waverley with a profusion of French politeness and Scottish hospitality, seemed perfectly to know his name and connexions, and to be particularly acquainted with his uncles political principles. On these he bestowed great ap-

plause, to which Waverley judged it prudent to make a very general reply.

Being placed in a convenient distance from the charcoal fire, the heat of which the season rendered oppressive, a strapping Highland damsel placed before Waverley, Evan, and Donald Bean, three cogues, or wooden vessels, composed of staves and hoops, containing *imrigh*, a sort of strong soup made out of a particular part of the inside of the beeves. After this refreshment, which, though coarse, fatigue and hunger rendered palatable, steaks, roasted on the coals, were supplied in liberal abundance, and disappeared before Evan Dhu and their host with a promptitude that seemed like magic, and astonished Waverley, who was much puzzled to reconcile their voracity with what he had heard of the abstemiousness of the Highlanders. He was ignorant that this abstinence was with the lower ranks only compulsory, and that, like some animals of prey, those who practice it were usually gifted with the power of indemnifying themselves to good purpose, when chance threw plenty in their way. The whiskey came forth in abundance to crown the cheer. The Highlanders drank it copiously and undiluted; but Edward, having mixed a little with water, did not find it so palatable as to invite him to repeat the draught. Their host bewailed himself exceedingly that he could offer him no wine: "Had he but known four-and-twenty hours before, he would have had some had it been within the circle of forty miles round him. But no gentleman could do more to show his sense of the honour of a visit from another, than to offer him the best cheer his house afforded. Where there are no bushes there can be no nuts, and the way of those you live with is that you must follow."

He went on regretting to Evan Dhu the death of an aged man, Donnacha an Amrigh, or Duncan with the Cap, "a gifted seer," who foretold, through the second sight, visiters of every description who haunted their dwelling, whether as friends or foes.

"Is not his son Malcolm *taishatr?*" (a seer) asked Evan.

"Nothing equal to his father," replied Donald Bean. "He told us the other day we were to see a great gentleman riding on a horse, and there came nobody that whole day but Shemus Beg, the blind harper, with his dog. Another time he advertised us of a wedding, and behold it proved a funeral; and on the creagh, when he foretold to us we should bring home a hundred head of horned cattle, we gripped nothing but a fat baillie of Perth.

From this discourse he passed to the political and military state of the country; and Waverley was astonished, and even alarmed, to find a person of this description so accurately acquainted with the strength of the various garrisons and regiments quartered north of the Tay. He even mentioned the exact number of recruits who had joined Waverley's troop from his uncle's estate, and observed they were *pretty men*, meaning not handsome, but stout warlike fellows. He put Waverley in mind of one or two minute circumstances which had happened at a general review of the regiment, which satisfied him that the robber had been an eye witness of it; and Evan Dhu having by this time retired from the conversation, and wrapped himself up in his plaid to take some repose, Donald asked Edward in a very significant manner, whether he had nothing particular to say to him.

Waverley, surprised and somewhat startled at this question from such a character, answered he had no motive in visiting him but curiosity to see his extraordinary place of residence. Donald Bean Lean looked him steadily in the face for an instant, and then said, with a significant nod, "You might as well have confided in me; I am as much worthy of trust as either the Baron of Bradwardine or Vich Ian Vohr;—but you are equally welcome to my house."

Waverley felt an involuntary shudder creep over him at the mysterious language held by this outlawed

and lawless bandit, which, in despite of his attempts to master it, deprived him of the power to ask the meaning of his insinuations. A heath pallet, with the flowers stuck uppermost, had been prepared for him in a recess of the cave, and here, covered with such spare plaids as could be mustered, he lay for some time watching the motions of the other inhabitants of the cavern. Small parties of two or three entered or left the place, without any other ceremony than a few words in Gaelic to the principal outlaw, and when he fell asleep, to a tall Highlander who acted as his lieutenant, and seemed to keep watch during his repose. Those who entered seemed to have returned from some excursion, of which they reported the success, and went without farther ceremony to the larder, where, cutting with their dirks their rations from the carcasses which were there suspended, they proceeded to broil and eat them at their own time and leisure. The liquor was under stricter regulation, being served out either by Donald himself, his lieutenant, or the strapping Highland girl aforesaid, who was the only female that appeared. The allowance of whiskey, however, would have appeared prodigal to any but Highlanders, who, living, entirely in the open air, and in a very moist climate, can consume great quantities of ardent spirits, without the usual baneful effects either upon the brain or constitution.

At length the fluctuating groups began to swim before the eyes of our hero as they gradually closed; nor did he re-open them till the morning sun was high on the lake without, though there was but a faint and glimmering twilight in the recesses of Uaimh an Ri, or the king's cavern, as the abode of Donald Bean Lean was proudly denominated.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Waverley proceeds on his Journey.

When Edward had collected his scattered recollection, he was surprised to observe the cavern totally deserted. Having arisen and put his dress in some order, he looked more accurately around him; but all was still and solitary. If it had not been for the decayed brands of the fire, now sunk into gray ashes, and the remnants of the festival, consisting of bones half burned and half-gnawed, an empty keg or two, there remained no traces of Donald and his band. When Waverley sallied forth to the entrance of the cave, he perceived that the points of the rock, on which remained the mark of the last night's beacon, was accessible by a small path, either natural or roughly hewn in the rock, along the little inlet of water which ran a few yards up into the cavern, where, as in a wet-dock, the skiff which brought him there the night before was still lying moored. When he reached the small projecting platform on which the beacon had been established, he would have believed his farther progress by land impossible, only that it was scarce probable that the inhabitants of the cavern had not some mode of issuing from it otherwise than by the lake. Accordingly, he soon observed one or two shelving steps, or ledges of rock, at the very extremity of the little platform; and making use of them as a staircase, he clambered by their means around the projecting shoulder of the crag, on which the cavern opened, and descending with some difficulty on the other side, he thus gained the wild and precipitous shores of a Highland loch, about four miles in length, and a mile and a half over, surrounded by heathy and savage mountains, on the crests of which the morning mist was still sleeping.

Looking back to the place from whence he came, he could not help admiring the address which had adopted a retreat of such seclusion and secrecy. The rock, round the shoulder of which he had turned by a few imperceptible notches that barely afforded place for the foot, seemed, in looking back upon it, a huge precipice, which barred all farther passage by the edge of the lake in that direction. There could be no possibility, the breadth of the lake considered, of descrying the entrance of the narrow and low-browed cave from the other side; so that unless the retreat had been sought for with boats upon the lake, or disclosed by treachery, it might be a safe and secret residence to its garrison so long as they were supplied with provisions. Having satisfied his curiosity in these particulars, Waverley looked around for Evan Dhu and his attendant, who, he rightly judged, would be at no great distance, whatever might have become of Donald Bean Lean and his party, whose mode of life was, of course, liable to sudden migrations of abode. Accordingly, at the distance of about half a mile, he beheld a Highlander (Evan apparently) angling in the lake, with another attending him, whom from the weapon which he shouldered, he recognized for his friend with the battle-axe.

Much nearer to the mouth of the cave he heard the notes of a lively Gaelic song, guided by which, in a sunny recess, shaded by a glittering birch-tree, and carpeted with a bank of firm white sand, he found the damsel of the cavern, whose lay had already reached him, busy, to the best of her power, in arranging, to advantage, a morning repast of milk, eggs, barley-bread, fresh butter, and honey comb. The poor girl had made a circuit of four miles that morning in search of the eggs, of the meal which baked her cakes, and the other materials of the breakfast, being all delicacies which she had to beg or borrow from distant cottagers. The followers of Donald Bean Lean used little food except the flesh of the animals which they

drove away from the Lowlands; bread itself was a delicacy seldom thought of, because hard to be obtained, and all the domestic accommodations of milk, poultry, butter, &c. were out of the question in this Scythian camp. Yet it must not be omitted, that, although Alice had occupied a part of the morning in providing those accommodations for her guest which the cavern did not afford, she had secured time also to adorn her own person in the best trim. Her finery was very simple. A short, russet coloured jacket, and a petticoat, of scanty longitude, was her whole dress; but these were clean and neatly put on. A piece of scarlet embroidered cloth, called the *snood*, confined her hair, which fell over it in a profusion of rich dark curls. The scarlet plaid, which formed part of her dress, was laid aside, that it might not impede her activity in attending the stranger. I should forget Alice's proudest ornament, were I to omit mentioning a pair of gold ear-rings, and a golden rosary, which her father (for she was the daughter of Donald Bean Lean) had brought from France, the plunder, probably, of some battle or storm.

Her form, though rather large for her years, was very well proportioned, and her demeanour had a natural and rustic grace, with nothing of the sheepishness of an ordinary peasant. The smiles, displaying a row of teeth of exquisite whiteness, and the laughing eyes, with which in dumb show, she gave Waverley that morning greeting which she wanted English words to express, might have been interpreted by a coxcomb, or perhaps a young soldier, who, without being such, was conscious of a handsome person, as meant to convey more than the courtesy of a hostess. Nor do I take it upon me to say that the little wild mountaineer would have welcomed any staid gentleman advanced in life, the Baron of Bradwardine, for example, with the cheerful pains which she bestowed upon Edward's accommodation. She seemed eager to place him by the meal which she had so seduously

arranged, and to which she now added a few bunches of cranberries, gathered in an adjacent morass. Having had the satisfaction of seeing him seated at his breakfast, she placed herself demurely upon a stone at a few yards distance, and appeared to watch, with great complacency, for some opportunity of serving him.

Evan and his attendant now returned slowly along the beach, the latter bearing a large salmon trout, the produce of the morning's sport, together with the angling rod, while Evan strolled forward with an easy, self satisfied, and important gait, towards the spot where Waverley was so agreeably employed at the breakfast table. After morning greetings had passed on both sides, and Evan looking at Waverley, had said something in Gaelic to Alice, which made her laugh, yet colour up to the eyes, through a complexion well imbrowned by sun and wind, Evan intimated his commands that the fish should be prepared for breakfast. A spark from the lock of his pistol produced a light, and a few withered fir branches were quickly in flame, and as speedily reduced to hot embers, on which the trout was broiled in large slices. To crown the repast, Evan produced from the pocket of his short jerkin a large scallop shell, and from under the folds of his plaid, a ram's horn full of whiskey. Of this he took a copious dram, observing, he had already taken his *morning* with Donald Bean Lean before his departure; he offered the same cordial to Alice and to Edward, which they both declined. With the bounteous air of a lord, Evan then proffered the scallop to Dugald Mahony, his attendant, who, without waiting to be asked a second time, drank it off with great gusto. Evan then prepared to move towards the boat, inviting Waverley to attend him. Meanwhile, Alice had made up in a small basket what she thought worth removing, and flinging her plaid around her, she advanced up to Edward, and, with the utmost simplicity, taking hold of his hand, offered her cheek

to his salute, dropping, at the same time her little courtesy. Evan, who was esteemed a wag among the mountain fair, advanced, as if to secure a similar favour, but Alice, snatching up her basket, escaped up the rocky bank as fleetly as a deer, and, turning round and laughing, called something out to him in Gaelic, which he answered in the same tone and language; then waving her hand to Edward, she resumed her road, and was soon lost among the thickets; though they continued for some time to hear her lively carrol, as she proceeded gayly on her solitary journey.

They now again entered the gorge of the cavern, and stepping into the boat, the Highlander pushed off, and taking advantage of the morning breeze, hoisted a clumsy sort of sail, while Evan assumed the helm, directing their course, as it appeared to Edward, rather higher up the lake than towards the place of his embarkation on the preceding night. As they glided along the silver mirror, Evan opened the conversation with a panegyric upon Alice, who, he said, was both *canny* and *fendy;* and was, to the boot of all that, the best dancer of a strathspey in the whole strath. Edward assented to her praises so far as he understood them, yet could not help regretting that she was condemned to such a perilous and dismal life.

"Oh! for that," said Evan, "there is nothing in Perthshire, that she need want, if she ask her father to fetch it, unless it is too hot or too heavy."

"But to be the daughter of a cattle stealer—a common thief!"

"Common thief!—No such thing; Donald Bean Lean never *lifted* less than a drove in his life."

"Do you call him an uncommon thief, then?"

"No—he that steals a cow from a poor widow, or a stirk from a cottar, is a thief; he that lifts a drove from a Sasenach laird is a gentleman-drover. And besides, to take a tree from the forest, a salmon from the river, a deer from the hill, or a cow from a Low-

land strath, is what no Highlander need ever think shame upon."

"But what can this end in, were he taken in such an appropriation?"

"To be sure, he would *die for the law*, as many a pretty man has done before him."

"Die for the law!"

"Ay; that is, with the law, or by the law; be strapped up on the *kind* gallows of Crieff, where his father died, and his godsire died, and where, I hope, he'll live to die himsell, if he's not shot, or slashed, in a *creagh*."

"You hope such a death, for your friend, Evan?"

"And that do I e'en; would you have me wish him to die on a bundle of wet straw in yon den of his, like a mangy tyke."

"But what becomes of Alice, then?"

"Troth, if such an accident were to happen, as her father would not need her help any longer, I ken naught to hinder me to marry her mysell."

"Gallantly resolved," said Edward; "but in the meanwhile, Evan, what has your father-in-law (that shall be, if he have the good fortune to be hanged) done with the baron's cattle."

"Oich," answered Evan, "they were all trudging before your lad and Allan Kennedy, before the sun blinked ower Ben-Lawers this morning; and they'll be in the pass of Bally-Brough by this time, in their way back to the parks of Tully-Veolan, all but two, that were unhappily slaughtered before I got last night to Uaimh an Ri."

"And where are we going, Evan, if I may be so bold as to ask?" said Waverley.

"Where would ye be ganging, but to the laird's own house of Glennaquoich? Ye would not think to be in his country without going to see him. It would be as much as a man's life's worth."

"And are we far from Glennaquoich?"

"But five bits of miles; and Vich Ian Vohr will meet us."

In about half an hour they reached the upper end of the lake, where, after landing Waverley, the two Highlanders drew the boat into a little creek, among thick flags and reeds, where it lay perfectly concealed. The oars they put in another place of concealment, both for the use of Donald Bean Lean probably, when his occasions should next bring him to that place.

The travellers pursued for some time a delightful opening into the hills, down which a little brook found its way to the lake. When they had pursued their walk a short distance, Waverley renewed his questions about their host of the cavern.

"Does he always reside in that cave?"

"Out, no! it's past the skill of man to tell where he's to be found at all times; there's not a dern nook, or cove, or corri, in the whole country, that he's not acquainted with."

"And do others beside your master shelter him?"

"My master?—*My* master is in Heaven," answered Evan, haughtily; and then immediately assuming his usual civility of manner, "but you mean my chief; now he does not shelter Donald Bean Lean, nor any that are like him, he only allows him (with a smile) wood and water."

"No great boon, I should think, Evan, when both seem to be very plenty."

"Ah! but ye don't see through it. When I say wood and water, I mean the loch and the land; and I fancy Donald would be put till't if the laird were to look for him wi' threescore men in the wood of Kaily-chat yonder: and if our boats, with a score or two more, were to come down the loch to Uaimh an Ri, headed by mysell, or any other pretty man."

"But suppose a strong party came against him from the low country, would not your chief defend him?"

"Na, he would not ware the spark of a flint for him if they came with the law."

"He behooved to rid the country of himsell, and fall back, it may be, over the mount upon Letter-Scriven."

"And if he were pursued to that place?"

"I'se warrant he would go to his cousin's at Rannoch."

"Well, but if they followed him to Rannoch?"

"That," quoth Evan, "is beyond all belief; and, indeed, to tell you the truth, there durst not a Lowlander in all Scotland follow the fray a gun-shot beyond Bally-Brough, unless he had the help of the *Sidier Dhu*."

"Whom do ye call so?"

"The *Sidier Dhu?* the black soldier; this is what they called the independent companies that were raised to keep peace and law in the Highlands. Vich Ian Vohr commanded one of them for five years, and I was a sergeant mysell, I shall warrant ye. They call them *Sidier Dhu* because they wear the tartans, as they call your men—King George's men—*Sidier Roy*, or red soldiers."

"Well, but when you were in King George's pay, Evan, you were surely King George's soldiers?"

"Troth, and you must ask Vich Ian Vohr about that; for we are for his king, and care not much which o' them it is. At any rate, nobody can say we are King George's men now, when we have not seen his pay this twelvemonth."

This last argument admitted of no reply, nor did Edward attempt any: he rather chose to bring back the discourse to Donald Bean Lean. Does Donald confine himself to cattle, or does he *lift*, as you call it, any thing else that comes in his way?"

"Troth, he's nae nice body, and he'll just take any thing, but most readily cattle, horse, or live Christians; for sheep are slow of travel, and inside plenishing is cumbrous to carry, and not easy to put away for silver in this country."

"But does he carry off men and women?"

"Out aye. Did not ye hear him speak o' the Perth baillie? It cost him five hundred merks ere he got to the south o' Bally-Brough. And ance Donald played a pretty sport. There was to be a blythe bridal between the Lady Cramfeezer, in the howe o' the Mearns, (she was the auld laird's widow, and not so young as she had been hersell,) and young Gilliewhackit, who had spent his heirship and movables, like a gentleman, at cock-matches, bull-baitings, horse-races, and the like. Now, Donald Bean Lean, being aware that the bridegroom was in request, and wanted to cleik the cunzie, (that is, to hook the silver,) he cannily carried off Gilliewhackit one night when he was riding *dovering* hamé, (with the malt rather above the meal,) and with the help of his gillies he gat him into the hills with the speed of light, and the first place he wakened in was the cove of Uaimh an Ri. So there was old to do about ransoming the bridegroom; for Donald would not lower a farthing of a thousand pounds."——

"The devil!"

"Pounds Scottish, ye shall understand. And the lady had not the silver if she had pawned her gown; and they applied to the governor o' Stirling castle, and to the major o' the black watch; and the governor said, it was too far to the northward, and out of his district; and the major said, his men were gane hame to the shearing, and he would not call them out before the victual was got in, for all the Cramfeezers in Christendom, let alone the Mearns, for that it would prejudice the country. And, in the meanwhile, ye'll not hinder Gilliewhackit to take the small-pox. There was not the doctor in Perth or Stirling would look near the poor lad, and I cannot blame them; for Donald had been misgugled by one of these doctors about Paris, and he swore he would fling the first into the loch that he catched beyond the Pass. However, some cailliachs (that is, old women) that were about Donald's hand, nursed Gilliewhackit so well, that be-

tween the free open air in the cove and the fresh whey, deil an' he did not recover may be as well as if he had been closed in a glazed chamber and a bed with curtains, and fed with red wine and white meat. And Donald was so vexed about it, that when he was stout and well, he even sent him free hame, and said he would be pleased with any thing they would choose to give him for the plague and trouble which he had about Gilliewhackit to an unkenn'd degree. And I cannot tell you precisely how they sorted; but they agreed so well that Donald was invited to dance at the wedding in his Highland trews, and they said there was never sae meikle silver clinked in his purse either before or since. And to the boot of all that, Gilliewhackit said, that, be the evidence what it liked, if he had the luck to be on Donald's inquest, he would bring him in guilty of nothing whatever, unless it were wilful arson, or murder under trust."

With such bald and disjointed chat Evan went on illustrating the existing state of the Highlands, more perhaps to the amusement of Waverley than that of our readers. At length, after having marched over bank and brae, moss and heather, Edward, though not unacquainted with the Scottish liberality in computing distance, began to think that Evan's five miles were nearly doubled. His observation on the large measure which the Scottish allowed of their land, in comparison to the computation of their money, was readily answered by Evan, with the old jest, "The deil take them who have the least pint stoup."

And now the report of a gun was heard, and a sportsman was seen, with his dogs and attendant at the upper end of the glen. "Shogh," said Dugald Mahony, "tat's ta chief."

"It is not," said Evan, imperiously. "Do ye think he would come to meet a Sasenach Duinhé-wassel (English gentleman) in such a way as that?"

But as they approached a little nearer, he said, with an appearance of mortification, "And it is even he

sure enough, and he has not his tail on after all;—there is no living creature with him but Callum Beg."

In fact, Fergus Mac-Ivor, of whom a Frenchman might have said, as truly as of any man in the Highlands, "*Qu'il connoit bien ses gens*," had no idea of raising himself in the eyes of an English young man of fortune, by appearing with a retinue of idle Highlanders, disproportioned to the occasion. He was well aware that such an unnecessary attendance would seem to Edward rather ludicrous than respectable; and while few men were more attached to ideas of chieftainship and feudal power, he was, for that very reason, cautious of exhibiting external marks of dignity, unless at the time and in the manner when they were most likely to produce an imposing effect. Therefore, although, had he been to receive a brother chieftain, he would probably have been attended by all that retinue which Evan had described with so much unction, he judged it more respectable to advance to meet Waverley with a single attendant, a very handsome Highland boy, who carried his master's shooting pouch and his broad-sword, without which he seldom went abroad.

When Fergus and Waverley met, the latter was struck with the peculiar grace and dignity of the chieftain's figure. Above the middle size, and finely proportioned, the Highland dress, which he wore in its simplest mode, set off his person to great advantage. He wore the trews, or close trowsers, made of tartan, checked scarlet and white; in other particulars, his dress strictly resembled Evan's, excepting that he had no weapon save a dirk very richly mounted with silver. His page, as we have said, carried his claymore, and the fowling-piece, which he held in his hand, seemed only designed for sport. He had shot, in the course of his walk, some young wild ducks, as, though *close-time* was then unknown, the broods of grouse were yet too young for the sportsman. His

countenance was decidedly Scotch, with all the peculiarities of the northern physiognomy, but had yet so little of its harshness and exaggeration, that it would have been pronounced in any country extremely handsome. The martial air of the bonnet, with a single eagle's feather as a distinction, added much to the manly appearance of his head, which was, besides, ornamented with a far more natural and graceful cluster of close black curls than ever were exposed to sale in Bond-street.

The air of openness and affability increased the favourable impression derived from this handsome and dignified exterior. Yet a skilful physiognomist would have been less satisfied with the countenance on the second than on the first view. The eyebrow and upper-lip bespoke something of the habit of peremptory command and decisive superiority. Even his courtesy, though open, frank, and unconstrained, seemed to indicate a sense of personal importance; and, upon any check or accidental excitation, a sudden, though transient lower of the eye, showed a hasty, haughty, and vindictive temper, not less to be dreaded because it seemed much under its owner's command. In short, the countenance of the chieftain resembled a smiling summer's day, in which, notwithstanding, we are made sensible by certain, though slight signs, that it may thunder and lighten before the close of evening.

It was not, however, upon their first meeting that Edward had an opportunity of making these less favourable remarks. The chief received him, as a friend of the Baron of Bradwardine, with the utmost expression of kindness and obligation for the visit; upbraided him gently with choosing so rude an abode as he had done the night before; and entered into a lively conversation with him about Donald Bean's housekeeping, but without the least hint as to his predatory habits, or the immediate occasion of Waverley's visit, a topic which as the chief did not intro-

duce, our hero also avoided. While they walked merrily on toward the house of Glennaquoich, Evan, who had now fallen respectfully into the rear, followed with Callum Beg and Dugald Mahony.

We will take the opportunity to introduce the reader to some particulars of Furgus Mac-Ivor's character and history, which were not completely known to Waverley till after a connexion which, though arising from a circumstance so casual, had for a length of time the deepest influence upon his character, actions, and prospects. But this, being an important subject, must form the commencement of a new chapter.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Chief and his Mansion.

The ingenious licentiate Francisco de Ubeda, when he commenced his history of La Picara Justina Diez—which, by the way, is one of the most rare books of Spanish literature—complained of his pen having caught up a hair, and forthwith begins, with more eloquence than common sense, an affectionate expostulation with that useful implement, upbraiding it with being the quill of a goose—a bird inconstant by nature, as frequenting the three elements of water, earth, and air indifferently, and being, of course, "to one thing constant never." Now I protest to thee, gentle reader, that I entirely dissent from Francisco de Ubeda in this matter, and hold it the most useful quality of my pen, that it can speedily change from grave to gay, and from description and dialogue to narrative and character. So that if my quill displays no other properties of its mother goose than her mutability, truly I shall be well pleased; and I conceive that you, my worthy friend, will have no occasion for discontent. From the jargon, therefore, of the High-

land gillies, I pass to the character of their chief. It is an important examination, and therefore, like Dogberry, we must spare no wisdom.

The ancestor of Fergus Mac-Ivor, about three centuries before, had set up a claim to be recognised as chieftain of the numerous and powerful clan to which he belonged, the name of which it is unnecessary to mention. Being defeated by an opponent who had more justice, or at least more force, on his side, he moved southwards, with those who adhered to him, in quest of new settlements, like a second Æneas. The state of the Perthshire Highlands favoured his purpose. A great baron in that country had lately become traitor to the crown; Ian, which was the name of our adventurer, united himself with those who were commissioned by the king to chastise him, and did such good service that he obtained a grant of the property, upon which he and his posterity afterwards resided. He followed the king also in war to the fertile regions of England, where he employed his leisure hours so actively, in raising subsidies among the boors of Northumberland and Durham, that upon his return he was enabled to erect a stone tower, or fortalice, so much admired by his dependants and neighbours, that he who had hitherto been called Ian Mac-Ivor, or John, the son of Ivor, was thereafter distinguished, both in song and genealogy, by the proud title of *Ian nan Chaistel*, or John of the Tower. The descendants of this worthy were so proud of him, that the reigning chief always bore the patronymic title of Vich Ian Vohr, *i. e.* the son of John the Great; the clan at large, to distinguish them from that from which they had seceded, were denominated *Sliochd nan Ivor*, the race of Ivor.

The father of Fergus, the tenth in direct descent from John of the Tower, engaged heart and hand in the insurrection of 1715, and was forced to fly to France after the attempt of that year in favour of the Stuarts had proved unsuccessful. More fortunate

than other fugitives, he obtained employment in the French service, and married a lady of rank in that kingdom, by whom he had two children, Fergus and his sister Flora. The Scottish estate had been forfeited and exposed to sale, but was bought in for a small price in the name of the young proprietor, who in consequence came to reside upon his native domains. It was soon perceived that he was a character of uncommon acuteness, fire, and ambition, which, as he became acquainted with the state of the country, gradually assumed a mixed and peculiar tone, which could only have been acquired sixty years since.

Had Fergus Mac-Ivor lived sixty years sooner than he did, he would, in all probability, have wanted the polished manner and knowledge of the world which he now possessed; and had he lived sixty years later, his ambition and love of rule would have lacked the fuel which his situation now afforded. He was, indeed, within his little circle, as perfect a politician as Castruccio Castrucani himself. He applied himself with great earnestness to appease all the feuds and dissensions which frequently arose among other clans in his neighbourhood, so that he became a frequent umpire in their quarrels. His own patriarchal power he strengthened at every expense which his fortune would permit; and, indeed, stretched his means to the uttermost to maintain the rude and plentiful hospitality, which was the most valued attribute of a chieftain. For the same reason, he crowded his estate with a tenantry, hardy indeed, and fit for the purposes of war, but greatly outnumbering what the soil was calculated to maintain. These consisted chiefly of his own clan, not one of whom he suffered to quit his lands if he could possibly prevent it. But he maintained, besides, adventurers from the mother sept, who deserted a less warlike, though more wealthy chief, to do homage to Fergus Mac-Ivor. Other individuals, too, who had not even that apology, were nevertheless received into his allegiance, which, indeed, was refused to none

who were, like Poins, proper men of their hands, and were willing to assume the name of Mac-Ivor.

He was enabled to discipline these forces from having obtained command of one of the independent companies, raised by government to preserve the peace of the Highlands. While in this capacity, he acted with vigour and spirit, and preserved great order in the country under his charge. He caused his vassals to enter by rotation in his company, and serve for a certain space of time, which gave them all in turn a general notion of military discipline. In his campaigns against the banditti, it was observed that he assumed and exercised to the utmost the discretionary power, which, while the law had not free course in the Highlands, was conceived to belong to the military parties who were called in to support it. He acted, for example, with great and suspicious lenity to those freebooters who made restitution on his summons, and offered personal submission to himself, while he rigorously pursued, apprehended, and sacrificed to justice, all such interlopers as dared to despise his admonitions and commands. On the other hand, if any officers of justice, military parties, or others, presumed to pursue thieves or marauders through his territories, and without applying for his consent and concurrence, nothing was more certain than that they would meet with some notable foil or defeat; upon which occasions Fergus Mac-Ivor was the first to condole with them, and after gently blaming their rashness, never failed deeply to lament the lawless state of the country. These lamentations did not not exclude suspicion, and matters were so represented to government, that our chieftain was deprived of his military command.

Whatever he felt upon this occasion, he had the art of entirely suppressing every appearance of discontent; but in a short time the neighbouring country began to feel bad effects from his disgrace. Donald Bean Lean, and others of his class, whose depredations had hitherto been confined to other districts, appear

from henceforward to have made a settlement on this devoted border; and their ravages were carried on with little opposition, as the Lowland gentry were chiefly jacobites, and disarmed. This forced many of the inhabitants into contracts of black-mail with Fergus Mac-Ivor, which not only established him their protector, and gave him great weight in all their consultations, but moreover supplied funds for the waste of his feudal hospitality, which the discontinuance of his pay might have otherwise essentially diminished.

In all this course of conduct Fergus had a further object than merely being the great man of his neighbourhood, and ruling despotically over a small clan. From his infancy upward, he had devoted himself to the cause of the exiled family, and had persuaded himself, not only that their restoration to the crown of Britain would be speedy, but that those who assisted them would be raised to honour and rank. It was with this view that he laboured to reconcile the Highlanders among themselves, and augmented his own force to the utmost, to be prepared for the first favourable opportunity of rising. With this purpose, also, he conciliated the favour of such Lowland gentlemen in the vicinity as were friends to the good cause; and for the same reason, having incautiously quarrelled with Mr. Bradwardine, who, notwithstanding his peculiarities, was much respected in the country, he took advantage of the foray of Donald Bean Lean to solder up the dispute in the manner we have mentioned. Some, indeed, surmised that he caused the enterprise to be suggested to Donald, on purpose to pave the way to a reconciliation, which, supposing that to be the case, cost the Laird of Bradwardine two good milch cows. This zeal in their behalf, the house of Stuart repaid with a considerable share of their confidence, an occasional supply of louis-d'ors, abundance of fair words, and a parchment with a huge waxen seal appended, purporting to be an earl's pa-

tent, granted by no less a person than James the Third, King of England, and Eighth King of Scotland, to his right feal, trusty, and well-beloved Fergus Mac-Ivor, of Glennaquoich, in the county of Perth, and kingdom of Scotland.

With this future coronet glittering before his eyes, Fergus plunged deeply into the correspondences and plots of that unhappy period; and, like all such active agents, easily reconciled his conscience to going certain lengths in the service of his party, from which honour and pride would have deterred him, had his sole object been the direct advancement of his own personal interest. With this insight into a bold, ambitious, ardent, yet artful, and polite character, we resume the broken thread of our narrative.

The chief and his guest had by this time reached the house of Glennaquoich, which consisted of Ian nan Chaistel's mansion, a high, rude-looking square tower, with the addition of a *lofted* house, that is, a building of two stories, constructed by Fergus's grandfather when he returned from that memorable expedition, well remembered by the western shires, under the name of the Highland Host. Upon occasion of this crusade against the Ayrshire whigs and covenanters, the Vich Ian Vohr of the time had probably been as successful as his predecessor was in harrying Northumberland, and therefore left to his posterity a rival edifice, as a monument of his magnificence.

Around the house which stood on an eminence in the midst of a narrow Highland valley, there appeared none of that attention to convenience, far less to ornament and decoration, which usually surrounds a gentleman's habitation. An enclosure or two, divided by dry stone walls, were the only part of the domain that was fenced; as to the rest, the narrow slips of level ground which lay by the side of the brook exhibited a scanty crop of barley, liable to constant depredations from the herds of wild ponies and black cattle that grazed upon the adjacent hills. These,

ever and anon, made an incursion upon the arable ground, which was repelled by the loud, uncouth, and dissonant shouts of half a dozen Highland swains, all running as if they had been mad, and every one hallooing a half starved dog to the rescue of the forage. At a little distance up the glen was a small and stunted wood of birch; the hills were high and heathy, but without any variety of surface; so that the whole view was wild and desolate, rather than grand and solitary. Yet, such as it was, no genuine descendant of Ian nan Chaistel would have exchanged the domain for Stow or Blenheim.

There was a sight, however, before the gate, which, perhaps, would have afforded the first owner of Blenheim more pleasure than the finest view in the domain assigned to him by the gratitude of his country. This consisted of about a hundred Highlanders, in complete dress and arms; at sight of whom, the chieftain apologized to Waverley in a sort of negligent manner. "He had forgot," he said, "that he had ordered a few of his clan out, for the purpose of seeing that they were in a fit condition to protect the country, and prevent such accidents as, he was sorry to learn, had befallen the Baron of Bradwardine. Before they were dismissed, perhaps Captain Waverley might choose to see them go through part of their exercise."

Edward assented, and the men executed with agility and precision some of the ordinary military movements. They then practised individually at a mark, and showed an extraordinary dexterity in the management of the pistol and firelock. They took aim standing, sitting, leaning, or lying prostrate, as they were commanded, and always with effect upon the target. Next they paired off for the broad-sword exercise; and, having manifested their individual skill and dexterity, united in two bodies, and exhibited a sort of mock encounter, in which the charge, the rally, the flight, the pursuit and all the current of a heady fight, were exhibited to the sound of the great war bagpipe.

On a signal made by the chief, the skirmish was ended. Matches were then made for running, wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, and other sports, in which this feudal militia displayed incredible swiftness, strength, and agility; and accomplished the purpose which their chieftain had at heart, by impressing on Waverley no light sense of their merit as soldiers, and the power of him who commanded them by his nod.

"And what number of such gallant fellows have the happiness to call you leader?" asked Waverley.

"In a good cause, and under a chieftain whom they loved, the race of Ivor have seldom taken the field under five hundred claymores. But you are aware, Captain Waverley, that the disarming act, passed about twenty years ago, prevents their being in the complete state of preparation, as in former times, and I keep no more of my clan under arms than may defend my own or my friend's property, when the country is troubled with such men as your last night's landlord; and government, which has removed other means of defence, must connive at our protecting ourselves."

"But with your force you might soon destroy, or put down, such gangs as that of Donald Bean Lean."

"Yes, doubtless; and my reward would be a summons to deliver up to General Blakeney, at Stirling, the few broad-swords they have left us: there were little policy in that, methinks. But come, captain, the sound of the pipes informs me that dinner is prepared—Let me have the honour to show you into my rude mansion."

CHAPTER XX.

A Highland Feast.

Ere Waverley entered the banqueting-hall, he was offered the patriarchal refreshment of a bath for the feet, which the sultry weather, and the morasses he had traversed, rendered highly acceptable. He was not indeed so luxuriously attended upon this occasion as the heroic travellers in the Odyssey; the task of ablution and abstersion being performed, not by a beautiful damsel trained

To chafe the limbs and pour the fragrant oil,

but by a smoke-dried, skinny old Highland woman, who did not seem to think herself much honoured by the duty imposed upon her, but muttered between her teeth, "Our fathers' herds did not feed so near together, that I should do you this service." A small donation, however, amply reconciled this ancient handmaiden to the supposed degradation; and, as Edward proceeded to the hall, she gave him her blessing, in the Gaelic proverb, "May the open hand be filled the fullest."

The hall, in which the feast was prepared, occupied all the first story of Ian nan Chaistel's original erection, and a huge oaken table extended through its whole length. The apparatus for dinner was simple, even to rudeness, and the company numerous, even to crowding. At the head of the table was the chief himself, with Edward, and two or three Highland visiters of neighbouring clans; the elders of his own tribe, wadsetters and tacksmen, as they were called, who occupied portions of his estate as mortgagers or lessees, sat next in rank; beneath them, their sons and nephews, and foster-brethren; then the officers of

the chief's household, according to their order; and, lowest of all the tenants who actually cultivated the ground. Even beyond this long perspective, Edward might see upon the green, to which a huge pair of folding doors opened, a multitude of Highlanders of a yet inferior description, who, nevertheless, were considered as guests, and had their share both of the countenance of the entertainer, and of the cheer of the day. In the distance, and fluctuating round this extreme verge of the banquet, was a changeful group of women, ragged boys and girls, beggars, young and old, large grayhounds, and terriers, and pointers, and curs of low degree; all of whom took some interest, more or less immediate, in the main action of the piece.

This hospitality, apparently unbounded, had yet its line of economy. Some pains had been bestowed in dressing the dishes of fish, game, &c. which were at the upper end of the table, and immediately under the eye of the English stranger. Lower down stood immense clumsy joints of mutton and beef, which, but for the absence of pork, abhorred in the Highlands, resembled the rude festivity of the banquet of Penelope's suitors. But the central dish was a yearling lamb, called "a hog in harst," roasted whole. It was set upon its legs, with a bunch of parsley in its mouth, and was probably exhibited in that form to gratify the pride of the cook, who piqued himself more on the plenty than the elegance of his master's table. The sides of this poor animal were fiercely attacked by the clans-men, some with dirks, others with the knives which were usually in the same sheath with the dagger, so that it was soon rendered a mangled and rueful spectacle. Lower down still, the victuals seemed of yet coarser quality, though sufficiently abundant. Broth, onions, cheese, and the fragments of the feast, regaled the sons of Ivor, who feasted in the open air.

The liquor was supplied in the same proportion, and under similar regulations. Excellent claret and champagne were liberally distributed among the chief's im-

mediate neighbours; whiskey, plain or diluted, and strong beer, refreshed those who sat near the lower end. Nor did this inequality of distribution appear to give the least offence. Every one present understood that his taste was to be formed according to the rank which he held at table; and consequently the tacksmen and their dependants always professed the wine was too cold for their stomachs, and called, apparently out of choice, for the liquor which was assigned to them from economy. The bagpipers, three in number, screamed, during the whole time of dinner, a tremendous wartune; and the echoing of the vaulted roof, and clang of the Celtic tongue, produced such a Babel of noises, that Waverley dreaded his ears would never recover it. Mac-Ivor, indeed, apologized for the confusion occasioned by so large a party, and pleaded the necessity of his situation, on which unlimited hospitality was imposed as a paramount duty. "These stout, idle kinsmen of mine," he said, "account my estate as held in trust for their support; and I must find them beef and ale, while the rogues will do nothing for themselves but practice the broad-sword, or wander about the hills shooting, fishing, hunting, drinking, and making love to the lasses of the strath. But what can I do, Captain Waverley? every thing will keep after its kind, whether it be a hawk or a Highlander." Edward made the expected answer, in a compliment upon his possessing so many bold and attached followers.

"Why, yes," replied the chief, "were I disposed, like my father, to put myself in the way of getting one blow on the head, or two on the neck, I believe the loons would stand by me. But who thinks of that in the present day, when the maxim is—'better an old woman with a purse in her hand, than three men with belted brands.'" Then, turning to the company, he proposed the "Health of Captain Waverley, a worthy friend of his kind neighbour and ally, the Baron of Bradwardine."

"He is welcome hither," said one of the elders, "if he come from Cosma Comyne Bradwardine."

"I say nay to that," said an old man, who apparently did not mean to pledge the toast. "I say nay to that;—while there is a green leaf in the forest, there will be fraud in a Comyne."

"There is nothing but honour in the Baron of Bradwardine," answered another ancient; 'and the guest that comes hither from him should be welcome though he came with blood on his hand, unless it were blood of the race of Ivor."

The old man, whose cup remained full, replied, "There has been blood enough of the race of Ivor on the hand of Bradwardine."

"Ah! Ballenkeiroch," replied the first, "you think rather of the flash of the carbine at the Mains of Tully-Veolan, than the glance of the sword that fought for the cause at proud Preston."

"And well I may," answered Ballenkeiroch; "the flash of the carbine cost me a fair-haired son, and the glance of the sword has done but little for King James."

The chieftain in two words of French, explained to Waverley that the baron had shot this old man's son in a fray near Tully-Veolan about seven years since; and then hastened to remove Ballenkeiroch's prejudice, by informing him that Waverley was an Englishman, unconnected by birth or alliance with the family of Bradwardine; upon which the old gentleman raised the hitherto-untasted cup, and courteously drank to his health. This ceremony being requited in kind, the chieftain made a signal for the pipes to cease, and said, aloud, "Where is the song hidden, my friends, that Mac-Murrough cannot find it?" Mac-Murrough, the family bhairdh, an aged man, immediately took the hint, and began to chant, with low and rapid utterance, a profusion of Celtic verses, which were received by the audience with all the applause of enthusiasm. As he advanced in his declamation, his ardour seemed to increase. He had at first spoken

with his eyes fixed on the ground; he now cast them around as if beseeching, and anon as if commanding attention, and his tones rose into wild and impassioned notes, accompanied with appropriate gesture. He seemed to Edward, who attended to him with much interest, to recite many proper names, to lament the dead, to apostrophise the absent, to exhort, and entreat, and animate those who were present. Waverley thought he even discerned his own name, and was convinced his conjecture was right, from the eyes of the company being at that moment turned towards him simultaneously. The ardour of the poet appeared to communicate itself to the audience. Their wild and sun-burned countenances assumed a fiercer and more animated expression; all bent forward towards the reciter, many sprung up and waved their arms in ecstacy, and some laid their hands on their swords. When the song ceased, there was a deep pause, while the aroused feelings of the poet and of the hearers gradually subsided into their usual channel.

The chieftain, who, during this scene, had appeared rather to watch the emotions which were excited, than to partake the high tone of enthusiasm, filled with claret a small silver cup which stood by him. "Give this," he said to an attendant, "to Mac-Murrough nan Fohn, (*i. e.* of the songs) and when he has drank the juice, bid him keep for the sake of Vich Ian Vohr, the shell of the gourd which contained it." The gift was received by Mac-Murrough with profound gratitude; he drank the wine, and kissing the cup, shrouded it with reverence in the plaid which was folded on his bosom. He then burst forth into what Edward justly supposed to be an extemporaneous effusion of thanks and praises of his chief. It was received with applause, but did not produce the effect of his first poem. It was obvious, however, that the clan regarded the generosity of their chieftain with high approbation. Many approved Gaelic toasts were than proposed, of some of which the chieftain gave his guest the following versions:

"To him that will not turn his back on friend or foe." "To him that never forsook a comrade." "To him that never bought or sold justice." "Hospitality to the exile, and broken bones to the tyrant." "The lads with the kilts." "Highlanders shoulder to shoulder."—with many other pithy sentiments of the like nature.

Edward was particularly solicitous to know the meaning of that song which appeared to produce such effect upon the passions of the company, and hinted his curiosity to his host. "As I observe," said the chieftain, "that you have passed the bottle during the last three rounds, I was about to propose to you to retire to my sister's tea-table, who can explain these things to you better than I can. Although I cannot stint my clan in the usual current of their festivity, yet I neither am addicted myself to exceed in its amount, nor do I," added he, smiling, "keep a bear to devour the intellects of such as can make good use of them."

Edward readily assented to this proposal, and the chieftain saying a few words to those around him, left the table followed by Waverley. As the door closed behind them, Edward heard Vich Ian Vohr's health invoked with a wild and animated cheer, that expressed the satisfaction of the guests, and the depth of their devotion to his service.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Chieftain's Sister.

The drawing-room of Flora Mac-Ivor was furnished in the plainest and most simple manner; for at Glennaquoich every other sort of expenditure was retrenched as much as possible, for the purpose of maintaining in its full dignity, the hospitality of the chieftain, and retaining and multiplying the number of his de-

pendants and adherents. But there was no appearance of this parsimony in the dress of the lady herself, which was in texture elegant, and even rich, and arranged in a manner which partook partly of the Parisian fashion, and partly of the more simple dress of the Highlands, blended together with great taste. Her hair was not disfigured by the art of the friseur, but fell in jetty ringlets on her neck, confined only by a circlet, richly set with diamonds. This peculiarity she adopted in compliance with the Highland prejudices, which could not endure that a woman's head should be covered before wedlock.

Flora Mac-Ivor bore a most striking resemblance to her brother Fergus; so much so, that they might have played Viola and Sebastian, with the same exquisite effect produced by the appearance of Mrs. Henry Siddons and her brother in those characters. They had the same antique and regular correctness of profile; the same dark eyes, eye-lashes, and eye-brows; the same clearness of complexion, excepting that Fergus's was embrowned by exercise, and Flora's possessed the utmost feminine delicacy. But the haughty, and somewhat stern regularity of Fergus's features, was beautifully softened in those of Flora. Their voices were also similar in tone, though differing in the key. That of Fergus, especially while issuing orders to his followers during their military exercise, reminded Edward of a favourite passage in the description of Emetrius—

> ——Whose voice was heard around,
> Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound.

That of Flora, on the contrary, was soft and sweet, "an excellent thing in woman;" yet in urging any favourite topic, which she often pursued with natural eloquence, it possessed as well the tones which impress awe and correction, as those of persuasive insinuation. The eager glance of the keen black eye, which, in the

chieftain, seemed impatient even of the material obstacles it encountered, had, in his sister's, acquired a gentle pensiveness. His looks seemed to seek glory, power, all that could exalt him above all others in the race of humanity; while those of his sister, as if she was already conscious of mental superiority, seemed to pity rather than envy those who were struggling for any other distinction. Her sentiments corresponded with the expression of her countenance. Early education had impressed upon her mind, as well as on that of the chieftain, the most devoted attachment to the exiled family of Stuart. She believed it the duty of her brother, of his clan, of every man in Britain, at whatever personal hazard, to contribute to that restoration which the partisans of the Chevalier St. George had not ceased to hope for. For this she was prepared to do all, to suffer all, to sacrifice all. But her loyalty, as it exceeded her brother in fanaticism, excelled it also in purity. Accustomed to petty intrigue, and necessarily involved in a thousand paltry and selfish discussions, ambitious also by nature, his political faith was tinctured at least, if not tainted, by the views of interest and advancement so easily combined with it; and at the moment he should unsheathe his claymore, it might be difficult to say, whether it would be most with the view of making James Stuart a king, or Fergus Mac-Ivor an earl, This indeed, was a mixture of feelings which he did not avow even to himself, but it existed, nevertheless, in a powerful degree.

In Flora's bosom, on the contrary, the zeal of loyalty burned pure and unmixed with any selfish feeling; she would have as soon made religion the mask of ambitious and interested views, as have shrowded them under the opinions which she had been taught to think patriotism. Such instances of devotion were not uncommon among the followers of the unhappy race of Stuart, of which many memorable proofs will recur to the mind of most of my readers. But pecu-

liar attention on the part of Chevalier de St. George and his princess to the parents of Fergus and his sister, and to themselves, when orphans had riveted their faith. Fergus, upon the death of his parents, had been for some time a page of honour in the train of the chevalier's lady, and from his beauty and sprightly temper, was uniformly treated by her with the utmost distinction. This was also extended to Flora, who was maintained for some time at a convent of the first order, at the princess's expense, and removed from thence into her own family, where she spent nearly two years; and both retained the deepest and most grateful sense of her kindness.

Having thus touched upon the leading principle of Flora's character, I may dismiss the rest more slightly, She was highly accomplished, and had acquired those elegant manners to be expected from one who, in early youth, had been the companion of a princess; yet she had not learned to substitute the gloss of politeness for the reality of feeling. When settled in the lonely regions of Glennaquoich, she found that her resources in French, English, and Italian literature, were likely to be few and interrupted; and, in order to fill up her vacant time, she bestowed a part of it upon the music and poetical traditions of the Highlanders, and began really to feel that pleasure in the pursuit, which her brother, whose perceptions of literary merit were more blunt, rather affected for the sake of popularity than actually experienced. Her resolution was strengthened in these researches, by the extreme delight which her inquiries seemed to afford those to whom she resorted for information.

Her love of her clan, an attachment which was almost hereditary in her bosom, was, like her loyalty, a more pure passion than that of her brother. He was too much a politician, regarded his patriarchal influence too much as the means of accomplishing his own aggrandizement, that we should term him the model of a Highland chieftain. Flora felt the same anxiety for

cherishing and extending their patriarchal sway, but it was the generous desire of vindicating from poverty, or at least from want and foreign oppression, those whom her brother was by birth, according to the notions of the time and country, entitled to govern. The savings of her income, for she had a small pension from the princess Sobieski, were dedicated, not to add to the comforts of the peasantry, for that was a word which they neither knew nor apparently wished to know, but to relieve their absolute necessities, when in sickness or extreme old age. At every other period, they rather toiled to procure something which they might share with the chief, as a proof of their attachment, than expected other assistance from him than was afforded by the rude hospitality of his castle, and the general division and subdivision of his estate among them. Flora was so much beloved by them, that when Mac-Murrough composed a song, in which he enumerated all the principal beauties of the district, and intimated her superiority, by concluding, that "the fairest apple hung on the highest bough," he received in donatives from the individuals of the clan, more seed-barley than would have sowed his Highland Parnassus, the *Bard's Croft*, as it was called, ten times over.

From situation, as well as choice, Miss Mac-Ivor's society was extremely limited. Her most intimate friend had been Rose Bradwardine, to whom she was much attached; and, when seen together, they would have afforded an artist two admirable subjects for the gay and the melancholy muse. Indeed, Rose was so tenderly watched by her father, and her circle of wishes was so limited, that none arose but what he was willing to gratify, and scarce any which did not come within the compass of his power. With Flora it was otherwise. While almost a girl, she had undergone the most complete change of scene, from gayety and splendour to absolute solitude and comparative poverty; and the ideas and wishes which she chiefly

fostered, respected great national events and changes not to be brought round without both hazard and bloodshed, and therefore not to be thought of with levity. Her manner, therefore, was grave, though she readily contributed her talents to the amusement of society, and stood very high in the opinion of the old baron, who used to sing along with her such French duets of Lindor and Cloris, &c. as were in fashion about the end of the reign of old Louis le Grand.

It was generally believed, though no one durst have hinted it to the Baron of Bradwardine, that Flora's entreaties had no small share in allaying the wrath of Fergus upon occasion of their quarrel. She took her brother on the assailable side, by dwelling first upon the baron's age, and then representing the injury which the cause might sustain, and the damage which must arise to his own character in point of prudence, so necessary to a political agent, if he persisted in carrying it to extremity. Otherwise it is probable it would have terminated in a duel, both because the baron had, on a former occasion, shed blood of the clan, though the matter had been timely accommodated, and on account of his high reputation for address at his weapon, which Fergus almost condescended to envy. For the same reason she had urged their reconciliation, which the chieftain the more readily agreed to, as it favoured some ulterior projects of his own.

To this young lady, now presiding at the female empire of the tea-table, Fergus introduced Captain Waverley, whom she received with the usual forms of politeness.

CHAPTER XXII.

Highland Minstrelsy.

When the first salutations had passed, Fergus said to his sister, "My dear Flora, before I return to the barbarous ritual of our forefathers, I must tell you that Captain Waverley is a worshipper of the Celtic muse, not the less so, perhaps, that he does not understand a word of her language. I have told him you are eminent as a translator of Highland poetry, and that Mac-Murrough admires your versions of his songs upon the same principle that Captain Waverley admires their original—because he does not comprehend them. Will you have the goodness to read or recite to our guest in English, the extraordinary string of names which Mac-Murrough has tacked together in Gaelic? My life to a moor-fowl's feather, you are provided with a version; for I know you are in all the bard's councils, and acquainted with his songs long before he rehearses them in the hall."

"How can you say so, Fergus! You know how little these verses can possibly interest an English stranger, even if I could translate them as you pretend."

"Not less than they interest me, lady fair. To-day your joint composition, for I insist you had a share in it, has cost me the last silver cup in the castle, and I suppose will cost me something else next time I hold *cour pleniere*, if the muse descends on Mac-Murrough; for you know our proverb—when the hand of the chief ceases to bestow, the breath of the bard is frozen in the utterance.—Well, I would it were even so: there are three things that are useless to a modern Highlander—a sword which he must not draw—a bard to sing of deeds which he dare not imitate—

and a large goat-skin purse without a louis-d'or to put into it."

"Well, brother, since you betray my secrets, you cannot expect me to keep yours. I assure you, Captain Waverley, that Fergus is too proud to exchange his sword for a mareschal's baton; that he esteems Mac-Murrough a far greater poet than Homer, and would not give up his goat-skin purse for all the louis-d'or which it could contain."

"Well pronounced, Flora: blow for blow, as Conan said to the devil. Now do you two talk of bards and poetry, if not of purses and claymores, while I return to do the final honours to the senators of the tribe of Ivor." So saying he left the room.

The conversation continued between Flora and Waverley; for two well-dressed young women, whose character seemed to hover between that of companions and dependants took no share in it. They were both pretty girls, but served only as foils to the grace and beauty of their patroness. The discourse followed the turn which the chieftain had given it, and Waverley was equally amused and surprised with the accounts which the lady gave him of Celtic poetry.

"The recitation," she said, of poems, recording the feats of heroes, the complaints of lovers, and the wars of contending tribes, forms the chief amusement of a winter fire-side in the Highlands. Some of these are said to be very ancient, and, if they are ever translated into any of the languages of civilized Europe, cannot fail to produce a deep and general sensation. Others are more modern, the composition of those family bards whom the chieftains of more distinguished name and power retain as the poets and historians of their tribes. These, of course, possess various degrees of merit; but much of it must evaporate in translation, or be lost on those who do not sympathize with the feelings of the poet."

"And your bard, whose effusions seemed to produce such effect upon the company to-day, is he

reckoned among the favourite poets of the mountains.

"That is a trying question. His reputation is high among his countrymen, and you must not expect me to depreciate it."

"But the song, Miss Mac-Ivor, seemed to awaken all these warriors, both young and old."

"The song is little more than a catalogue of names of the Highland clans under their distinctive peculiarities, and an exhortation to them to remember and to emulate the actions of their forefathers."

"And am I wrong in conjecturing, however extraordinary the guess appears, that there was some allusion to me in the verses which he recited?"

"You have a quick observation, Captain Waverley, which in this instance has not deceived you. The Gaelic language, being uncommonly vocalic, is well adapted for sudden and extemporaneous poetry; and a bard seldom fails to augment the effect of a premeditated song, by throwing in any stanzas which may be suggested by the circumstances attending the recitation."

"I would give my best horse to know what the Highland bard could find to say of such an unworthy southern as myself."

"It shall not even cost you a lock of his mane—Una, *Mavourneen?* (She spoke a few words to one of the young girls in attendance, who instantly courtesied and tripped out of the room.) I have sent Una to learn from the bard the expressions he used, and you shall command my skill as Dragoman."

Una returned in a few minutes, and repeated to her mistress a few lines in Gaelic. Flora seemed to think a moment, and then, slightly colouring, she turned to Waverley—"It is impossible to gratify your curiosity, Captain Waverley, without exposing my own presumption. If you will give me a few moments for consideration, I will endeavour to engraft the meaning of these lines upon a rude English translation

which I have attempted of a part of the original. The duties of the tea-table seem to be concluded, and, as the evening is delightful, Una will show you the way to one of my favourite haunts, and Cathleen and I will join you there."

Una, having received instructions in her native language, conducted Waverley out by a passage different from that through which he had entered the apartment. At a distance he heard the hall of the chief still resounding with the clang of bagpipes and the high applause of the guests. Having gained the open air by a postern door, they walked a little way up the wild, bleak, and narrow valley in which the house was situated, following the course of the stream that winded through it. In a spot, about a quarter of a mile from the castle, two brooks, which formed the little river, had their junction. The larger of the two came down the long bare valley, which extended, apparently without any change or elevation of character, as far as the hills, which formed its boundary, permitted the eye to reach. But the other stream, which had its source among the mountains on the left hand of the strath, seemed to issue from a very narrow and dark opening betwixt two large rocks. These streams were different also in character. The larger was placid, and even sullen in its course, wheeling in deep eddies, or sleeping in dark blue pools; but the motions of the lesser brook were rapid and furious, issuing from between the precipices like a maniac from his confinement, all foam and uproar.

It was up the course of this last stream that Waverley, like a knight of romance, was conducted by the fair Highland damsel, his silent guide. A small path which had been rendered easy in many places for Flora's accommodation, led him through scenery of a very different description from that which he had just quitted. Around the castle, all was cold, bare, and desolate, yet tame even in desolation; but this narrow glen, at so short a distance, seemed to open into the

land of romance. The rock assumed a thousand peculiar and varied forms. In one place, a crag of huge size presented its gigantic bulk, as if to forbid the passenger's farther progress; and it was not until he approached its very base, that Waverley discerned the sudden and acute turn by which the pathway wheeled its course around this formidable obstacle. In another spot, the projecting rocks from the opposite sides of the chasm had approached so near to each other, that two pine-trees laid across, and covered with turf, formed a rustic bridge at the height, of at least one hundred and fifty feet. It had no ledges, and was barely three feet in breadth.

While gazing at this pass of peril, which crossed, like a single black line, the small portion of blue sky not intercepted by the projecting rocks on either side, it was with a sensation of horror, that Waverley beheld Flora and her attendant appear, like inhabitants of another region, propped, as it were, in mid air, upon this trembling structure. She stopped upon observing him below, and, with an air of graceful ease, which made him shudder, waved her handkerchief to him by way of signal. He was unable, from the sense of dizziness which her situation conveyed, to return the salute; and was never more relieved than when the fair apparition passed on from the precarious eminence which she seemed to occupy with so much indifference, and disappeared on the other side.

Advancing a few yards, and passing under the bridge which he had viewed with so much terror, the path ascended rapidly from the edge of the brook, and the glen widened into a sylvan amphitheatre, waving with birch, young oaks, and hazels, with here and there a scattered yew tree. The rocks now receded, but still showed their gray and shaggy crests rising among the copse-wood. Still higher rose eminences and peaks, some bare, some clothed with wood, some round and purple with heath, and others splintered into rocks and crags. At a short turning, the path which had

for some furlongs lost sight of the brook, sudd
placed Waverley in front of a romantic water-
It was not so remarkable either for great heigh
quantity of water, as for the beautiful accompanim
which made the spot interesting. After a broken
taract of about twenty feet, the stream was recei
in a large natural basin, filled to the brim with wa
which, where the bubbles of the fall subsided, wa
exquisitely clear, that, although it was of great de
the eye could discern each pebble at the bottom.
dying round this reservoir, the brook found its wa
if over a broken part of the ledge, and formed a
cond fall, which seemed to seek the very abyss; t
wheeling out beneath, from among the smooth c
rocks which it had polished for ages, it wande
murmuring down the glen, forming the stream
which Waverley had just ascended. The border
the romantic reservoir corresponded in beauty; bu
was beauty of a stern and commanding cast, as i
the act of expanding into grandeur. Mossy bank
turf were broken and interrupted by huge fragm
of rock, and decorated with trees and shrubs, som
which had been planted under the direction of Fl
but so cautiously that they added to the grace, w
out diminishing the romantic wildness of the scen

Here, like one of those lovely forms which de
rate the landscapes of Claud, Waverley found Fl
gazing on the water-fall. Two paces farther b
stood Cathleen, holding a small Scottish harp, the
of which had been taught to Flora by Rory Dall,
of the last harpers of the Western Highlands. T
sun, now stooping in the west, gave a rich and var
tinge to all the objects which surrounded Waver
and seemed to add more than human brilliancy to
full expressive darkness of Flora's eye, exalted
richness and purity of her complexion, and enhan
the dignity and grace of her beautiful form. Edw
thought he had never even in his wildest drea
imagined a figure of such exquisite and interest

loveliness. The wild beauty of the retreat, bursting upon him as if by magic, augmented the mingled feeling of delight and awe with which he approached her, like a fair enchantress of Boiardo or Ariosto, by whose nod the scenery around seemed to have been created an Eden in the wilderness.

Flora, like every beautiful woman was conscious of her own power, and pleased with its effects, which she could easily discern from the respectful, yet confused address of the young soldier. But as she possessed excellent sense, she gave the romance of the scene, and other accidental circumstances, full weight in appreciating the feelings with which Waverley seemed obviously to be impressed; and, unacquainted with the fanciful and susceptible peculiarities of his character, considered his homage as the passing tribute which a women of even inferior charms might have expected in such a situation. She, therefore, quietly led the way to a spot at such a distance from the cascade, that its sound should rather accompany than interrupt that of her voice and instrument, and, sitting down upon a mossy fragment of rock, she took the harp from Cathleen.

"I have given you the trouble of walking to this spot, Captain Waverley, both because I thought the scenery would interest you, and because a Highland song would suffer still more from my imperfect translation, were I to produce it without its own wild and appropriate accompaniments. To speak in the poetical language of my country, the seat of the Celtic Muse is in the midst of the secret and solitary hill, and her voice in the murmur of the mountain stream. He who woos her must love the barren rock more than the fertile valley, and the solitude of the desert better than the festivity of the hall."

Few could have heard this lovely woman make this declaration, with a voice where harmony was exalted by pathos, without exclaiming that the muse whom she invoked could never find a more appropriate re-

presentative. But Waverley, though the thought rushed on his mind, found no courage to utter it. Indeed, the wild feeling of romantic delight with which he heard the few first notes she drew from her instrument, amounted almost to a sense of pain. He would not for worlds have quitted his place by her side; yet he almost longed for solitude, that he might decipher and examine at leisure the complication of emotions which now agitated his bosom.

Flora had exchanged the measured and monotonous recitative of the bard for a lofty and uncommon Highland air, which had been a battle song in former ages. A few irregular strains introduced a prelude of a wild and peculiar tone, which harmonized well with the distant water-fall, and the soft sigh of the evening breeze in the rustling leaves of an aspen which overhung the seat of the fair harpress. The following verses will convey but little idea of the feelings with which, so sung and accompanied, they were heard by Edward;

Mist darkens the mountain, night darkens the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael:
A stranger commanded—it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart, and benumb'd every hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but redden'd with rust,
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!
Be mute every string, and be hush'd every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumined with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray!—the exiled—the dear!—
In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear!
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh!

Ye sons of the strong, when the dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beam'd on your forefathers' eye
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clan Ranald, Glengary, and Sleat!
Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe!

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish thy steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kennet, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
May the race of Clan Gillean, the fearless and free,
Remember, Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of gray Fingon whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renown'd Rorri More,
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar!

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray!
How the race of wrong'd Alpin and murder'd Glencoe
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callain-more!
Mac-neil of the islands, and Moy of the lake,
For honour, for freedom, for vengeance, awake!

Here a large grayhound, bounding up the glen, jumped upon Flora, and interrupted her music by his importunate caresses. At a distant whistle, he turned

and shot down the path again with the rapidity of an arrow. "That is Fergus's faithful attendant, Captain Waverley, and that was his signal. He likes no poetry but what is humorous, and comes in good time to interrupt my long catalogue of the tribes, whom one of your saucy English poets calls

> Our bootless host of highborn beggars,
> Mac-Leans, Mac-Kenzies, and Mac-Gregors."

Waverley expressed his regret at the interruption.

"Oh, you cannot guess how much you have lost! The bard, as in duty bound, had addressed three long stanzas to Vich Ian Vohr of the Banners, enumerating all his great properties, and not forgetting his being a cheerer of the harper and bard—'a giver of bounteous gifts.' Besides, you should have heard a practical admonition to the fair-haired son of the stranger, who lives in the land where the grass is always green—the rider on the shining pampered steed, whose hue is like the raven, and whose neigh is like the scream of the eagle for battle. This valiant horseman is affectionately conjured to remember that his ancestors were distinguished by their loyalty, as well as by their courage. All this you have lost; but since your curiosity is not satisfied, I judge, from the distant sound of my brother's whistle, I may have time to sing the concluding stanzas before he comes to laugh at my translation.

> Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
> Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
> 'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call:
> 'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.
>
> 'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
> When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
> They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
> To the march and the muster, the line and the charge,

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
Burst the base foreign yoke, as your sires did of yore,
Or die like yours sires, and endure it no more!

CHAPTER XXIII.

Waverley continues at Glennaquoich.

As Flora concluded her song Fergus stood before them. "I knew I should find you here, even without the assistance of my friend Bran. A simple and unsublimed taste now, like my own, would prefer the jet d'eau at Versailles to this cascade, with all its accompaniments of rock and roar; but this is Flora's Parnassus, Captain Waverley, and that fountain her Helicon. It would be greatly for the benefit of my cellar, if she could teach her coadjutor, Mac-Murrough, the value of its influence: he has just drank a pint of usquebaugh, to correct, he said, the coldness of the claret.—Let me try its virtues." He sipped a little water in the hollow of his hand, and immediately commenced, with a theatrical air—

"Oh Lady of the desert, hail!
That lovest the harping of the Gael,
Through fair and fertile regions borne,
Where never yet was grass or corn.

But English poetry will never succeed under the influence of a Highland Helicon—*Allons, courage*—

O vous, qui buvez a tasse pleine,
A cette hereuse fontaine,
Ou on ne voit sur le rivage,
Que quelques vilains troupeaux,
Suivis de nymphes de village,
Qui les escortent sans sabots"——

"A truce, dear Fergus! spare us those most tedious and insipid persons of all Arcadia. Do not, for heaven's sake, bring down Coridon and Lindor upon us."

"Nay, if you cannot relish *la houlette et la chalumeau*, have with you in heroic strains."

"Dear Fergus, you have certainly partaken of the inspiration of Mac-Murrough's cup, rather than of mine."

"I disclaim it, *ma belle demoiselle*, although I protest it would be the more congenial of the two. Which of your crack-brained Italian romancers is it that says,

Io d'Elicona niente
Mi curo, in fe de Dio, che'l bere d'acque
(Bea chi ber ne vuol) sempre mi spiacque!*

But if you prefer the Gaelic, Captain Waverley, here is little Cathleen shall sing you Drimmindhu.—Come, Cathleen, *astore*, (*i. e.* my dear,) begin; no apologies to the *Cean-kinné*."

Cathleen sung with much liveliness a little Gaelic song, the burlesque elegy of a countryman upon the loss of his cow, the comic tones of which, though he did not understand the language, made Waverley laugh more than once.

"Admirable, Cathleen!" cried the chieftain; "I must find you a handsome husband among the clansmen one of these days."

Cathleen laughed, blushed, and sheltered herself behind her companion.

In the progress of their return to the castle, the chieftain warmly pressed Waverley to stay for a week or two, in order to see a grand hunting party, in which

* Good sooth, I reck naught of your Helicon;
Drink water whoso will, in faith I will drink none.

he and some other Highland gentlemen proposed to join. The charms of melody and beauty were too strongly impressed in Edward's breast to permit his declining an invitation so pleasing. It was agreed, therefore, that he should write a note to the Baron of Bradwardine, expressing his intention to stay a fortnight at Glennaquoich, and requesting him to forward by the bearer (a *gillie* of the chieftain) any letters which might have arrived for him.

This turned the discourse upon the baron, whom Fergus highly extolled as a gentleman and soldier. His character was touched with yet more discrimination by Flora, who observed he was the very model of the old Scottish cavalier, with all his excellencies and peculiarities. "It is a character, Captain Waverley, which is fast disappearing; for its best point was a self-respect which was never lost sight of till now. But now, in the present time, the gentlemen whose principles do not permit them to pay court to the present government, are neglected and degraded, and many conduct themselves accordingly; and, like some of the persons you have seen at Tully-Veolan, adopt habits and companions inconsistent with their birth and breeding. The ruthless proscription of party seems to degrade the victims whom it brands, however unjustly. But let us hope a brighter day is approaching when a Scottish country gentleman may be a scholar without the pedantry of our friend the baron, a sportsman without the low habits of Mr. Falconer, and a judicious improver of his property without becoming a boorish two-legged steer like Killancureit."

Thus did Flora prophecy a revolution, which time indeed has produced, but in a manner very different from what she had in her mind.

The amiable Rose was next mentioned, with the warmest encomium on her person, manners, and mind. "That man," said Flora, "will find an inestimable treasure in the affections of Rose Bradwardine, who shall be so fortunate as to become their object. Her

very soul is in home, and in the discharge of all those quiet virtues of which home is the centre. Her husband will be to her what her father now is, the object of all her care, solicitude, and affection. She will see nothing, and connect herself with nothing, but by him and through him. If he is a man of sense and virtue, she will sympathize in his sorrows, divert his fatigue, and share his pleasures. If she becomes the property of a churlish or negligent husband, she will suit his taste also, for she will not long survive his unkindness. And, alas! how great is the chance that some such unworthy lot may be that of my poor friend! —O that I were a queen this moment, and could command the most amiable and worthy youth of my kingdom to accept happiness with the hand of Rose Bradwardine!"

"I wish you would command her to accept mine *en attendant*," said Fergus, laughing.

I dont know by what caprice it was that this wish, however jocularly expressed, rather jarred on Edward's feelings, notwithstanding his growing inclination to Flora, and his indifference to Miss Bradwardine. This is one of the inexplicabilities of human nature, which we leave without comment.

"Yours, brother?" answered Flora, regarding him steadily. "No; you have another bride—Honour; and the dangers you must run in pursuit of her rival would break poor Rose's heart."

With this discourse they reached the castle, and Waverley soon prepared his despatches for Tully-Veolan. As he knew the baron was punctilious in such matters, he was about to impress his billet with a seal on which his armorial bearings were engraved, but he did not find it at his watch. He mentioned his loss, borrowing at the same time the family seal of the chieftain. He thought he must have left it at Tully-Veolan.

"Surely," said Miss Mac-Ivor, "Donald Bean Lean would not"——

"My life for him, in such circumstances," answered her brother; "besides, he would never have left the watch behind."

"After all, Fergus," said Flora, "and with every allowance, I am surprised you can countenance that man."

"I countenance him?—This kind sister of mine would persuade you, Captain Waverley, that I take what the people of old used to call a 'steak-raid,' that is, a 'collop of the foray,' or, in plainer words, a portion of the robber's booty, paid by him to the laird, or chief, through whose grounds he drove his prey. Oh! it is certain, that unless I can find some way to charm Flora's tongue, General Blakeney will send a sergeant's party from Stirling (this he said with haughty and emphatic irony) to seize Vich Ian Vohr, as they nickname me, in his own castle."

"Now, Fergus, must not our guest be sensible that all this is folly and affectation? You have men enough to serve you without enlisting banditti, and your own honour is above taint—Why don't you send this Donald Bean Lean, whom I hate for his smoothness and duplicity, even more than for his rapine, out of your country at once? No cause should induce me to tolerate such a character."

"*No* cause, Flora?" said the chieftain, significantly.

"No cause, Fergus! not even that which is nearest to my heart. Spare it the omen of such evil supporters!"

"Oh, but, sister," rejoined the chief, gayly, "you don't consider my respect for *la belle passion.* Evan Dhu Maccombich is in love with Donald's daughter Alice, and you cannot expect me to disturb him in his amours. Why the whole clan would cry shame on me. You know it is one of their wise sayings, that a kinsman is part of a man's body, but a foster-brother is a piece of his heart."

"Well, Fergus, there is no disputing with you; but I would all this may end well."

"Devoutly prayed, my dear and prophetic sister, and the best way in the world to close a dubious argument. But hear ye not the pipes, Captain Waverley! Perhaps you will like better to dance to them in the hall, than to be deafened with their harmony without taking part in the exercise they invite us to."

Waverley took Flora's hand. The dance, song, and merry-making proceeded, and closed the day's entertainment at the castle of Vich Ian Vohr. Edward at length retired, his mind agitated by a variety of new and conflicting feelings, which detained him from rest for some time, in that not unpleasing state of mind in which fancy takes the helm, and the soul rather drifts passively along with the rapid and confused tide of reflections, than exerts itself to encounter, systematise, or examine them. At a late hour he fell asleep, and dreamed of Flora Mac-Ivor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Stag-hunting and its Consequences.

SHALL this be a short or a long chapter?—This is a question in which you, gentle reader, have no vote, however much you may be interested in the consequences; just as probably you may (like myself) have nothing to do with the imposing a new tax, excepting the trifling circumstance of being obliged to pay it. More happy surely in the present case, since, though it lies within my arbitrary power to extend my materials as I think proper, I cannot call you into Exchequer if you do not think proper to read my narrative. Let me therefore consider: It is true, that *the* annals and documents in my hands say but little *of this Highland* chase; but then I can find copious

materials for description elsewhere. There is old Lindsay of Pitscottie ready at my elbow, with his Athole hunting, and his lofted and joisted palace of green timber; with all kind of drink to be had in burgh and land, as ale, beer, wine, muscadel, malvasie, hippocras, and aquavitæ; with wheat-bread, main-bread, ginge-bread, beef, mutton, lamb, veal, venison, goose, grice, capon, coney, crane, swan, partridge, plover, duck, drake, brissel-cock, pawnies, black cock, muir-fowl, and capercailzies;" not forgetting the "costly bedding, vaiselle, and napry," and least of all the "excelling stewards, cunning baxters, excellent cooks, and pottingars, with confections and drugs for the desserts." Beside the particulars which may be thence gleaned from this Highland feast, (the splendour of which induced the pope's legate to dissent from an opinion which he had hitherto held, that Scotland namely was the—the—the latter end of the world)—besides these, might I not illumine my pages with Taylor the Water Poet's hunting in the braes of Mar, where,

"Through heather, mosse, 'mong frogs, and bogs, and fogs,
'Mongst craggy cliffs and thunder-battered hills,
Hares, hinds, bucks, roes, are chased by men and dogs,
Where two hours hunting fourscore fat deer kills.
Lowland, your sports are low as is your seat;
The Highland games and minds are high and great."

But without further tyranny over my readers, or display of the extent of my own reading, I will content myself with borrowing a single incident from the memorable hunting at Lude, commemorated in the ingenious Mr. Gunn's Essay on the Caledonian Harp, and so proceed in my story with all the brevity that my natural style of composition, partaking of what scholars call the periphrastic and ambagitory, and the vulgar the circumbendibus, will permit me..

The solemn hunting was delayed, from various

causes, for about three weeks. The interval was spent by Waverley with great satisfaction at Glennaquoich; for the impression which Flora had made on his mind, at their first meeting, grew daily stronger. She was precisely the character to fascinate a youth of romantic imagination. Her manners, her language, her talents for poetry and music, gave additional and varied influence to her eminent personal charms. Even in her hours of gayety, she was in his fancy exalted above the ordinary daughters of Eve, and seemed only to stoop for an instant to those topics of amusement and gallantry which others seem to live for. In the neighbourhood of this enchantress, while sport consumed the morning, and music and the dance led on the hours of evening, Waverley became daily more delighted with his hospitable landlord, and more enamoured of his bewitching sister.

At length the period fixed for the grand hunting arrived, and Waverley and the chieftain departed for the place of rendezvous, which was a day's journey to the northward of Glennaquoich. Fergus was attended on this occasion by about three hundred of his clan, well armed, and accoutred in their best fashion. Waverley complied so far with the custom of the country as to adopt the trews, (he could not be reconciled to the kilt,) brogues, and bonnet, as the fittest dress for the exercise in which he was to be engaged, and which less exposed him to be stared at as a stranger when they should reach the place of rendezvous. They found on the spot appointed, several distinguished chiefs, to all of whom Waverley was formally presented, and by all cordially received. Their vassals and clans-men, a part of whose feudal duty it was to attend upon such parties, appeared in such numbers as amounted to a small army. These active assistants spread through the country far and near, forming a circle, technically called the *tinchel*, which, *gradually* closing, drove the deer in herds together *towards* the glen where the chiefs and principal sport-

men lay in wait for them. In the mean while these distinguished personagas *bivouacked* among the flowery heath, wrapped up in their plaids; a mode of passing a summer's night which Waverley found by no means unpleasant.

For many hours after sunrise, the mountain ridges and passes retained their ordinary appearance of silence and solitude, and the chiefs, with their followers, amused themselves with various pastimes, in which the joys of the shell, as Ossian has it, were not forgotten. "Others apart sate on a hill retired:" probably as deeply engaged in the discussion of politics and news, as Milton's spirits in metophysical disquisition. At length signals of the approach of the game were descried and heard. Distant shouts resounded from valley to valley, as the various parties of Highlanders, climbing rocks, struggling through copses, wading brooks, and traversing thickets, approached more and more near to each other, and compelled the astonished deer, with the other wild animals that fled before them, into a narrower circuit. Every now and then the report of muskets was heard, repeated by a thousand echoes. The baying of the dogs was soon added to the chorus, which grew ever louder and more loud. At length the advanced parties of the deer began to show themselves, and as the stragglers came bounding down the pass by two or three at a time, the chiefs showed their skill by distinguishing the fattest deer, and their dexterity in bringing them down with their guns. Fergus exhibited remarkable address, and Edward was also so fortunate as to attract the notice and applause of the sportsmen.

But now the main body of the deer appeared at the head of the glen, compelled into a very narrow compass, and presenting a most formidable phalanx, their antlers appearing at a distance over the ridge of the steep pass like a leaflesss grove. Their number was very great, and, from a desperate stand which

they made, with the tallest of the red-deer stags arranged in front, in a sort of battle array, gazing on the group which barred their passage down the glen, the more experienced sportsmen began to augur danger. The work of destruction, however, now commenced on all sides. Dogs and hunters were at work, and muskets and fusees resounded from every quarter. The deer, driven to desperation, made at length a fearful charge right upon the spot where the more distinguished sportsmen had taken their stand. The word was given in Gaelic to fling themselves upon their faces; but Waverley, upon whose English ears the signal was lost, had almost fallen a sacrifice to his ignorance of the ancient language in which it was communicated. Fergus, observing his danger, sprung up and pulled him with violence to the ground, just as the whole herd broke down upon them. The tide being absolutely irresistible, and wounds from a stag's horn highly dangerous, the activity of the chieftain may be considered, on this occasion, as having saved his guest's life. He detained him with a firm grasp until the whole herd of deer had fairly run over them. Waverley then attempted to rise, but found that he had suffered several severe contusions, and upon a further examination discovered that he had sprained his ancle violently.

This checked the mirth of the meeting, although the Highlanders, accustomed to such incidents, and prepared for them, had suffered no harm themselves. A wigwam was erected almost in an instant, where Edward was deposited on a couch of heather. The surgeon, or he who assumed the office, appeared to unite the characters of a leach and a conjuror. He was an old smoke-dried Highlander, wearing a venerable gray beard, and having for his sole garment a tartan frock, the skirts of which descended to the knee, and, being undivided in front, made the vestment serve at once for a doublet and breeches. He observed great ceremony in approaching Edward; and though

hero was writhing with pain, would not proceed
ıy operation which would assuage it until he had
mbulated his couch three times, moving from
to west, according to the course of the sun.
ı, which was called making the *deasil*, both the
ı and the assistants seemed to consider as a matter
ıe last importance to the accomplishment of a
; and Edward, whom pain rendered incapable of
ıstulation, and who indeed saw no chance of its
g attended to, submitted in silence.

fter this ceremony was duly performed, the old
ulapius let Edward blood with a cupping-glass
great dexterity, and proceeded, muttering all the
e to himself in Gaelic, to boil upon the fire cer-
herbs, with which he compounded an embrocation.
then fomented the parts which had sustained in-
, never failing to murmur prayers or spells, which
ıe two Waverley could not distinguish, as his ear
caught the words *Gaspar-Melchior-Balthazar-*
-prax-fax, and similar gibberish. The fomenta-
had a speedy effect in alleviating the pain and
ling, which our hero imputed to the virtue of the
s, or the effect of the chafing, but which was by
ıystanders unanimously ascribed to the spells with
h the operation had been accompanied. Ed-
l was given to understand, that not one of the in-
ients had been gathered except during the full
n, and that the herbalist had, while collecting
ı, uniformly recited a charm, which, in English,
thus:

Hail to thee, thou holy herb,
That sprung on holy ground!
All in the Mount Olivet
First wert thou found:
Thou art boot for many a bruise,
And healest many a wound:
In our Lady's blessed name,
I take thee from the ground.

Edward observed with some surprise, that even Fergus, notwithstanding his knowledge and education, seemed to fall in with the superstitious ideas of his countrymen, either because he deemed it impolitic to affect scepticism on a matter of general belief, or, more probably, because like most men who do not think deeply or accurately on such subjects, he had in his mind a reserve of superstition which balanced the freedom of his expressions and practice upon other occasions. Waverley made no commentary, therefore, on the manner of the treatment, but rewarded the professor of medicine with a liberality beyond the very conception of his wildest hopes. He uttered, on the occasion, so many incoherent blessings in Gaelic and English, that Mac-Ivor, rather scandalized at the excess of his acknowledgments, cut them short, by exclaiming, *Ceade millia molighiart*, i. e. "A hundred curses be with you," and so pushed him out of the cabin.

After Waverley was left alone, the exhaustion of pain and fatigue, for the whole day's exercise had been severe, threw him into a profound, but yet a feverish sleep, which he owed partly also to an opiate draught which the old Highlander had administered from some decoction of herbs in his pharmacopeia.

Early the next morning, the purpose of their meeting being over, and their sports blanked by the untoward accident, in which Fergus and all his friends expressed the greatest sympathy, it became a question how to dispose of the disabled sportsman. This was settled by Mac-Ivor, who had a litter prepared, "of birch and hazel gray," which was borne by his people with such caution and dexterity as renders it not improbable that they may have been the ancestors of some of those sturdy Gael who have now the happiness to transport the belles of Edinburgh in their sedan chairs, to ten routes in one evening. When Edward was elevated upon their shoulders, he could not help

being gratified with the romantic effect produced by the breaking up of this sylvan camp.

The various tribes assembled each at the pibroch of his native clan, and each headed by their patriarchal ruler. Some, who had already begun to retire, were seen winding up the hills, or descending the passes which led to the scene of action, the sound of their bagpipes dying away upon the ear. Others made still a moving picture upon the narrow plain, forming various changeful groups, their feathers and loose plaids waving in the morning breeze, and their arms glittering to the rising sun. Most of their chiefs came to take farewell of Waverley, and to express their anxious hope they might again, and speedily, meet, but the care of Fergus abridged the ceremonies of taking leave. At length, his own men being completely assembled and mustered, Mac-Ivor commenced his march, but not towards the quarter from which they had come. He gave Waverley to understand, that the greater part of his followers, now on the field, were bound upon a distant expedition, and that when he had deposited Waverley in the house of a gentleman, who he was sure would pay him every attention, he himself would be under the necessity of accompanying them the greater part of the way, but would lose no time in rejoining his friend.

Waverley was rather surprised that Fergus had not mentioned this ulterior destination when they set out upon the hunting party; but his situation did not admit of many interrogations. The greater part of the clansmen went forward under the guidance of old Ballenkeiroch and Evan Dhu Maccombich, apparently in high spirits. A few remained for the purpose of escorting the chieftain, who walked by the side of Edward's litter, and attended him with the most affectionate assiduity. About noon, after a journey which the nature of the conveyance, the pain of his bruises, and the roughness of the way, rendered inexpressibly painful, Waverley was hospitably receiv-

ed in the house of a gentleman related to Fergus, who had prepared for him every accommodation which the simple habits of living, then universal in the Highlands, put in his power. In this person, an old man about seventy, Edward admired a relic of primitive simplicity. He wore no dress but what his estate afforded: the cloth was the fleeces of his own sheep, woven by his own servants, and stained into tartan by the dyes produced from the herbs and lichens of the hills around him. His linen was spun by his daughters and maidservants, from his own flax; nor did his table, though plentiful, and varied with game and fish, offer an article but what was of native produce.

Claiming himself no rights of clanship or vassalage, he was fortunate in the alliance and protection of Vich Ian Vohr, and other bold and enterprising chieftains, who protected him in the quiet, unambitious life he loved. It is true, the youth born on his grounds were often enticed to leave him for the service of his more active friends; but a few old servants and tenants used to shake their gray locks when they heard their master censured for want of spirit, and observed, "When the wind is still the shower falls soft." This good old man, whose charity and hospitality were unbounded, would have received Waverley with kindness, had he been the meanest Saxon peasant, since his situation required assistance. But his attention to a friend and guest of Vich Ian Vohr was anxious and unremitted. Other embrocations were applied to the injured limb, and new spells were put in practice. At length, after more solicitude than was perhaps for the advantage of his health, Fergus took farewell of Waverley for a few days, when, he said, he would return to Tomanrait, and hoped by that time Waverley would be able to ride one of the Highland ponies of his host, and in that manner return to Glennaquoich.

The next day, when his good old host appeared, Edward learned that his friend had departed with dawn,

leaving none of his attendants except Callum Beg, the sort of foot-page who used to attend his person, and who had now in charge to wait upon Waverley. On asking his host, if he knew where the chieftains was gone? the old man looked fixedly at him, with something mysterious and sad in the smile, which was his only reply. Waverley repeated his question, to which his host answered in a proverb—

"What sent the messengers to hell,
"Was asking that they knew full well."

He was about to proceed, but Callum Beg said, rather pertly as Edward thought, that "Ta Cean Kinne did not like ta Sassenagh Duinhe-wassal to be pingled wi' mickle speaking, as she was na tat weil." From this Waverley concluded he should disoblige his friend by inquiring of a stranger the object of a journey which he himself had not communicated.

It is unnecessary to trace the progress of his recovery. The sixth morning had arrived, and he was able to walk about with a staff, when Fergus returned with about a score of his men. He seemed in the highest spirits, congratulated Waverley on his progress towards recovery, and finding he was able to sit upon horseback, proposed their immediate return to Glennaquoich. Waverley joyfully acceded; for the form of its fair mistress had lived in his dreams during all the time of his confinement.

Now he has ridden o'er moor and moss,
O'er hill and many a glen.

Fergus all the while, with his myrmidons, striding stoutly by his side, or diverging to get a shot at a roe or a heath-cock. Waverley's bosom beat quick when they approached the old tower of Ian nan Chaistel, and could distinguish the fair form of its mistress advancing to meet them.

Fergus began immediately, with his usual high spirits, to exclaim, "Open your gates, incomparable princess, to the wounded moor Abindarez, whom Rodrigo de Narvaez, constable of Antiquera, conveys to your castle; or open them, if you like it better, to the renowned Marquis of Mantua, the sad attendant of his half slain friend, Baldovinos of the mountain.—Ah, long rest to thy soul, Cervantes! without quoting thy remnants, how should I frame my language to befit romantic ears!"

Flora now advanced, and welcoming Waverley with much kindness, expressed her regret for his accident, of which she had already heard particulars, and her surprise that her brother should not have taken better care to put a stranger on his guard against the perils of the sport in which he engaged him. Edward readily exculpated the chieftain, who, indeed, at his own personal risk, had probably saved his life.

This greeting over, Fergus said three or four words to his sister in Gaelic. The tears instantly sprung to her eyes, but they seemed to be tears of devotion or joy, for she looked up to heaven, and folded her hands as in a solemn expression of prayer or gratitude. After the pause of a minute, she presented to Edward some letters which had been forwarded from Tully-Veolan during his absence, and, at the same time, delivered some to her brother. To the latter she likewise gave three or four numbers of the Caledonian Mercury, the only newspaper which was then published to the north of the Tweed.

Both gentlemen retired to examine their despatches, and Edward speedily found that those which he had received contained matters of very deep interest.

CHAPTER XXV.

News from England.

The letters which Waverley had hitherto received from his relations in England were not such as required any particular notice in this narrative. His father usually wrote to him with the pompous affectation of one who was too much oppressed by public affairs to find leisure to attend to those of his own family. Now and then he mentioned persons of rank in Scotland to whom he could wish his son should pay some attention; but Waverley, hitherto occupied by the amusements which he had found at Tully-Veolan and Glennaquoich, dispensed with paying any attention to hints so coldly thrown out, especially as distance, shortness of leave of absence, and so forth, furnished a ready apology. But, latterly, the burden of Mr. Richard Waverley's paternal epistles consisted in certain mysterious hints of greatness and influence which he was speedily to attain, and which would insure his son's obtaining the most rapid promotion, should he remain in the military service. Sir Everard's letters were of a different tenour. They were short; for the good baronet was none of your illimitable correspondents whose manuscript overflows the folds of their large post paper, and leaves no room for the seal; but they were kind and affectionate, and seldom concluded without some allusion to our hero's steed, some question about the state of his purse, and a special inquiry after such of his recruits as had preceded him from Waverley-Honour. Aunt Rachael charged him to remember his principles of religion, to take care of his health, to beware of Scotch mists, which, she had heard, would wet an Englishman to the skin; never to go out at night without his great-coat; and, above all, to wear flannel near his skin.

Mr. Pembroke only wrote to our hero one letter, but it was of the bulk of six epistles of these degenerate days, containing, in the moderate compass of ten folio pages, closely written, a *précis* of a supplementary quarto manuscript of *addenda*, *delenda*, *et corrigenda*, in reference to the two tracts with which he had presented Waverley. This he considered as a mere sop in the pan to stay the appetite of Edward's curiosity, until he should find an opportunity of sending down the volume itself, which was much too heavy for the post, and which he proposed to accompany with certain interesting pamphlets, lately published by his friend in Little Britain, with whom he had kept up a sort of library correspondence; in virtue of which the library shelves of Waverley-Honour were loaded with much trash, and a good round bill, seldom summed in fewer than three figures, was yearly transmitted, in which Sir Everard Waverley, of Waverley-Honour, Bart., was marked Dr. to Jonathan Grubbet, bookseller and stationer, Little Britain. Such had hitherto been the style of the letters which Edward had received from England; but the packet delivered to him at Glennaquoich, was of a different and more interesting complexion. It would be impossible for the reader, even were I to insert the letters at full length, to comprehend the real cause of their being written, without a glance into the interior of the British cabinet at the period in question.

The ministers of the day happened (no very singular event) to be divided into two parties; the weakest of which, making up, by assiduity of intrigue, their inferiority in real consequence, had of late acquired some new proselytes, and with them, the hope of superseding their rivals in the favour of the sovereign, and overpowering them in the house of commons. Amongst others, they had thought it worth while to practise upon Richard Waverley. This honest gentleman, by a grave, mysterious demeanour, an attention to the etiquette of business, as well as to its essence,

a facility in making long, dull speeches, consisting of truisms and commonplaces, hashed up with a technical jargon of office, which prevented the inanity of his orations from being discovered, acquired a certain name and credit in public life, and even established, with many, the character of a profound politician; none of your shining orators, indeed, whose talents evaporate in tropes of rhetoric and flashes of wit, but one possessed of steady parts for business, which would wear well, as the ladies say in choosing their silks, and ought in all reason, to be good for common and every-day use, since they were confessedly formed of no holyday texture.

This faith had become so general, that the party in the cabinet of which we have made mention, after sounding Mr. Richard Waverley, were so satisfied with his sentiments and abilities, as to propose, that, in case of a certain revolution in the ministry, he should take an ostensible place in the new order of things, not indeed of the first rank, but greatly higher, in point both of emolument and influence, than that which he now enjoyed. There was no resisting so tempting a proposal, notwithstanding that the great man, under whose patronage he had enlisted, and by whose banner he had hitherto stood firm, was the principal object of the proposed attack by the new allies. Unfortunately, this fair scheme of ambition was blighted in the very bud, by a premature movement. All the official gentlemen concerned in it, who hesitated to take the part of a voluntary resignation, were informed that the king had no farther occasion for their services; and, in Richard Waverley's case, which the minister considered as aggravated by ingratitude, dismissal was accompanied by something like personal contempt and contumely. The public, and even the party of whom he shared the fall, sympathised little in the disappointment of this selfish and interested statesman, and he retired to the country under the

comfortable reflection, that he had lost, at the same time, character, credit, and, what he at least equally deplored—emolument.

Richard Waverley's letter to his son upon this occasion was a masterpiece of its kind. Aristides himself could not have made out a harder case. An unjust monarch, and an ungrateful country, were the burden of each rounded paragraph. He spoke of long services, and unrequited sacrifices, though the former had been overpaid by his salary, and nobody could guess in what the latter consisted, unless it were in his deserting, not from conviction, but for the lucre of gain, the tory principles of his family. In the conclusion, his resentment was wrought to such an excess by the force of his own oratory, that he could not repress some threats of vengeance, however vague and impotent, and finally acquainted his son with the pleasure that he should testify his sense of the ill treatment he had sustained, by throwing up his commission as soon as the letter reached him. This, he said, was also his uncle's desire, as he would himself intimate in due course.

Accordingly, the next letter which Edward opened was from Sir Everard. His brother's disgrace seemed to have removed from his well-natured bosom all recollection of their differences; and, remote as he was from every means of learning that Richard's disgrace was in reality only the just, as well as natural consequence of his own unsuccessful intrigues, the good, but credulous baronet, at once set it down as a new and enormous instance of the injustice of the existing government. It was true, he said, and he must not disguise it even from Edward, that his father could not have sustained such an insult as was now, for the first time, offered to one of his house, unless he had subjected himself to it by accepting of an employment under the present system. Sir Everard had no doubt that he now both saw and felt the magnitude of this

r, and it should be his (Sir Everard's) business to care that the cause of his regret should not ex- itself to pecuniary consequences. It was enough ı Waverley to have sustained the public disgrace; patrimonial injury could easily be obviated by the l of their family. But it was both the opinion of Richard Waverley and his own, that Edward, the esentative of the family of Waverley-Honour, ıld not remain in a situation which subjected him to such treatment as that with which his father had ı stigmatized. He requested his nephew, there- , to take the fittest, and, at the same time, the t speedy opportunity of transmitting his resigna- to the war-office, and hinted moreover, that little mony was necessary where so little had been used ıs father. He sent multitudinous greetings to the ɔn of Bradwardine.

letter from aunt Rachael spoke out even more ıly. She considered the disgrace of brother ıard as the just reward of his forfeiting his alle- ce to a lawful, though exiled sovereign, and taking ɔaths to an alien; a concession which her grand- ɛr, Sir Nigel Waverley, refused to make, either to roundhead parliament or to Cromwell, when his and fortune stood in the utmost extremity. She ɛd her dear Edward would follow the footsteps of ıncestors, and as speedily as possible get rid of the ɣe of servitude to the usurping family, and regard wrongs sustained by his father as an admonition ı Heaven, that every desertion of the line of loy- becomes its own punishment. She also concluded ı her respects to Mr. Bradwardine, and begged verley would inform her whether his daughter, s Rose, was old enough to wear a pair of very lsome ear rings, which she proposed to send as a n of her affection. The good lady also desired ɛ informed whether Mr. Bradwardine took as much ɛch snuff, and danced as unweariedly, as he did

when he was at Waverley-Honour about thirty
ago.

These letters, as might have been expected, h
excited Waverley's indignation. From the desu
style of his studies, he had not any fixed political
ion to place in opposition to the movements of i
nation which he felt at his father's supposed wr
Of the real cause of his disgrace Edward was t
ignorant; nor had his habits at all led him to in
gate the politics of the period in which he live
remark the intrigues in which his father had be
actively engaged. Indeed, any impressions whi
had accidentally adopted concerning the parti
the times, were (owing to the society in which he
at Waverley-Honour) of a nature rather unfavou
to the existing government and dynasty. He ent
therefore, without hesitation, into the resentful fe
of the relations who had the best title to dictat
conduct; and not perhaps the less willingly whe
remembered the tædium of his quarters, and the
rior figure which he had made among the officers o
regiment. If he could have had any doubt upo
subject, it would have been decided by the follo
letter from his commanding officer, which, as it is
short, shall be inserted verbatim:

"SIR,

"Having carried somewhat beyond the line o
duty, an indulgence which even the lights of n
and much more those of Christianity, direct to
errors which may arise from youth and inexperi
and that altogether without effect, I am reluct
compelled, at the present crisis, to use the onl
maining remedy which is in my power. You
therefore, hereby commanded to repair to ——
head-quarters of the regiment, within three days
the date of this letter. If you shall fail to do
must report you to the war-office as absent wi

leave, and also take other steps, which will be disagreeable to you, as well as to,

"Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

J. G——, Lieut. Col.

"Commanding the —— Regt. Dragoons."

Edward's blood boiled within him as he read this letter. He had been accustomed from his very infancy to possess, in a great measure, the disposal of his own time, and had thus acquired habits which rendered the rules of military discipline as unpleasing to him in this as they were in some other respects. An idea that in his own case they would not be enforced in a very rigid manner, had also obtained full possession of his mind, and had hitherto been sanctioned by the indulgent conduct of his lieutenant colonel. Neither had any thing occurred, to his knowledge, that should have induced his commanding officer, without any other warning than the hints we noticed at the end of the fourteenth chapter, so suddenly to assume a harsh, and, as Edward deemed it, so insolent a tone of dictatorial authority. Connecting it with the letters he had just received from his family, he could not but suppose, that it was designed to make him feel, in his present situation, the same pressure of authority which had been exercised in his father's case, and that the whole was a concerted scheme to depress and degrade every member of the Waverley family.

Without a pause, therefore, Edward wrote a few cold lines, thanking his lieutenant-colonel for past civilities, and expressing regret that he should have chosen to efface the remembrance of them, by assuming a different tone towards him. The strain of his letter, as well as what he (Edward) conceived to be his duty in the present crisis, called upon him to lay down his commission; and he therefore enclosed the formal resignation of a situation which subjected him to so unpleasant a correspondence, and requested Co-

lonel G—— would have the goodness to forward the proper authorities.

Having finished this magnanimous epistle, h somewhat uncertain concerning the terms in v his resignation ought to be expressed, upon whicl ject he resolved to consult Fergus Mac-Ivor. It be observed, in passing, that the bold and prom bits of thinking, acting, and speaking, which d guished this young chieftain, had given him a derable ascendency over the mind of Waverley. dowed with at least equal powers of understandin with much finer genius, Edward yet stooped bold and decisive activity of an intellect which sharpened by the habit of acting on a preconc and regular system, as well as by extensive know of the world.

When Edward found his friend, the latter ha in his hand the newspaper which he had perusec advanced to meet him with the embarrassment o who has unpleasing news to communicate. " Do letters, Captain Waverley, confirm the unpleasir formation which I find in this paper?"

He put the paper into his hand, where his fa disgrace was registered in the most bitter terms, ferred probably from some London journal. A end of the paragraph was this remarkable innuen

" We understand that this same Richard, wh done all this, is not the only example of the *W ley Honour* of W-v-r-l-y H-n-r. See the Gaze this day."

With hurried and feverish apprehension our turned to the place referred to, and found there corded, " Edward Waverley, captain in —— reg dragoons, superseded for absence without leave; in the list of military promotions, referring to the regiment, he discovered this farther article, " J Julius Butler to be captain, *vice* Edward Wav superseded."

Our hero's bosom glowed with the resentment

undeserved and apparently premeditated insult was calculated to excite in the bosom of one who had aspired after honour, and was thus wantonly held up to public scorn and disgrace. Upon comparing the date of his colonel's letter with that of the article in the Gazette, he perceived that his threat of making a report upon his absence had been literally complied with, and without inquiry, as it seemed, whether Edward had either received his summons, or was disposed to comply with it. The whole, therefore, appeared a formed plan to degrade him in the eyes of the public; and the idea of its having succeeded filled him with such bitter emotions, that, after various attempts to conceal them, he at length threw himself into Mac-Ivor's arms, and gave vent to tears of shame and indignation.

It was none of this chieftain's faults to be indifferent to the wrongs of his friends; and for Edward, independent of certain plans with which he was connected, he felt a deep and sincere interest. The proceeding appeared as extraordinary to him as it had done to Edward. He indeed knew of more motives than Waverley was privy to for the peremptory order that he should join his regiment. But that, without farther inquiry into the circumstances of a necessary delay, the commanding officer, in contradiction to his known and established character, should have proceeded in so harsh and unusual a manner, was a mystery which he could not penetrate. He soothed our hero, however, to the best of his power, and began to turn his thoughts on revenge for his insulted honour.

Edward eagerly grasped at the idea. "Will you carry a message for me to colonel G——, my dear Fergus, and oblige me for ever?"

Fergus pursued, "It is an act of friendship which you should command, could it be useful, or lead to the righting your honour; but in the present case, I doubt if your commanding officer would give you the meeting on account of his having taken measures, which, how-

ever harsh and exasperating, were still within the strict bounds of his duty. Besides, G—— is a precise Huguenot, and has adopted certain ideas about the sinfulness of such recontres, from which it would be impossible to make him depart, especially as his courage is beyond all suspicion. And, besides, I—I—to say the truth—I dare not at this moment, for some very weighty reasons, go near any of the military quarters or garrisons belonging to this government."

"And am I to sit down quiet and contented under the injury I have received?"

"That will I never advise, my friend. But I would have vengeance to fall on the head, not on the hand; on the tyrannical and oppressive government which designed and directed these premeditated and reiterated insults, not on the tools of office which they employed in the execution of the injuries they designed you."

"Upon the government!"

"Yes, upon the usurping house of Hanover, whom your grandfather would no more have served than he would have taken wages of redhot gold from the great fiend of hell!"

"But since the time of my grandfather two generations of this dynasty have possessed the throne."

"True;—and because we have passively given them so long an opportunity of showing their native character—because both you and I myself have lived in quiet submission, have even truckled to the times so far as to accept commissions under them, and thus have given them an opportunity of disgracing us publicly by resuming them, are we not on that account to resent injuries which our fathers only apprehended, but which we have actually sustained? Or is the cause of the unfortunate Stuart family become less just, because their title has devolved upon an heir who is innocent of the charges of mis-government brought against his father?—Do you remember the lines of your favourite poet?"

Had Richard, unconstrained, resign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own;
The title stood entail'd had Richard had a son.

You see, my dear Waverley, I can quote poetry as well as Flora and you. But come, clear your moody brow, and trust to me to show you an honourable road to a speedy and glorious revenge. Let us seek Flora, who, perhaps, has more news to tell us of what has occurred during our absence. She will rejoice to hear that you are relieved of your servitude. But first add a postcript to your letter, marking the time when you received this calvinistical colonel's first summons, and express your regret that the hastiness of his proceedings prevented your anticipating them by sending your resignation. Then let him blush for his injustice."

The letter was sealed accordingly, covering a formal resignation of the commission, and Mac-Ivor despatched it with some letters of his own by a special messenger, with charge to put them into the nearest post-office in the Lowlands.

CHAPTER XXVI.

An Eclaircissement.

The hint which the chieftain had thrown out respecting Flora was not unpremeditated. He had observed with great satisfaction the growing attachment of Waverley to his sister, nor did he see any bar to their union, excepting the situation which Waverley's father held in the ministry, and Edward's own commission in the army of George II. These obstacles were now removed, and in a manner which apparently paved the way for the son's, at least, becoming reconciled to another allegiance. In every other respect the match would be most elligible. The safety, happiness, and honourable provision of his sister, whom he dearly

loved, appeared to be insured by the proposed union. And his heart swelled when he considered how his own interest would be exalted in the eyes of the ex-monarch, to whom he had dedicated his services, by an alliance with one of those ancient, powerful, and wealthy English families of the ancient chevalier faith, to awaken whose decayed attachment to the Stuart family was now a matter of such vital importance to their cause. Nor could Fergus perceive any obstacle to such a scheme. Waverley's attachment was evident; and as his person was handsome, and his taste apparently coincided with her own, he anticipated no opposition on the part of Flora. Indeed, between his ideas of patriarchal power, and those which he had acquired in France respecting the disposal of females in marriage, any opposition from his sister, dear as she was to him, would have been the last obstacle on which he would have calculated, even had the union been less eligible.

Influenced by these feelings, the chief now led Waverley in quest of Miss Mac-Ivor, not without the hope that the present agitation of his guest's spirits might give him courage to cut short what Fergus termed the romance of the courtship. They found Flora, with her faithful attendants, Una and Cathleen, busied in preparing what appeared to Waverley to be white bridal favours. Disguising as well as he could the agitation of his mind, Waverley asked for what joyful occasion Miss Mac-Ivor made such ample preparation.

"It is for Fergus's bridal," said she, smiling.

"Indeed!—he has kept his secret well. I hope he will allow me to be his bride's man."

"That is a man's office, but not yours, as Beatrice says."

"And who is the fair lady?"

"Did not I tell you long since, that Fergus wooed no bride but honour?"

"And am I then incapable of being his assistant and counsellor in the pursuit of honour, Miss Mac-Ivor?"

said our hero, colouring deeply. Do I rank so low in your opinion?"

"Far from it, Captain Waverley. I would to God you were of our determination! and made use of the expression which displeased you, solely

Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us as an enemy."

"That time is passed, sister; and you may wish Edward Waverley (no longer captain) joy of being freed from the slavery to a usurper, implied in this sable and ill-omened emblem."

"Yes," said Waverley, undoing the cockade from his hat, "it has pleased the king who bestowed this badge upon me, to resume it in a manner which leaves me little reason to regret his service."

"Thank God for that!" cried the enthusiast; "and Oh, that they may be blind enough to treat every man of honour, who serves them, with the same indignity, that I may have less to sigh for when the struggle approaches!"

"And now, sister, replace his cockade with one of a more lively colour. I think it was the fashion of the ladies of yore to arm and send forth their knights to high achievement."

"Not till the knight-adventurer had well weighed the justice and the danger of the cause, Fergus. Mr. Waverley is just now too much agitated by feelings of recent emotion for me to press him upon a resolution of consequence."

Waverley felt half alarmed at the thought of adopting the badge of what was esteemed rebellion by the majority of the kingdom, yet he could not disguise his chagrin at the coldness with which Flora parried her brother's hint. "Miss Mac-Ivor, I perceive, thinks the knight unworthy of her encouragement and favour," said he, somewhat bitterly.

"Not so, Mr. Waverley," she replied, with great

sweetness. "Why should I refuse my brother's valued friend a boon which I am distributing to his whole clan? Most willingly would I enlist every man of honour in the cause to which my brother has devoted himself. But he has taken his measures with his eyes open. His life has been devoted to this cause from his cradle; with him its call is sacred, were it even a summons to the tomb. But how can I wish you, Mr. Waverley, so new to the world, so far from every friend who might advise and ought to influence you—in a moment, too, of sudden pique and indignation—how can I wish you to plunge yourself at once into so desperate an enterprise?"

Fergus, who did not understand these delicacies, strode through the apartment biting his lip, and then, with a constained smile, said, "Well, sister, I leave you to act your new character of mediator between the Elector of Hanover and the subjects of your lawful sovereign and benefactor," and left the room.

There was a painful pause, which was at length broken by Miss Mac-Ivor. "My brother is unjust," she said, "because he can bear no interruption that seems to thwart his loyal zeal."

"And do you not share his ardour?"

"Do I not?—God knows mine exceeds his, if that be possible. But I am not, like him, rapt by the bustle of military preparation, and the infinite detail necessary to the present undertaking, beyond consideration of the grand principles of justice and truth, on which our enterprise is grounded; and these, I am certain, can only be furthered by measures in themselves true and just. To operate upon your present feelings, my dear Mr. Waverley, to induce you to an irretrievable step, of which you have not considered either the justice or the danger, is, in my poor judgment, neither the one nor the other."

"Incomparable Flora!" said Edward, taking her hand; "how much do I need such a monitor!"

"A better one by far," said Flora gently withdraw-

ing her hand, "Mr. Waverley will always find in his own bosom, when he will give its still small voice leisure to be heard."

"No, Miss Mac-Ivor, I dare not hope it; a thousand circumstances of fatal self-indulgence have made me the creature rather of imagination than reason. Durst I but hope—could I but think—that you would deign to be to me that affectionate, that condescending friend, who would strengthen me to redeem my errors, my future life"——

"Hush, my dear sir! you now carry your joy at escaping the hands of a jacobite recruiting officer to an unparalleled excess of gratitude."

"Nay, dear Flora, trifle with me no longer; you cannot mistake the meaning of those feelings which I have almost involuntarily expressed; and since I have broke the barrier of silence, let me profit by my audacity—Or may I, with your permission, mention to your brother"——

"Not for the world, Mr. Waverley."

"What am I to understand? Is there any fatal bar—has any prepossession"——

"None, sir. I owe it to myself to say, that I never yet saw the person on whom I thought, with reference to the present subject."

"The shortness of our acquaintance, perhaps—If Miss Mac-Ivor will deign to give me time"——

"I have not even that excuse. Captain Waverley's character is so open—is, in short, of that nature that it cannot be misconstrued, either in its strength or its weakness."

"And for that weakness you despise me?"

"Forgive me, Mr. Waverley—and remember it is but within this half hour that there existed between us a barrier of a nature to me insurmountable, since I never could think of an officer in the service of the Elector of Hanover in any other light than as a casual acquaintance. Permit me, then, to arrange my ideas upon *so* unexpected a topic, and in less than an hour

I will be ready to give you such reasons for the resolution I shall express, as may be satisfactory at least, if not pleasing to you." So saying, Flora withdrew, leaving Waverley to meditate upon the manner in which she had received his addresses.

Ere he could make up his mind whether his suit had been acceptable or no, Fergus re-entered the apartment. "What, *à la mort*, Waverley?" he cried. "Come down with me to the court, and you shall see a sight worth all the tirades of your romances. A hundred firelocks, my friend, and as many broadswords, just arrived from good friends; and two or three hundred stout fellows almost fighting which shall first possess them. But let me look at you closer.—Why, a true Highlander would say you had been blighted by an evil eye. Or can it be this silly girl that hath thus blanked your spirit?—Never mind her, dear Edward; the wisest of her sex are fools in what regards the business of life."

"Indeed, my good friend," answered Waverley, "all that I can charge against your sister is, that she is too sensible, too reasonable."

"If that be all, I will insure you for a louis-d'or against the mood lasting four-and-twenty hours. No woman was ever steadily sensible for that period; and I will engage, if that will please you, Flora shall be as unreasonable to-morrow as any of her sex. You must learn, my dear Edward, to consider women *en mousquetaire*." So saying, he seized Waverley's arm, and dragged him off to review his military preparations.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Upon the same Subject.

Fergus Mac-Ivor had too much tact and delicacy to renew the subject which he had interrupted. His

head was, or appeared to be, so full of guns, broadswords, bonnets, cantines, and tartan hose, that Waverley could not for some time draw his attention to any other topic.

"Are you to take the field so soon, Fergus, that you are making all these martial preparations?"

"When we have settled that you go with me, you shall know all; but otherwise the knowledge might rather be prejudicial to you."

"But are you serious in your purpose, with such inferior forces, to rise against an established government? It is mere frenzy."

"*Laissez faire à Don Antoine*—I shall take good care of myself. We shall at least use the compliment of Conan, who never got a stroke but he gave one. I would not, however, have you think me mad enough to stir till a favourable opportunity: I will not slip my dog before the game 's a-foot. But, once more, will you join with us, and you shall know all?"

"How can I? I, who have so lately held that commission which is now posting back to those that gave it. My accepting it implied a promise of fidelity, and an acknowledgment of the legality of the government."

"A rash promise is not a steel handcuff; it may be shaken off; especially, when it was given under deception, and has been repaid by insult. But if you cannot immediately make up your mind to a glorious revenge, go to England, and ere you cross the Tweed you will hear tidings that will make the world ring; and if Sir Everard be the gallant old cavalier I have heard him described by some of our *honest* gentlemen of the year one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, he will find you a better horse-troop and a better cause than you have lost."

"But your sister, Fergus?"

"Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man!—speakest thou of nothing but of ladies?"

"Nay, be serious, my dear friend; I feel that the

happiness of my future life must depend upon the answer which Miss Mac-Ivor shall make to what I ventured to tell her this morning."

"And is this your very sober earnest, or are we in the land of romance and fiction?"

"My earnest, undoubtedly. How could you suppose me jesting on such a subject?"

"Then in very sober earnest, I am very glad to hear of it; and so highly do I think of Flora, that you are the only man in England for whom I would say so much.—But before you shake my hand so warmly, there is more to be considered: Your own family, will they approve your connecting yourself with the sister of a high-born Highland beggar?"

"My uncle's situation, his general opinions, and his uniform indulgence, entitle me to say, that birth and personal qualities are all he would look to in such a connexion. And where can I find both united in such excellence as in your sister?"

"Oh, nowhere! *cela va sans dire.* But your father will expect a father's prerogative in being consulted."

"Surely; but his late breach with the ruling powers removes all apprehension of objection on his part, especially as I am convinced that my uncle will be warm in my cause."

"Religion, perhaps—though we are not bigoted catholics."

"My mother was of the church of Rome, and her religion was never objected to by my family.—Do not think of my friends, dear Fergus; let me rather have your influence where it may be more necessary to remove obstacles—I mean with your lovely sister."

"My lovely sister, like her loving brother, is very apt to have a pretty decisive will of her own, by which, in this case, you must be ruled; but you shall not want my interest, nor my counsel. And, in the first place, I will give you one hint—loyalty is her ruling passion; and since she could spell an English book, she has been in love with the memory of the

gallant Captain Wogan, who renounced the service of the usurper Cromwell to join the standard of Charles II. marched a handful of cavalry from London to the Highlands to join Middleton, then in arms for the king, and at length died gloriously in the royal cause. Ask her to show you some verses she made on his history and fate; they have been much admired, I assure you. The next point is—I think I saw Flora go up towards the water-fall a short time since—follow, man, follow!—don't allow the garrison time to strengthen its purposes of resistance—*Alerte à la muraille!* Seek Flora out, and learn her decision as soon as you can, and Cupid go with you, while I go to look over belts and cartouch-boxes."

Waverley ascended the glen with an anxious and throbbing heart. Love, with all its romantic train of hopes, fears, and wishes, was mingled with other feelings, of a nature less easily defined. He could not but remember how much this morning had changed his fate, and into what a complication of perplexity it was likely to plunge him. Sunrise had seen him possessed of an esteemed rank in the honourable profession of arms, his father, to all appearance, rapidly rising in the favour of his sovereign; all this had passed away like a dream—he himself was dishonoured, his father disgraced, and he had become involuntarily the confidant at least, if not the accomplice, of plans, dark, deep, and dangerous, which must infer either the subversion of the government he had so lately served, or the destruction of all who had participated in them. Should Flora even listen to his suit favourably, what prospect was there of its being brought to a happy termination amid the tumult of an impending insurrection? Or how could he make the selfish request that she should leave Fergus, to whom she was so much attached, and, retiring with him to England, wait, as a distant spectator, the success of her brother's undertaking, or the ruin of all his hopes and fortunes?—Or, on the other hand, to engage him-

self, with no other aid than his single arm, in the dangerous and precipitate councils of the chieftain—to be whirled along by him, the partaker of all his desperate and impetuous motions, renouncing almost the power of judging, or deciding upon the rectitude or prudence of his actions—this was no pleasing prospect for the secret pride of Waverley to stoop to. And yet what other conclusion remained, saving the rejection of his addresses by Flora, an alternative not to be thought of, in the present high-wrought state of his feelings with any thing short of mental agony. Pondering the doubtful and dangerous prospect before him, he at length arrived near the cascade, where, as Fergus had augured, he found Flora seated.

She was quite alone, and as soon as she observed his approach, she rose and came to meet him. Edward attempted to say something within the verge of ordinary compliment and conversation, but found himself unequal to the task. Flora seemed at first equally embarrassed, but recovered herself more speedily and (an unfavourable augury for Waverley's suit) was the first to enter upon the subject of their last interview. "It is too important, in every point of view, Mr. Waverley, to permit me to leave you in doubt upon my sentiments."

"Do not speak them speedily, unless they are such as I fear, from your manner, I must not dare to anticipate. Let time—let my future conduct—let your brother's influence"——

"Forgive me, Mr. Waverley. I should incur my own heavy censure did I delay expressing my sincere conviction that I can never regard you otherwise than as a valued friend. I should do you the highest injustice did I conceal my sentiments for a moment—I see I distress you, and I grieve for it; but better now than later; and Oh, better a thousand times, Mr. Waverley, that you should feel a present momentary disappointment, than the long and heart-sickening griefs which attend a rash and ill-assorted marriage!"

"Good God! But why should you anticipate such consequences from a union where birth is equal, where fortune is favourable, where, if I may venture to say so, the taste is similar, where you allege no preference, where you even express a favourable opinion of him whom you reject?"

"Mr. Waverley, I have that favourable opinion, and so strongly, that though I would rather have been silent upon the grounds of my resolution, you shall command them, if you exact such a mark of my esteem and confidence."

She sat down upon the fragment of rock, and Waverley, placing himself near her, anxiously pressed for the explanation she offered.

"I dare hardly," she said, "tell you the situation of my feelings; they are so different from those usually ascribed to young women at my period of life; and I dare hardly touch upon what I think the nature of yours, lest I should give offence where I would willingly administer consolation. For myself, from my infancy till this day, I have had but one wish—the restoration of my royal benefactors to their rightful throne. It is impossible to express to you the devotion of my feelings on this single subject, and I will frankly confess, that it has so occupied my mind as to exclude every thought respecting what is called my own settlement in life. Let me but live to see the day of that happy restoration, and a Highland cottage, a French convent, or an English palace, will be alike indifferent to me."

"But, dearest Flora, how is your enthusiastic zeal for the exiled family inconsistent with my happines?"

"Because you seek, or ought to seek, in the object of your attachment, a heart whose principal delight should be in augmenting your domestic felicity, and returning your affection, even to the height of romance. To a man of less keen sensibility, and less romantic tenderness of disposition, Flora Mac-Ivor might give content, if not happiness; for, were the

irrevocable words spoken, never would she be deficient in the duties which she vowed."

"And why—why, Miss Mac-Ivor, should you think yourself a more valuable treasure to one who is less capable of loving, of admiring you, than to me?"

"Simply because the tone of our affections would be more in unison, and because his more blunted sensibility would not require the return of enthusiasm which I have not to bestow. But you, Mr. Waverley, would for ever refer to the idea of domestic happiness which your imagination is capable of painting, and whatever fell short of that ideal representation would be construed into coldness and indifference, while you might consider the enthusiasm with which I regarded the success of the royal family, as defrauding your affection of its due return."

"In other words, Miss Mac-Ivor, you cannot love me."

"I could esteem you, Mr. Waverley, as much, perhaps more, than any man I have ever seen; but I cannot love you as you ought to be loved. Oh! do not, for your own sake, desire so hazardous an experiment. The woman whom you marry ought to have affections and opinions moulded upon yours. Her studies ought to be your studies; her wishes, her feelings, her hopes, her fears, should all mingle with yours. She should enhance your pleasures, share your sorrows, and cheer your melancholy."

"And why will not you, Miss Mac-Ivor, who can so well describe a happy union, why will not you be yourself the person you describe?"

"Is it possible you do not yet comprehend me? Have I not told you that every keener sensation of my mind is bent exclusively towards an event, upon which, indeed, I have no power but those of my earnest prayers?"

"And might not the granting the suit I solicit, even advance the interest to which you have devoted yourself? My family is wealthy and powerful, inclined in

principles to the Stuart race, and should a favourable opportunity"——

"A favourable opportunity!—Inclined in principles!—Can such lukewarm adherence be honourable to yourselves, or gratifying to your lawful sovereign? Think, from my present feelings, what I should suffer when I held the place of member in a family, where the rights which I hold most sacred are subject to cold discussion, and only deemed worthy of support when they shall appear on the point of triumphing without it!"

"Your doubts," quickly replied Waverley, "are unjust so far as concerns myself. The cause that I shall assert, I dare support through every danger, as undauntedly as the boldest who draws sword in it."

"Of that," answered Flora, "I cannot doubt for a moment. But consult your own good sense and reason rather than a prepossession hastily adopted, probably only because you have met a young woman possessed of the usual accomplishments, in a sequestered and romantic situation. Let your part in this great and perilous drama rest upon conviction, and not a hurried, and probably a temporary feeling."

Waverley attempted to reply, but his words failed him. Every sentiment that Flora had uttered vindicated the strength of his attachment; for even her loyalty, although wildly enthusiastic, was generous and noble, and disdained to avail itself of any indirect means of supporting the cause to which she was devoted.

After walking a little way in silence down the path, Flora thus resumed the conversation.—"One word more, Mr. Waverley, ere we bid farewell to this topic for ever; and forgive my boldness if that word have the air of advice. My brother Fergus is anxious that you should join him in his present enterprise. But do not consent to this;—you could not, by your single exertions, further his success, and you would inevitably share his fall, if it be God's pleasure that fall he must.

Your character also would suffer irretrievably. Let me beg you will return to your own country; and, having publicly freed yourself from every tie to the usurping government, I trust you will see cause, and find opportunity, to serve your injured sovereign with effect, and stand forth, as your loyal ancestors, at the head of your natural followers and adherents, a worthy representative of the house of Waverley."

"And should I be so happy as thus to distinguish myself, might I not hope"——

"Forgive my interruption. The present time only is ours, and I can but explain to you with candour the feelings which I now entertain; how they might be altered by a train of events too favourable perhaps to be hoped for, it were in vain even to conjecture: Only be assured, Mr. Waverley, that after my brother's honour and happiness, there is none which I shall more sincerely pray for than for yours."

With these words she parted from him, for they were now arrived where two paths separated. Waverley reached the castle amidst a medley of conflicting passions. He avoided any private interview with Fergus, as he did not find himself able either to encounter his raillery, or to reply to his solicitations. The wild revelry of the feasts, for Mac-Ivor kept open table for his clan, served in some degree to stun reflection. When their festivity was ended, he began to consider how he should again meet Miss Mac-Ivor after the painful and interesting explanation of the morning. But Flora did not appear. Fergus, whose eyes flashed when he was told by Cathleen that her mistress designed to keep her apartment that evening, went himself in quest of her; but apparently his remonstrances were in vain, for he returned with a heightened complexion, and manifest symptoms of displeasure. The rest of the evening passed on without any allusion, on the part either of Fergus or Waverley, to the subject which engrossed the reflections of the latter, and perhaps of both.

When retired to his own apartment, Edward endeavoured to sum the business of the day. That the repulse he had received from Flora would be persisted in for the present, there was no doubt. But could he hope for ultimate success in case circumstances permitted the renewal of his suit? Would the enthusiastic loyalty, which at this animating moment left no room for a softer passion, survive, at least in its engrossing force, the success or the failure of the present political machinations? And if so, could he hope that the interests which she had acknowledged him to possess in her favour, might be improved into a warmer attachment? He taxed his memory to recall every word she had used, with the appropriate looks and gestures which had enforced them, and ended by finding himself in the same state of uncertainty. It was very late before sleep brought relief to the tumult of his mind, after the most painful and agitating day which he had ever passed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A letter from Tully-Veolan.

In the morning, when Waverley's troubled reflections had for some time given way to repose, there came music to his dreams, but not the voice of Selma. He imagined himself transported back to Tully-Veolan, and that he heard Davie Gellatly singing in the court those matins which used generally to be the first sounds that disturbed his repose while a guest of the Baron of Bradwardine. The notes which suggested this vision continued and waxed louder, until Edward awaked in earnest. The illusion, however, did not seem entirely dispelled. The apartment was in the fortress of Ian nan Chaistel, but it was still the voice

of Davie Gellatly that made the following lines resound under the window:

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Curious to know what could have determined Mr. Gellatly on an excursion of such unwonted extent, Edward began to dress himself in all haste, during which operation the minstrelsy of David changed its tune more than once—

There's naught in the Highlands but syboes and leeks,
And lan-legget cullans gaun wanting the breeks;
Wanting the breeks, and without hose and shoon,
But we'll a' win the breeks when King Jamie comes hame.

By the time Waverley was dressed, and had issued forth, David had associated himself with two or three of the numerous Highland loungers who always graced the gates of the castle with their presence, and was capering and dancing full and merrily in the doubles and full career of a Scotch foursome reel, to the music of his own whistling. In this double capacity of dancer and musician he continued until an idle piper, who observed his zeal, obeyed the unanimous call of *Scid suas*, (*i. e.* blow up,) and relieved him from the latter part of his trouble. Young and old then mingled in the dance as they could find partners. The appearance of Waverley did not interrupt David's exercise, though he contrived, by grinning, nodding, and throwing one or two inclinations of the body into the graces with which he performed the Highland fling, to convey to our hero symptoms of recognition. Then, while busily employed in setting, whooping all the while, and snapping his fingers over his head, he of a sudden prolonged his side-step until it brought him to the place where Edward was standing, and, still keep-

ing time to the music like harlequin in a pantomime, he thrust a letter into our hero's hand, and continued his saltation without pause or intermission. Edward, who perceived that the address was in Rose's handwriting, retired to peruse it, leaving the faithful bearer to continue his exercise until the piper or he should be tired out.

The contents of the letter greatly suprised him. It had originally commenced with, *Dear Sir;* but these words had been carefully erased, and the monosyllable, *Sir*, substituted in their place. The rest of the contents shall be given in Rose's own language.

"I fear I am using an improper freedom by intruding upon you, yet I cannot trust to any one else to let you know some things which have happened here, with which it seems necessary you should be acquainted. Forgive me, if I am wrong in what I am doing; for, alas! Mr. Waverley, if I have no better advice than that of my own feelings;—my dear father is gone from this place, and when he can return to my assistance and protection, God alone knows. You have probably heard, that, in consequence of some troublesome news from the Highlands, warrants were sent out for apprehending several gentlemen in these parts, and among others, my dear father. In spite of all my tears and entreaties that he would surrender himself to the government, he joined with Mr. Falconer and some other gentlemen, and they have all gone northwards, with a body of about forty horsemen. So I am not so anxious concerning his immediate safety, as about what may follow afterwards, for these troubles are only beginning. But all this is nothing to you, Mr. Waverley, only I thought you would be glad to learn that my father had escaped, in case you happen to have heard that he was in danger.

"But the day after my father went off, there came a party of soldiers to Tully-Veolan, and behaved very rudely to Baillie Macwheeble; but the officer was very civil to me, only said his duty obliged him to search

for arms and papers. My father had provided against this by taking away all the arms except the old useless things which hung in the hall, and he had put all his papers out of the way. But Oh! Mr. Waverley, how shall I tell you that they made strict inquiry after you, and asked when you had been at Tully-Veolan, and where you now were. The officer is gone back with his party, but a non-commissioned officer and four men remain as a sort of garrison in the house. They have hitherto behaved very well, as we are forced to keep them in good humour. But these soldiers have hinted as if upon your falling into their hands you would be in great danger; I cannot prevail on myself to write what wicked falsehoods they said, for I am sure they are falsehoods; but you will best judge what you ought to do. The party that returned carried off your servant prisoner, with your two horses, and every thing that you left at Tully-Veolan. I hope God will protect you, and that you will get safe home to England, where you used to tell me there was no military violence nor fighting among clans permitted, but every thing was done according to an equal law that protected all who were harmless and innocent. I hope you will exert your indulgence as to my boldness in writing to you, where it seems to me, though perhaps erroneously, that your safety and honour are concerned. I am sure—at least I think, my father would approve of my writing; for Mr. Rubric is fled to his cousin's at the Duchran, to be out of danger from the soldiers and the whigs, and Baillie Macwheeble does not like to meddle (he says) in other men's concerns, though I hope what may serve my fathers friend at such a time as this, cannot be termed improper interference. Farewell, Captain Waverley, I shall probably never see you more; for it would be very improper to wish you to call at Tully-Veolan just now, even if these men were gone; but I will always remember with gratitude your kindness in assisting so poor a scholar as myself, and your attentions to my dear, dear father. I re-

main your obliged servant Rose Comyne Bradwardine.

"P. S.—I hope you will send me a line by David Gellatly, just to say you have received this, and will take care of yourself; and forgive me if I entreat you, for your own sake, to join none of these unhappy cabals, but escape, as fast as possible, to your own fortunate country. My compliments to my dear Flora and to Glennaquoich. Is she not as handsome and accomplished as I described her?"

Thus concluded the letter of Rose Bradwardine, the contents of which both surprised and affected Waverley. That the baron should fall under the suspicion of government in consequence of the present stir among the partisans of the house of Stuart, seemed only the natural consequence of the political predilections; but how *he* should have been involved in such suspicions, conscious that until yesterday he had been free from harbouring a thought against the prosperity of the reigning family, seemed inexplicable. Both at Tully-Veolan and Glennaquoich his hosts had respected his engagements with the immediate government, and though enough passed by accidental innuendo, that might induce him to reckon the baron and the chief among those disaffected gentlemen who were still numerous in Scotland, yet until his own connexion with the army had been broken off by the resumption of his commission, he had no reason to suppose that they nourished any immediate or hostile attempts against the present establishment. Still he was aware that unless he meant at once to embrace the proposal of Fergus Mac-Ivor, it would deeply concern him to leave this suspicious neighbourhood without delay, and repair where his conduct might undergo a satisfactory examination. Upon this he the rather determined, as Flora's advice favoured his doing so, and because he felt inexpressible repugnance at the idea of being accessary to the plague of civil war. Whatever were the original rights of the Stuarts, calm

reflection told him, that, omitting the question how far James the Second could forfeit those of his posterity, he had, according to the united voice of the whole nation, justly forfeited his own. Since that period, four monarchs had reigned in peace and glory over Britain, sustaining and exalting the character of the nation abroad, and its liberties at home. Reason asked, was it worth while to disturb a government so long settled and established, and to plunge a kingdom into all the miseries of civil war, to replace upon the throne the descendants of a monarch by whom it had been wilfully forfeited? If, on the other hand, his own final conviction of the goodness of their cause, or the commands of his father or uncle, should recommend to him allegiance to the Stuarts, still it was necessary to clear his own character, by showing that he had taken no step to this purpose, as seemed to be falsely insinuated, during his holding the commission of the reigning monarch.

The affectionate simplicity of Rose, and her anxiety for his safety—his sense too of her unprotected state, and of the terror and actual dangers to which she might be exposed, made an impression upon his mind, and he instantly wrote to thank her in the kindest terms, for her anxiety on his account, to express his earnest good wishes for her welfare and that of her father, and to assure her of his own safety. The feelings which this task excited, were speedily lost in the necessity which he now saw of bidding farewell to Flora Mac-Ivor, perhaps for ever. The pang attending this reflection was inexpressible; for her high-minded elevation of character, her self-devotion to the cause which she had embraced, united to her scrupulous rectitude as to the means of serving it, had vindicated to his judgment the choice adopted by his passions. But time pressed, calumny was busy with fame, and every hour's delay increased the power to injure it. His departure must be instant.

With this determination he sought out Fergus, and

communicated to him the contents of Rose's letter, with his own resolutions instantly to go to Edinburgh, and, seeking out some one or other of those persons of influence to whom he had letters from his father, to put into their hands his exculpation from any charge which might be preferred against him.

"You run your head into the lion's mouth," answered Mac-Ivor. "You do not know the severity of a government harassed by just apprehensions, and a consciousness of their own illegality and insecurity. I shall have to deliver you from some dungeon in Stirling or Edinburgh Castle."

"My innocence, my rank, my father's intimacy with Lord M——, General G——, &c. will be a sufficient protection."

"You will find the contrary: these gentlemen will have enough to do about their own matters. Once more, will you take the plaid, and stay a little while with me among the mists and the crows, in the bravest cause ever sword was drawn in?"

"For many reasons, my dear Fergus, you must hold me excused."

"Well, then I shall certainly find you exerting your poetical talents in elegies upon a prison, or your antiquarian researches in detecting the Oggam character, or some Punic hieroglyphic, upon the key-stones of a vault, curiously arched. Or what say you to *un petit pendement bien joli?* against which awkward ceremony I don't warrant you, should you meet a body of the armed west-country whigs."

"And why should they use me so?"

"For a hundred good reasons: First, you are an Englishman; secondly, a gentleman; thirdly, a prelatist abjured; and, fourthly, they have not had an opportunity to exercise their talents on such a subject this long while. But don't be cast down, beloved; all will be done in the fear of the Lord."

"Well, I must run my hazard."

"You are determined, then?"

"I am."

"Wilful will do't;—but you cannot go on foot, and I shall want no horse, as I must march on foot at the head of the children of Ivor; you shall have brown Dermid."

"If you will sell him, I shall certainly be much obliged."

"If your proud English heart cannot be obliged by a gift or loan, I will not refuse money at the entrance of a campaign: his price is twenty guineas. [Remember, reader, it was sixty years since.] And when do you propose to depart?"

"The sooner the better."

"You are right, since go you must, or rather, since go you will: I will take Flora's poney, and ride with you as far as Bally-Brough.—Callum Beg, see that our horses are ready, with a poney for yourself, to attend and carry Mr. Waverley's baggage as far as ———, (naming a small town,) where he can have a horse and guide to Edinburgh. Put on a Lowland dress, Callum, and see you keep your tongue close, if you would not have me cut it out: Mr. Waverley rides Dermid." Then turning to Edward, "You will take leave of my sister?"

"Surely—that is, if Miss Mac-Ivor will honour me so far."

"Cathleen, let my sister know Mr. Waverley wishes to bid her farewell before he leaves us.—But Rose Bradwardine, her situation must be thought of—I wish she were here—And why should she not?—There are but four red coats at Tully-Veolan, and their muskets would be very useful to us."

To these broken remarks Edward made no answer; his ear indeed received them, but his soul was intent upon the expected entrance of Flora. The door opened—It was but Cathleen, with her lady's excuse, and wishes for Captain Waverley's health and happiness.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Waverley's Reception in the Lowlands after his Highland Tour.

It was noon when the two friends stood at the top of the pass of Bally-Brough. "I must go no farther," said Fergus Mac-Ivor, who, during this journey had in vain endeavoured to raise his friend's spirits. "If my cross-grained sister has any share in your dejection, trust me she thinks highly of you, though her present anxiety about the public cause prevents her listening to any other subject. Confide your interest to me; I will not betray it, providing you do not again assume that vile cockade."

"No fear of that, considering the manner in which it has been recalled. Adieu, Fergus; do not permit your sister to forget me."

"And adieu, Waverley; you may soon hear of her with a prouder title. Get home, write letters, and make friends as many and as fast as you can; there will speedily be unexpected guests on the coast of Suffolk, or my news from France has deceived me."

Thus parted the friends. Fergus returning back to his castle, while Edward, followed by Callum Beg, the latter transformed from point to point into a Low-country groom, proceeded to the little town of ——.

Edward paced on under the painful, and yet not altogether embittered, feelings, which separation and uncertainty produce in the mind of a youthful lover. I am not sure if the ladies understand the full value of the influence of absence, nor do I think it wise to teach it them, lest, like the Clelias and Mandanes of yore, they should resume the humour of sending their lovers to banishment. Distance, in truth, produces in idea the same effect as in real perspective. Objects are softened, and rounded, and rendered doubly graceful;

the harsher and more ordinary points of character are melted down, and those by which it is remembered are the more striking outlines that mark sublimity, grace, or beauty. There are mists too in the mental, as well as the natural, horizon, to conceal what is less pleasing in distant objects, and there are happy lights, to stream in full glory upon those points which can profit by brilliant illumination.

Waverley forgot Flora Mac-Ivor's prejudices in her magnanimity, and almost pardoned her indifference towards his affections, when he recollected the grand and decisive object which seemed to fill her whole soul. She, whose sense of duty so wholly engrossed her in the cause of a benefactor, what would be her feelings in favour of the happy individual who should be so fortunate as to awaken them? Then came the doubtful question, whether he might not be that happy man—a question which fancy endeavoured to answer in the affirmative, by conjuring up all she had said in his praise, with the addition of a comment much more flattering than the text warranted. All that was commonplace, all that belonged to the every-day world, was melted away and obliterated in these dreams of imagination, which only remembered with advantage the points of grace and dignity that distinguished Flora from the generality of her sex, not the particulars which she held in common with them. Edward was, in short, in the fair way of creating a goddess out of a high-spirited, accomplished, and beautiful young woman; and the time was wasted in castle-building, until, at the descent of a steep hill, he saw beneath him the market town of ——.

The Highland politeness of Callum Beg—(there are few nations, by the way, that can boast of so much natural politeness as the Highlanders)—the Highland civility of his attendant had not permitted him to disturb the reveries of our hero. But, observing him rouse himself at the sight of the village, Callum pressed closer to his side, and hoped, "when they cam to

the public, his honour wad not say nothing about Vich Ian Vohr, for ta people were bitter whigs, deil burst tem."

Waverley assured the prudent page that he would be cautious; and as he now distinguished, not, indeed, the ringing of bells, but the tinkling of something like a hammer against the side of an old mossy green, inverted porridge pot, that hung in an open booth, of the size and shape of a parrot's cage, erected to grace the east end of a building resembling an old barn, he asked Callum Beg if it were Sunday.

"Could na say just preceesely—Sunday seldom cam aboon the pass of Bally-Brough."

On entering the town, however, and advancing toward the most apparent public-house which presented itself, the numbers of old women, in tartan screens and red cloaks, who streamed from the barn-resembling building, debating, as they went, the comparative merits of the blessed youth Jabesh Rentowel, and that chosen vessel, Maister Goukthrapple, induced Callum to assure his temporary master, "that it was either ta mickle Sunday hersell, or ta little government Sunday that they ca'd ta fast."

Upon alighting at the sign of the Seven-branched Golden Candlestick, which, for the further delectation of the guests, was graced with a short Hebrew motto, they were received by mine host, a tall, thin, puritanical figure, who seemed to debate with himself whether he ought to give shelter to those who travelled on such a day. Reflecting, however, in all probability, that he possessed the power of mulcting them for this irregularity, a penalty which they might escape by passing into Gregor Duncanson's, at the sign of the Highlander and the Hawick Gill, Mr. Ebenezer Cruickshanks condescended to admit them into his dwelling.

To this sanctified person Waverley addressed his request, that he would procure him a guide, with a saddle-horse to carry his portmanteau to Edinburgh.

"And whare may ye be coming frae?" demanded mine host of the Candlestick.

"I have told you where I wish to go; I do not conceive any further information necessary either for the guide or his saddle-horse."

"Hem! Ahem!" returned he of the Candlestick, somewhat disconcerted at this rebuff. "It's the general fast, sir, and I cannot enter into ony carnal transactions on sic a day, when the people should be humbled, and the backsliders should return, as worthy Mr. Goukthrapple said; and, moreover, when, as the precious Mr. Jabesh Rentowel did weel observe, the land was mourning for covenants burnt, broken, and buried."

"My good friend, if you cannot let me have a horse and a guide, my servant shall seek them elsewhere."

"A weel! Your servant?—and what for gangs he no forward with you himsell?"

Waverley had but very little of a captain of horse's spirit within him—I mean of that sort of spirit which I have been obliged to, when I happened, in a mail-coach or diligence, to meet some military man who has kindly taken upon him the disciplining of the waiters, and the taxing of reckonings. Some of this useful talent our hero had, however, acquired during his military service, and on this gross provocation, it began seriously to arise. "Look ye, sir, I came here for my own accommodation, and not to answer impertinent questions. Either say you can, or cannot get me what I want; I shall pursue my course in either case."

Mr. Ebenezer Cruickshanks left the room with some indistinct muttering, but whether negative or acquiescent, Edward could not well distinguish. The hostess, a civil, quiet, laborious drudge, came to take his orders for dinner, but declined to make answer upon the subject of the horse and guide, for the Salique

law, it seems, extended to the stables of the Golden Candlestick.

From a window which overlooked the dark and narrow court in which Callum Beg dressed the horses after their journey, Waverley heard the following dialogue between the subtle foot-page of Vich Ian Vohr and his landlord.

"Ye'll be frae the north, young man?" began the latter.

"And ye may say that answered Callum.

"And ye'll hae ridden a lang way the day, it may weel be?"

"Sae long that I could weel tak a dram."

"Gudewife, bring the gill stoup."

Here some compliments passed fitting the occasion, when my host of the Golden Candlestick, having, as he thought, opened his guest's heart by this hospitable propitiation, resumed his scrutiny.

"Ye'll not hae mickle better whiskey than that aboon the pass?"

"I am nae frae aboon the pass."

"Ye're a Highlandman by your tongue?"

"Na, I am but just Aberdeen a-way."

"And did your master come from Aberdeen wi' you?"

"Ay—that's when I left it mysell," answered the cool and impenetrable Callum Beg.

"And what kind of a gentleman is he?"

"I believe he is ane o' King George's state officers; at least he's aye for ganging on to the south, and he has a hantle silver, and never grudges ony thing till a poor body, or in the way of lawing."

"He wants a guide and a horse frae this to Edinburgh?"

"Ay, and ye maun find it him forthwith."

"Ahem! It will be chargeable."

"He cares na for that a boddle."

"A weel, Duncan—did ye say your name was Duncan, or Donald?"

"Na, man—Jamie—Jamie Steenson—I telt ye before."

This last undaunted parry altogether foiled Mr. Cruickshanks, who, though not quite satisfied either with the reserve of the master, or the extreme readiness of the man, was contented to lay a tax upon the reckoning and horsehire, that might compound for his ungratified curiosity. The circumstance of its being fast-day was not forgotten in the charge, which, upon the whole, did not, however, amount to much more than double what in fairness it should have been.

Callum Beg soon after announced in person the ratification of this treaty, adding, "Ta auld devil was ganging to ride wi' the Duinhé-wassal hersell."

"That will not be very pleasant, Callum, nor altogether safe, for our host seems a person of great curiosity: but a traveller must submit to these inconveniences. Meanwhile, my good lad, here is a trifle for you to drink Vich Ian Vohr's health."

The hawk's eye of Callum flashed delight upon a golden guinea, with which these last words were accompanied. He hastened, not without a curse upon the intricacies of a Saxon breeches pocket, or *spleuchan*, as he called it, to deposite the treasure in his fob; and then, as if he conceived the benevolence called for some requital on his part, he gathered close up to Edward, with an expression of countenance peculiarly knowing, and spoke in an under tone, "If his honour thought ta auld deevil whig carle was a bit dangerous she could easily provide for him, and teil ane ta wiser."

"How, and in what manner?"

"Her ain sell," replied Callum, "could wait for him a wee bit frae the toune, and kittle his quarters wi' her *shene-occle*."

"Shene-occle! what's that?"

Callum unbuttoned his coat, raised his left arm, and,

ı an emphatic nod, pointed to the hilt of a small
, snugly deposited under it, in the lining of his
et. Waverley thought he had misunderstood his
ning; he gazed in his face, and discovered in
um's very handsome, though embrowned features,
the degree of roguish malice with which a lad of
ame age in England would have brought forward
ın for robbing an orchard.

Good God! Callum, would you take the man's
"

Indeed," answered the young desperado, "and I
k he has had just a lang eneugh lease o't, whan
for betraying honest folk, that come to spend sil-
at his public."

dward saw nothing was to be gained by argument,
therefore, contented himself with enjoining Cal-
to lay aside all practices against the person of
Ebenezer Cruickshanks; in which injunction the
seemed to acquiesce with an air of great indif-
ıee.

Ta Duinhé-wassel might please himsell; ta auld
s loon had never done Callum nae ill. But here's
line frae ta Cean Kinné, tat he bade me gee your
ur ere I came back."

he letter from the chief contained Flora's lines on
ate of Captain Wogan, whose enterprising cha-
:r is so well drawn by Clarendon. He had origi-
engaged in the service of the parliament, but
abjured that party upon the execution of Charles,
nd upon hearing that the royal standard was set
y the Earl of Glencairn and General Middleton,
e Highlands of Scotland, took leave of Charles
who was then at Paris, passed into England, as-
bled a body of cavaliers in the neighbourhood of
lon, traversed the kingdom, which had been so
under domination of the usurper, by marches
tructed with such skill, dexterity, and spirit, that
afely united his handful of horsemen with the

body of Highlanders then in arms. After several months of desultory warfare, in which Wogan's skill and courage gained him the highest reputation, he had the misfortune to be wounded in a dangerous manner, and no surgical assistance being within reach, he terminated his short but glorious career.

There were obvious reasons why the politic chieftain was desirous to place the example of this young hero under the eye of Waverley, with whose romantic disposition it coincided so peculiarly. But his letter turned chiefly upon some trifling commissions which Waverley had promised to execute for him in England, and it was only toward the conclusion that Edward found these words:—"I owe Flora a grudge for refusing us her company yesterday; and as I am giving you the trouble of reading these lines, in order to keep in your memory your promise to procure me the fishing-tackle and cross-bow from London, I will enclose her verses on the Grave of Wogan. This I know will tease her; for, to tell you the truth, I think her more in love with the memory of that dead hero, than she is likely to be with any living one, unless he shall tread a similar path. But English squires of our day keep their oak trees to shelter their deer parks, or repair their losses of an evening at White's, and neither invoke them to wreath their brows, or shelter graves. Let me hope for one brilliant exception in a dear friend, to whom I would gladly give a dearer title."

The verses were inscribed,

"TO AN OAK TREE,

In the Churchyard of ——, in the Highlands of Scotland, said to mark the grave of Captain Wogan, killed in 1649.

"Emblem of England's ancient faith,
Full proudly may thy branches wave,

Where loyalty lies low in death,
And valour fills a timeless grave.

"And thou, brave tenant of the tomb!
Repine not if our clime deny,
Above thine honour'd sod to bloom,
The flowerets of a milder sky.

"These owe their birth to genial May;
Beneath a fiercer sun they pine,
Before the winter storm decay—
And can their worth be type of thine?

"No! for, mid storms of Fate opposing,
Still higher swell'd thy dauntless heart,
And, while despair the scene was closing,
Commenced thy brief but brilliant part.

"'Twas then thou sought'st on Albyn's hill,
(When England's sons the strife resign'd,)
A rugged race resisting still,
And unsubdued though unrefined.

"Thy death's hour heard no kindred wail,
No holy knell thy requiem rung;
Thy mourners were the plaided Gael,
Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.

"Yet who, in Fortune's summer-shine
To waste life's longest term away,
Would change that glorious dawn of thine,
Though darken'd ere its noontide day?

"Be thine the tree, whose dauntless boughs
Brave summer's drought and winter's gloom!
Rome bound with oak her patriot's brows,
And Albyn shadows Wogan's tomb."

Whatever might be the real merit of Flora Mac-Ivor's poetry, the enthusiasm which it intimated was ill calculated to make a corresponding impression on her lover. The lines were read—read again then deposited in Waverley's bosom—then again pawn out, and read, line by line, in a low and smother-

ed voice, and with frequent pauses, which prolonged the mental treat, as an epicure protracts, by sipping slowly, the enjoyment of a delicious beverage. The entrance of Mrs. Cruickshanks, with the sublunary articles of dinner and wine, hardly interrupted this pantomime of affectionate enthusiasm.

At length the tall, ungainly figure and ungracious visage of Ebenezer presented themselves. The upper part of his form, notwithstanding the season required no such defence, was shrouded in a large great coat, belted under his own habiliments, and crested with a huge cowl of the same stuff, which, when drawn over the head and hat, completely overshadowed both, and being buttoned beneath the chin, was called a *trot-cosy*. His hand grasped a huge jocky whip, garnished with brass mounting. His thin legs tenanted a pair of gambadoes, fastened at the side with rusty clasps. Thus accoutred, he stalked into the midst of the apartment, and announced his errand in brief phrase;—"Yere horses are ready."

"You go with me yourself, then, landlord?"

"I do, as far as Perth; where ye may be supplied with a guide to Embro', as your occasions shall require."

Thus saying, he placed under Waverley's eye the bill, which he held in his hand; and at the same time, self-invited, filled a glass of wine, and drank devoutly to a blessing on their journey. Waverley stared at the man's impudence, but, as their connexion was to be short, and promised to be convenient, he made no observation upon it; and having paid his reckoning, expressed his intention to depart immediately. He mounted Dermid accordingly, and sallied forth from the Golden Candlestick, followed by the puritanical figure we have described, after he had, at the expense of some time and difficulty, and by the assistance of a "louping-on-stane," or structure of masonry, erected for the travellers convenience in front of the house, elevated his person to the back of a long-

, raw-boned, thin-gutted phantom of a broken-
bloodhorse, on which Waverley's portmanteau
posited. Our hero, though not in a very gay
r, could hardly help laughing at the appearance
new squire, and at imagining the astonishment
his person and equipage would have excited at
ley-Honour.
ard's tendency to mirth did not escape mine host
Candlestick, who, conscious of the cause, infused
le portion of souring into the pharisaical leaven
countenance, and resolved internally that, in one
other, the young *Englisher* should pay dear-
he contempt with which he seemed to regard
Callum also stood at the gate, and enjoyed, with
embled glee, the ridiculous figure of Mr. Cruick-
. As Waverley passed him, he pulled off his hat
fully, and, approaching his stirrup, bade him
heed the auld whig played him nae cantrap."
verley once more thanked, and bade him fare-
od then rode briskly onward, not sorry to be out
ing of the shouts of the children, as they beheld
enezer rise and sink in his stirrups, to avoid the
sions occasioned by a hard trot upon a half-pa-
eet. The village of —— was soon several miles
him.

CHAPTER XXX.

hat the Loss of a Horse's Shoe may be a serious Inconvenience.

s manner and air of Waverley, but above all the
ing contents of his purse, and the indifference
which he seemed to regard them, somewhat over-
his companion, and deterred him from making
tempts to enter upon conversation. His own

reflections were moreover agitated by various surmises, and by plans of self-interest, with which these were intimately connected. The travellers journeyed, therefore, in silence, until it was interrupted by the annunciation, on the part of the guide, that his "naig had lost a fore-foot shoe, which, doubtless, his honour would consider it was his part to replace." This was what lawyers call a *fishing question*, calculated to ascertain how far Waverley was disposed to submit to petty imposition. "My part to replace your horse's shoe, you rascal?" said Waverley, mistaking the purport of the intimation.

"Indubitably," answered Mr. Cruickshanks; "though there was no precise clause to that effect, it canna be expected that I am to pay for the casualties whilk may befall the puir naig while in your honour's service—naitheless if your honour"—

"Oh, you mean I am to pay the farrier; but where shall we find one?"

Rejoiced at discerning there would be no objection made on the part of his temporary master, Mr. Cruickshanks assured him that Cairnvreckan, a village which they were about to enter, was happy in an excellent blacksmith; "but as he was a professor, he would drive a nail for no man on the Sabbath, or kirk fast, unless it were in case of absolute necessity, for which he always charged sixpence each shoe." The most important part of this communication, in the opinion of the speaker, made a very slight impression on the hearer, who only internally wondered what college this veterinary professor belonged to, not aware that the word was used to denote any person who pretended to uncommon sanctity of faith and manners.

As they entered the village of Cairnvreckan, they speedily distinguished the smith's house. Being also a *public*, it was too stories high, and proudly reared its crest, covered with gray slate, above the thatched hovels by which it was surrounded. The adjoining smithy betokened none of the Sabbatical silence and repose which Ebenezer had augured from the sanctity

of his friend. On the contrary, hammer clashed and anvil rang, the bellows groaned, and the whole apparatus of Vulcan appeared to be in full activity. Nor was the labour of a rural and pacific nature. The master smith, benempt, as his sign intimated, John Mucklewrath, with two assistants, toiled busily in arranging, repairing, and furbishing old muskets, pistols, and swords, which lay scattered around his work-shop in military confusion. The open shed, containing the forge, was crowded with persons who came and went as if receiving and communicating important news; and a single glance at the aspect of the people who traversed the street in haste, or stood assembled in groups, with eyes elevated, and hands uplifted, announced that some extraordinary intelligence was agitating the public mind of the municipality of Cairnvrekan. "There is some news," said my host of the Candlestick, pushing his lantern-jawed visage and bare-boned nag rudely forward into the crowd—"there is some news, and if it please my Creator, I will forthwith obtain speerings thereof."

Waverley, with better regulated curiosity than his attendant, dismounted, and gave his horse to a boy, who stood idling near. It arose, perhaps, from the shyness of his character in early youth, that he felt dislike at applying to a stranger even for casual information, without previously glancing at his physiognomy and appearance. While he looked about in order to select the person with whom he would most willingly hold communication, the buzz around saved him in some degree the trouble of interrogatories. The names of Lochiel, Clanronald, Glengary, and other distinguished Highland chiefs, among whom Vich Ian Vohr was repeatedly mentioned, were as familiar in men's mouths as household words: and from the alarm generally expressed, he easily conceived that their descent into the Lowlands, at the head of their armed tribes, had either already taken place, or was instantly apprehended.

Ere Waverley could ask particulars, a strong, large-boned, hard featured woman, about forty, dressed as if her clothes had been flung on with a pitchfork, her cheeks flushed with a scarlet red where they were not smutted with soot and lamp-black, jostled through the crowd, and, brandishing high a child of two years old, which she danced in her arms, without regard to its screams of terror, sang forth, with all her might—

Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,
Charlie is my darling,
The young chevalier."

" D'ye hear what's come ower ye now, ye whinging whig carles? D'ye here wha's coming to cow yere cracks?

Little wot ye wha's coming,
Little wot ye wha's coming,
A' the wild Macraws are coming."

The Vulcan of Cairnvreckan, who acknowledged his Venus in this exulting bacchanal, regarded her with a grim and ire-foreboding countenance, while some of the senators of the village hastened to interpose. " Whisht, gude wife: is this a time, or is this a day, to be singing your ranting fule-sangs in?—a time when the wine of wrath is poured out without mixture in the cup of indignation, and a day when the land should give testimony against popery and prelacy, and quakerism, and independency, and supremacy, and erastianism, and antinomianism, and a' the errors of the church."

" And that's a' your whiggery," re-echoed the virago; " that's a' your whiggery, and your presbytery, ye cut-legged graning carles. What, d'ye think the lads wi' the kelts will care for yere synods and yere presbyteries, and yere buttock mail, and yere stool o' repentance? Vengeance on the black face o't! mony an

honester woman's been set upon it than streeks doon beside ony whig in the country. I mysell"——

Here John Mucklewrath who dreaded her entering upon a detail of personal experiences, interposed his matrimonial authority. "Gae hame, and be d——, (that I should say sae,) and put on the sowens for supper."

"And you, ye doil'd dotard," replied his gentle helpmate, her wrath, which had hitherto wandered abroad over the whole assembly, being at once and violently impelled into its natural channel, "ye stand there hammering dog-heads for fules that will never snap them at a Highlandman, instead of earning bread for your family, and shoeing this winsome young gentleman's horse that's just come frae the north. Ise warrant him none of your whingeing King George folk, but a gallant Gordon, at the least o' him."

The eyes of the assembly were now turned upon Waverley, who took the opportunity to beg the smith to shoe his guide's horse with all speed, as he wished to proceed on his journey, for he had heard enough to make him sensible that there would be danger in delaying long in this place. The smith's eyes rested on him with a look of displeasure and suspicion, not lessened by the eagerness with which his wife enforced Waverley's mandate. "D'ye hear what the weel-favoured young gentleman says, ye drunken ne'er-do-gude?"

"And what may your name be, sir?" quoth Mucklewrath.

"It is of no consequence to you, my friend, provided I pay your labour."

"But it may be of consequence to the state, sir," replied an old farmer, smelling strongly of whiskey and peat smoke; "and I doubt we maun delay your journey till you have seen the laird."

"You certainly," said Waverley, haughtily, "will find it both difficult and dangerous to detain me, unless you can produce some proper authority."

There was a pause and a whisper among the crov
"Secretary Murray;" "Lord Lewis Gordon;" "
be, the chevalier himsell;" such were the surmises
passed hurriedly among them, and there was obvic
an increasing disposition to resist Waverley's d
ture. He attempted to argue mildly with them, bu
voluntary ally, Mrs. Mucklewrath, broke in upon
drowned his expostulations, taking his part witl
abusive violence, which was all set down to Edw
account by those on whom it was bestowed. "
stop ony gentleman that's the prince's freend?" fo
too, though with other feelings, had adopted the g
ral opinion respecting Waverley. "I daur ye to t
him," spreading abroad her long and muscular fin
garnished with claws which a vulture might have
vied. "I'll set my ten commandments in the fa
the first loon that lays a finger on him."

"Gae hame, gudewife," quoth the farmer afores
"it wed better set you to be nursing the guden
bairns than to be deaving us here."

"*His* bairns!" retorted the Amazon, regarding
husband with a grin of ineffable contempt—"
bairns!—

"O gin ye were dead, gudeman,
And a green turf on your head, gudeman,
Then I wad ware my widowhood
Upon a ranting Highlandman."

This canticle, which excited a suppressed
among the younger part of the audience, totally
came the patience of the taunted man of the a
"Deil be in me but I put this het gad down her thr
cried he in a rhapsody of wrath, snatching a bar
the forge; and he might have executed his threat,
he not been withheld by a part of the mob, whil
rest endeavoured to force the termagant out of his
sence.

Waverley meditated a retreat in the confusion, bu

horse was nowhere to be seen. At length he observed, at some distance, his faithful attendant, Ebenezer, who, as soon as he had perceived the turn matters were likely to take, had withdrawn both horses from the press, and, mounted on the one, and holding the other, answered the loud and repeated cries of Waverley for his horse, "Na, na! if ye are no freend to kirk and the king, and are detained as siccan a person, ye maun answer to honest men of the country for breach o' contract; and I maun keep the naig and the walise for damage and expense in respect my horse and mysell will lose to-morrow's day's wark, besides the afternoon preaching." Edward, out of patience, hemmed in and hustled by the rabble on every side and every moment expecting personal violence, resolved to try measures of intimidation, and at length drew a pocket-pistol, threatening on the one hand, to shoot whomsoever dared to stop him, and on the other menacing Ebenezer with a similar doom if he stirred a foot with the horses. The sapient Partridge says, that one man with a pistol is equal to a hundred unarmed, because, though he can shoot but one of the multitude, yet no one knows but that he himself may be that luckless individual. The *levy en masse* of Cairnvreckan would therefore probably have given way, nor would Ebenezer, whose natural paleness had waxed three shades more cadaverous, have ventured to dispute a mandate so enforced, had not the Vulcan of the village, eager to discharge upon some more worthy object the fury which his helpmate had provoked, and not ill satisfied to find such an object in Waverley, rushed at him with the red hot bar of iron, with such determination, as made the discharge of his pistol act of self-defence. The unfortunate man fell; and while Edward, thrilled with a natural horror at the incident, neither had the presence of mind to unsheath his sword nor to draw his remaining pistol, the populace threw themselves upon him, disarmed him, and were about to use him with great

violence, when the appearance of a venerable clergyman, the pastor of the parish, put a curb upon their fury.

This worthy man (none of the Goukthrapples or Rentowels) maintained his character with the common people, although he preached the practical fruits of Christian faith, as well as its abstract tenets, and was respected by the higher orders, notwithstanding he declined soothing their speculative errors by converting the pulpit of the gospel into a school of heathen morality. Perhaps it is owing to this mixture of faith and practice in his doctrine, that, although his memory has formed a sort of era in the annals of Cairnvreckan, so that the parishioners, to denote what befel sixty years since, still say it happened "in good Mr. Morton's time," I have never been able to discover which he belonged to, the evangelic or the moderate party in the kirk. Nor do I hold the circumstance of much moment, since, in my own remembrance, the one was headed by an Erskine, the other by a Robertson.

Mr. Morton had been alarmed by the discharge of the pistol, and the increasing hubbub around the smithy. His first attention, after he had directed the bystanders to detain Waverley, but to abstain from injuring him, was turned to the body of Mucklewrath, over which his wife in a revulsion of feeling, was weeping, howling, and tearing her elf locks, in a state little short of distraction. Upon raising up the smith, the first discovery was, that he was alive; and the next, that he was likely to live as long as if he had never heard the report of a pistol in his life. He had made a narrow escape, however, the bullet had grazed his head, and stunned him for a moment or two, which trace terror and confusion of spirit had prolonged somewhat longer. He now arose to demand vengeance on the person of Waverley, and with difficulty acquiesced in the proposal of Mr. Morton, that he should be carried before the laird, as a justice of peace, and placed at his disposal. The rest of the assistants unanimously agreed to the measure recommended; even

Mrs. Mucklewrath, who had begun to recover from her hysterics, whimpered forth—"She wadna say nothing against what the minister proposed; he was e'en ower gude for his trade, and she hoped to see him wi' a dainty decent bishop's gown on his back; a comelier sight than your Geneva cloaks and bands, I wiss."

All controversy being thus laid aside, Waverley, escorted by the whole inhabitants of the village, who were not bedridden, was conducted to the house of Cairnvreckan, which was about half a mile distant.

CHAPTER XXXI.

An Examination.

Major Melville of Cairnvreckan, an elderly gentleman, who had spent his youth in the military service, received Mr. Morton with great kindness, and our hero with civility, which the equivocal circumstances in which Edward was placed rendered constrained and distant.

The nature of the smith's hurt was inquired into, and as the actual injury was likely to prove trifling, and the circumstances in which it was received rendered the infliction, on Edward's part, a natural act of self-defence, the major conceived he might dismiss that matter, on Waverley's depositing in his hands a small sum for the benefit of the wounded person.

"I could wish, sir," continued the major, "that my duty terminated here; but it is necessary that we should have some further inquiry into the cause of your journey through the country at this unfortunate and distracted time."

Mr. Ebenezer Cruickshanks now stood forth, and communicated to the magistrate all he knew or suspected from the reserve of Waverley, and the evasions of Callum Beg. The horse upon which Edward rode,

he said, he knew to belong to Vich Ian Vohr, though he dared not tax Edward's former attendant with the fact, lest he should have his house and stables burnt over his head some night by that godless gang, the Mac-Ivors. He concluded by exaggerating his own services to kirk and state, as having been the means, under God, (as he modestly qualified the phrase,) of attaching this suspicious and formidable delinquent. He intimated hopes of future reward, and of instant reimbursement for loss of time, and even of character, by travelling in the state business upon the fast-day.

To this Major Melville answered, with great composure, that so far from claiming any merit in this affair, Mr. Cruickshanks ought to deprecate the imposition of a very heavy fine for neglecting to lodge, in terms of the recent proclamation, an account with the nearest magistrate of any stranger who came to his inn; that as Mr. Cruickshanks boasted so much of religion and loyalty, he should not impute this conduct to disaffection, but only suppose that his zeal for kirk and state had been lulled asleep by the opportunity of charging a stranger with double horse-hire; that, however, feeling himself incompetent to decide singly upon the conduct of a person of such importance, he should reserve it for consideration of the next quarter sessions. Now our history for the present saith no more of him of the Candlestick, who wended dolorous and malcontent back to his own dwelling.

Major Melville then commanded the villagers to return to their homes, excepting two, who officiated as constables, and whom he directed to wait below. The apartment was thus cleared of every person but Mr. Morton, whom the major invited to remain; a sort of factor, who acted as clerk; and Waverley himself. There ensued a painful and embarrassed pause, till Major Melville, looking upon Waverley with much compassion, and often consulting a paper or memorandum which he held in his hand, requested to know his name.—"Edward Waverley."

"I thought so; late of the —— dragoons, and nephew of Sir Everard Waverley of Waverley-Honour?"

"The same."

"Young gentleman, I am extremely sorry that this painful duty has fallen to my lot."

"Duty, Major Melville, renders apologies superfluous."

"True, sir; permit me, therefore, to ask you how your time had been disposed of since you obtained leave of absence from our regiment, several weeks ago, until the present moment."

"My reply to so general a question must be guided by the nature of the charge which renders it necessary. I request to know what the charge is, and upon what authority I am forcibly detained to reply to it?"

"The charge, Mr. Waverley, I grieve to say, is of a very high nature, and affects your character both as a soldier and a subject. In the former capacity, you are charged with spreading mutiny and rebellion among the men you commanded, and setting them the example of desertion, by prolonging your own absence from the regiment, contrary to the express orders of your commanding officer. The civil crime of which you stand accused is that of high treason, and levying war against the king, the highest delinquency of which a subject can be guilty."

"And by what authority am I detained to reply to such heinous calumnies?"

"By one which you must not dispute, nor I disobey."

He handed to Waverley a warrant from the supreme criminal court of Scotland, in full form, for apprehending and securing the person of Edward Waverley, Esq. suspected of treasonable practices and other crimes and misdemeanours.

The astonishment which Waverley expressed at this communication was imputed by Major Melville to conscious guilt, while Mr. Morton was rather dis-

posed to construe it into the surprise of innocence unjustly suspected. There was something true in both conjectures; for although Edward's mind acquitted him of the crimes with which he was charged, yet a hasty review of his own conduct convinced him he might have great difficulty in establishing his innocence to the satisfaction of others.

"It is a very painful part of this painful business," said Major Melville, after a pause, "that, under so grave a charge, I must necessarily request to see such papers as you have on your person."

"You shall, sir, without reserve," said Edward, throwing his pocket-book and memorandums upon the table; "there is but one with which I could wish you would dispense."

"I am afraid I can indulge you with no reservation."

"You shall see it, then, sir; and as it can be of no service, I beg it may be returned."

He took from his bosom the lines he had that morning received, and presented them with the envelope. The major perused them in silence, and directed his clerk to make a copy of them. He then wrapped the copy in the envelope, and placing it on the table before him, returned the original to Waverley, with an air of melancholy gravity.

After indulging the prisoner, for such our hero must now be considered, with what he thought a reasonable time for reflection, Major Melville resumed his examination, promising, that, as Mr. Waverley seemed to object to general questions, his interrogatories should be as specific as his information permitted. He then proceeded in his investigation, dictating, as he went on, the import of the questions and answers to the amanuensis, by whom it was written down.

"Did Mr. Waverley know one Humphry Houghton, a non-commissioned officer in G——'s dragoons?"

"Certainly; he was sergeant of my troop, and son of a tenant of my uncle."

"Exactly; and had a considerable share of your confidence, and an influence among his comrades?"

"I had never occasion to repose confidence in a person of his description. I favoured Sergeant Houghton as a clever, active young fellow, and I believe his fellow-soldiers respected him accordingly."

"But you used through this man to communicate with such of your troops as were recruited upon Waverley-Honour?"

"Certainly; the poor fellows, finding themselves in a regiment chiefly composed of Scotch or Irish, looked up to me in any of their little distresses, and naturally made their countryman, and sergeant, their spokesman on such occasions."

"His influence, then, extended particularly over those soldiers who followed you to the regiment from your uncle's estate?"

"Surely;—but what is that to the present purpose?"

"To that I am just coming, and I beseech your candid reply. Have you, since leaving the regiment, held any correspondence, direct, or indirect, with this Sergeant Houghton?"

"I!—I hold correspondence with a man of his rank and situation!—How, or for what purpose?"

"That you are to explain;—but did you not, for example, send him for some books?"

"You remind me of a trifling commission which I gave him, because my servant could not read. I do recollect I bade him, by letter, select some books, of which I sent him a list, and send them to me at Tully-Veolan."

"And of what description were those books?"

"They related almost entirely to elegant literature: they were designed for a lady's perusal."

"Were there not, Mr. Waverley, treasonable tracts and pamphlets among them?"

"There were some political treatises, into which I hardly looked. They had been sent to me by the of-

ficiousness of a kind friend, whose heart is more to be esteemed than his prudence or political sagacity: they seemed to be dull compositions."

"That friend was a Mr. Pembroke, a non-juring clergyman, the author of two treasonable works, of which the manuscripts were found among your baggage?"

"But of which, I give you my honour as a gentleman, I never read six pages."

"I am not your judge, Mr. Waverley; your examination will be transmitted elsewhere. And now to proceed—Do you know a person that passes by the name of Wily Will, or Will Ruthven?"

"I never heard of such a name till this moment."

"Did you never through such a person, or any other person, communicate with Sergeant Humphry Houghton, instigating him to desert, with as many of his comrades as he could seduce to join him, and unite with the Highlanders, and other rebels now in arms, under the command of the young pretender?"

"I assure you I am not only entirely guiltless of the plot you have laid to my charge, but I detest it from the very bottom of my soul; nor would I be guilty of such a treachery to gain a throne, either for myself or any other man alive."

"Yet when I consider this envelope, in the hand of one of those misguided gentlemen who are now in arms against their country, and the verses which it enclosed, I cannot but find some analogy between the enterprise I have mentioned and the exploit of Wogan, which the writer seems to expect you should imitate."

Waverley was struck with the coincidence, but denied that the wishes or expectations of the letter writer were to be regarded as proofs of a charge otherwise chimerical.

"But, if I am rightly informed, your time was spent during your absence from the regiment, between the house of this Highland chieftain and that of Mr.

Bradwardine of Bradwardine, also in arms for this unfortunate cause?"

"I do not mean to disguise it; but I do deny, most resolutely, being privy to any of their designs against the government."

"You do not, however, I presume, intend to deny, that you attended your host Glennaquoich to a rendezvous, where, under pretence of a general hunting-match, most of the accomplices of his treason were assembled to concert measures for taking arms?"

"I acknowledge having been at such a meeting; but I neither heard nor saw any thing which could give it the character you affix to it."

"From thence you proceeded, with Glennaquoich and a part of his clan, to join the army of the young pretender, and returned, after having paid your homage to him, to discipline and arm the remainder, and unite them to his bands on their way southward?"

"I never went with Glennaquoich on such an errand. I never so much as heard that the person whom you mention was in the country."

He then detailed the history of his misfortune at the hunting-match, and added, that on his return he found himself suddenly deprived of his commission, and did not deny that he then, for the first time, observed symptoms which indicated a disposition in the Highlanders to take arms; but added, that having no inclination to join their cause, and no longer any reason for remaining in Scotland, he was now on his return to his native country, to which he had been summoned by those who had a right to direct his motions, as Major Melville would perceive from the letters on the table.

Major Melville accordingly perused the letters of Richard Waverley, of Sir Everard, and of Aunt Rachael, but the inferences he drew from them were different from what Waverley expected. They held the language of discontent with government, threw out no obscure hints of revenge, and that of poor Aunt Rachael, which plainly asserted the justice of the Stuart cause,

was held to contain the open avowal of what the others only ventured to intimate.

"Permit me another question, Mr. Waverley. Did you not receive repeated letters from your commanding officer, warning you, and commanding you to return to your post, and acquainting you with the use made of your name to spread discontent through your soldiers?"

"I never did, Major Melville. One letter, indeed, I received from him, containing a civil intimation of his wish that I would employ my leave of absence otherwise than in constant residence at Bradwardine; as to which, I own, I thought he was not called upon to interfere; and, finally, I had, on the same day in which I observed myself superseded in the Gazette, a second letter from Colonel G——, commanding me to join the regiment, an order which, owing to my absence, already mentioned and accounted for, I received too late to be obeyed. If there were any intermediate letters, and certainly from Colonel G——'s high character I think it probable that there were, they have never reached me."

"I have omitted, Mr. Waverley, to inquire after a matter of less consequence, but which has nevertheless been publicly talked of to your disadvantage. It is said, that a treasonable toast having been proposed in your hearing and presence, you, holding his majesty's commission, suffered the task of resenting it to devolve upon another gentleman of the company. This, sir, cannot be charged against you in a court of justice; but if, as I am informed, the officers of your regiment requested an explanation of such a rumour, as a gentleman and soldier, I cannot but be surprised that you did not afford it them."

This was too much. Beset and pressed on every hand by accusations, in which gross falsehoods were blended with such circumstances of truth as could not fail to procure them credit—alone, unfriended, and in a strange land, Waverley almost gave up his life and honour for lost; and, leaning his head upon

his hand, resolutely refused to answer any further questions, since the fair and candid statement he had already made had only served to furnish arms against him.

Without expressing either surprise or displeasure at the change in Waverley's manner, Major Melville proceeded composedly to put several other queries to him. "What does it avail me to answer you?" said Edward, sullenly. "You appear convinced of my guilt, and wrest every reply I have made to support your own preconceived opinion. Enjoy it, then, and torment me no further. If I am capable of the cowardice and treachery your charge burdens me with, I am not worthy to be believed in any reply I can make you. If I am not deserving of your suspicion —and God and my own conscience bear evidence with me that it is so—then I do not see why I should, by my candour, lend my accusers arms against my innocence. There is no reason I should answer a word more." And again he resumed his posture of sullen and determined silence.

"Allow me," said the magistrate, "to remind you of one reason that may suggest the propriety of a candid and open confession. The inexperience of youth, Mr. Waverley, lays it open to the plans of the more designing and artful; and one of your friends, at least— I mean Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich—ranks high in the latter class; as, from your apparent ingenuousness, youth, and unacquaintance with the manners of the Highlands, I should be disposed to place you among the former. In such a case, a false step, or error, like yours, which I shall be happy to consider as involuntary, may be atoned for, and I would willingly act as intercessor. But as you must necessarily be acquainted with the strength of the individuals in this country who have assumed arms, with their means and with their plans, I must expect you will merit this mediation on my part by a frank and candid avowal of all that has come to your knowledge upon these heads. In which case, I think I can promise that a very short

personal restraint will be the only ill consequence that can arise from your accession to these unhappy intrigues."

Waverley listened with great composure until the end of this exhortation, when, springing from his seat, with an energy he had not yet displayed, he replied, Major Melville, since that is your name, I have hitherto answered your questions with candour, or declined them with temper, because their import concerned myself alone. But as you presume to esteem me mean enough to commence informer against others, who received me—whatever may be their public misconduct—as a guest and friend, I declare to you that I consider your questions as an insult infinitely more offensive than your calumnious suspicions; and that, since my hard fortune permits me no other mode of resenting them than by defiance, you should sooner have my heart out of my bosom, than a single syllable of information upon subjects which I could only become acquainted with in the full confidence of unsuspecting hospitality."

Mr. Morton and the major looked at each other, and the former, who, in the course of the examination, had been repeatedly troubled with a sorry rheum, had recourse to his snuff-box and his handkerchief.

"Mr. Waverley," said the major, "my present situation prohibits me alike from giving or receiving offence, and I will not protract a discussion which approaches to either. I am afraid I must sign a warrant for detaining you in custody; but this house shall for the present be your prison. I fear I cannot persuade you to accept a share of our supper?—(Edward shook his head)—but I will order refreshments in your apartment."

Our hero bowed and withdrew, under guard of the officers of justice, to a handsome but small room, where, declining all offers of food or wine, he flung himself on the bed, and, stupified by the harassing events and mental fatigue of this miserable day, he

sunk into a deep and heavy slumber. This was more than he himself could have expected; but it is mentioned of the North American Indians, when at the stake of torture, that on the least intermission of agony, they will sleep until the fire is applied to awaken them.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A Conference, and the Consequences.

Major Melville had detained Mr. Morton during his examination of Waverley, both because he thought he might derive assistance from his practical good sense and approved loyalty, and also because it was agreeable to have a witness of unimpeached candour and veracity to proceedings which touched the honour and safety of a young Englishman of high rank and family, and the expectant heir of a large fortune. Every step he knew would be rigorously canvassed, and it was his business to place the justice and integrity of his own conduct beyond the limits of question.

When Waverley retired, the laird and clergyman of Cairnvreckan sat down in silence to their evening meal. While the servants were in attendance, neither chose to say any thing on the circumstances which occupied their minds, and neither felt it very easy to speak upon any other. The youth and apparent frankness of Waverley stood in strong contrast to the shades of suspicion which darkened around him, and he had a sort of *naiveté* and openness of demeanour, that seemed to belong to one unhackneyed in the ways of intrigue, and which pleaded highly in his favour.

Each mused over the particulars of the examination, and each viewed it through the medium of his own

feelings. Both were men of ready and acute talent, and both were equally competent to combine various points of evidence, and to deduce from them the necessary conclusions. But the wide difference of their habits and education often occasioned a great discrepancy in their respective deductions from admitted premises.

Major Melville had been versed in camps and cities; he was vigilant by profession, and cautious from experience, had met with much evil in the world, and, therefore, though himself an upright magistrate and an honourable man, his opinions of others were always strict, and sometimes unjustly severe. Mr. Morton, on the contrary, had passed from the literary pursuits of a college, where he was beloved by his companions, and respected by his teachers, to the ease and simplicity of his present charge, where his opportunities of witnessing evil were few, and never dwelt upon, but in order to encourage repentance and amendment; and where the love and respect of his parishioners repaid his affectionate zeal in their behalf, by endeavouring to disguise from him what they knew would give him the most acute pain—their own occasional transgressions, namely, of the duties which it was the business of his life to recommend. Thus it was a common saying in the neighbourhood, (though both were popular characters,) that the laird knew only the ill in the parish, and the minister only the good.

A love of letters, though kept in subordination to his clerical studies and duties, also distinguished the pastor of Cairnvreckan, and had tinged his mind in earlier days with a slight feeling of romance, which no after incidents of real life had entirely dissipated. The early loss of an amiable young woman, whom he had married for love, and who was quickly followed to the grave by an only child, had also served, even after the lapse of many years, to soften and enhance a disposition naturally mild and contemplative. His feelings on the present occasion were, therefore, likely to differ

from those of the severe disciplinarian, strict magistrate, and distrustful man of the world.

When the servants had withdrawn, the silence of both parties continued, until Major Melville, filling his glass, and pushing the bottle to Mr. Morton, commenced:

"A distressing affair this, Mr. Morton; I fear this youngster has brought himself within the compass of a halter."

"God forbid," answered the clergyman.

"Marry and amen," said the temporal magistrate; "but I fear your merciful logic will hardly deny the conclusion."

"Surely, major, I should hope it might be averted, for aught we have heard to-night."

"Indeed!—But, my good parson, you are one of those who would communicate to every criminal the benefit of clergy."

"Unquestionably I would: mercy and long-suffering are the grounds of the doctrines I am called to teach."

"True; but mercy to a criminal may be gross injustice to the community. I don't speak of this young fellow in particular, who I heartily wish may be able to clear himself, for I like both his modesty and his spirit. But I fear he has rushed upon his fate."

"And why? Hundreds of misguided gentlemen are now in arms against the government, many, doubtless, upon principles which education and early prejudice have gilded with the names of patriotism and heroism. Justice, when she selects her victims from such a multitude, (for surely all will not be destroyed,) must regard the moral motive. He whom ambition, or hope of personal advantage, has led to disturb the peace of a well-ordered government, let him fall a victim to the laws; but surely youth, misled by the wild visions of chivalry and imaginary loyalty, may plead for pardon."

"If visionary chivalry and imaginary loyalty come

within the predicament of high treason, I know no court in Christendom, my good Mr. Morton, where they can sue out their habeas corpus."

"But I cannot see that this youth's guilt is at all established to my satisfaction."

"Because your good nature blinds your good sense. Observe now: This young man descended of a family of hereditary Jacobites, his uncle the leader of the tory interest in the town of ——, his father a disobliged and discontented courtier, his tutor a nonjuror, and the author of two treasonable volumes—this youth, I say, enters into G——'s dragoons, bringing with him a body of young fellows from his uncle's estate, and who have not sticked at avowing, in their way, the high-church principles they learned at Waverley-Honour, in their disputes with their comrades. To these men, young Waverley is unusually attentive; they are supplied with money beyond a soldier's wants, and inconsistent with his discipline; and are under the management of a favourite sergeant, through whom they hold an unusually close communication with their captain, and affect to consider themselves as independent of the other officers, and superior to their comrades."

"All this, my dear major, is the natural consequence of their attachment to their young landlord, and their finding themselves among a regiment levied chiefly in the north of Ireland and west of Scotland, and disposed to quarrel with them, both as Englishmen, and as of the church of England."

"Well said, parson!—I would some of your synod heard you—But let me go on. This young man obtains leave of absence, goes to Tully-Veolan—the principles of the Baron of Bradwardine are pretty well known, not to mention that this lad's uncle brought him off in the year fifteen; he engages then in a brawl, in which he is said to have disgraced the commission he bore; Colonel G—— writes to him, first mildly, then more sharply—*I think* you will not doubt his having done so, since he

says so—the mess invite him to explain the quarrel in which he is said to have been engaged; he neither replies to his commander nor his comrades. In the meanwhile his soldiers become mutinous and disorderly, and at length, while the rumour of this unhappy rebellion becomes general, his favourite Sergeant Houghton, and another fellow, are detected in correspondence with a French emissary, accredited, as he says, by Captain Waverley, who urges him, according to the men's confession, to desert with the troop and join their captain, who was with Prince Charles. In the meanwhile, this trusty captain is, by his own admission, residing at Glennaquoich with the most active, subtle, and desperate Jacobite in Scotland; he goes with him at least as far as their famous hunting rendezvous, and I fear a little farther. Meanwhile, two other summonses are sent him; one warning him of the disturbances in his troop, another peremptorily ordering him to repair to the regiment, which indeed common sense might have dictated, when he observed rebellion thickening all around him. He returns an absolute refusal, and throws up his commission."

"He had been already deprived of it."

"But he regrets that the measure had anticipated his resignation. His baggage is seized at his quarters, and at Tully-Veolan, and is found to contain a stock of pestilent Jacobitical pamphlets, enough to poison a whole country, beside the unprinted lucubrations of his worthy friend and tutor, Mr. Pembroke."

"He says he never read them."

"In an ordinary case I should believe him, for they are as stupid and pedantic in composition, as mischievous in their tenets. But can you suppose any thing but value for the principles they maintain, would induce a young man of his age to lug such trash about with him? Then, when news arrive of the approach of the rebels, he sets out in a sort of disguise, refusing to tell his name; and, if that old fanatic tell truth, attended by a very suspicious character, and mounted

on a horse known to have belonged to Glennaquoich, and bearing on his person letters from his family expressing high rancour against the house of Brunswick, and a copy of verses in praise of one Wogan, who abjured the service of the parliament to join the Highland insurgents, when in arms to restore the house of Stuart, with a body of English cavalry—the very counterpart of his own plot—and summed up with a Go thou and do likewise, from that loyal subject, and most safe and peaceable character, Fergus Mac-Ivor, Glennaquoich, Vich Ian Vohr, and so forth. And, lastly," continued Major Melville, warming in the detail of his arguments, "where do we find this second edition of Cavalier Wogan? Why, truly, in the very track most proper for the execution of his design, and pistoling the first of the king's subjects who ventures to question his intentions."

Mr. Morton prudently abstained from argument, which he perceived would only harden the magistrate in his opinion, and barely asked how he intended to dispose of the prisoner?

"It is a question of some difficulty, considering the state of the country."

"Could you not detain him (being such a gentleman-like young man) here in your own house, out of harm's way, till this storm blow over?"

"My good friend, neither your house nor mine will be long out of harm's way, even were it legal to confine him here. I have just learned that the commander-in-chief, who marched into the Highlands to seek out and disperse the insurgents, has declined giving them battle at Corryerick, and marched on northwards with all the disposable force of government to Inverness, John-o'-Groat's House, or the devil, for what I know, leaving the road to the low country open and undefended, to the Highland army."

"Good God! Is the man a coward, a traitor, or an idiot?"

"None of the three, I believe. He has the common-

place courage of a common soldier, is honest enough, does what he is commanded, and understands what is told him, but is as fit to act for himself, in circumstances of importance, as I, my dear parson, to occupy your pulpit."

This important public intelligence naturally diverted the discourse from Waverley for some time; at length, however, the subject was resumed.

"I believe," said Major Melville, "that I must give this young man in charge to some of the detached parties of armed volunteers, who were lately sent out to overawe the disaffected districts. They are now recalled towards Stirling, and a small body comes this way to-morrow or next day, commanded by the westlandman—what's his name?—You saw him, and said he was the very model of one of Cromwell's military saints."

"Gilfillan, the Cameronian. I wish the young gentleman may be safe with him. Strange things are done in the heat and hurry of minds in so agitating a crisis, and I fear Gilfillan is of a sect which has suffered persecution without learning mercy."

"He has only to lodge Mr. Waverley in Stirling Castle: I will give strict injunctions to treat him well: I really cannot devise any better mode for securing him, and I fancy you would hardly advise me to encounter the responsibility of setting him at liberty."

"But you will have no objection to my seeing him to-morrow in private?"

"None, certainly; your loyalty and character is my warrant. But with what view do you make the request?"

"Simply to make the experiment, whether he may not be brought to communicate to me some circumstances which may hereafter be useful to alleviate, if not to exculpate, his conduct."

The friends now parted and retired to rest, each filled with the most anxious reflections on the state of the country.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A confidant.

WAVERLEY awoke in the morning from troubled dreams and unrefreshing slumbers, to a full consciousness of the horrors of his situation. How it might terminate he knew not. He might be delivered up to military law, which in the midst of civil war, was not likely to be scrupulous in the choice of its victims, or the quality of the evidence. Nor did he feel much more comfortable at the thoughts of a trial before a Scottish court of justice, where he knew the laws and forms differed in many respects from those of England, and had been taught to believe however erroneously, that the liberty and rights of the subject were less carefully protected. A sentiment of bitterness rose in his mind against the government, which he considered as the cause of his embarrassment and peril, and he cursed internally his scrupulous rejection of Mac-Ivor's invitation to accompany him to the field. "Why did not I," he said to himself, "like other men of honour, take the earliest opportunity to welcome to Britain the descendant of her ancient kings, and lineal heir of her throne? Why did not I

> Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
> And welcome home again discarded faith,
> Seek out Prince Charles, and fall before his feet?

"All that has been recorded of excellence and worth in the house of Waverley has been founded upon their loyal faith to the house of Stuart. From the interpretation which the Scotch magistrate has put upon the letters of my uncle and father, it is plain that I ought to have understood them as marshalling me to the course of my ancestors; and it has been my gross dulness,

joined to the obscurity of expression which they adopted for the sake of security, which has confounded my judgment. Had I yielded to the first generous impulse of indignation, when I learned that my honour was practised upon, how different had been my present situation! I had then been free in arms, fighting, like my forefathers, for love, for loyalty, and for fame. And now I am here, netted and in the toils, at the disposal of a suspicious, stern, and cold-hearted man, perhaps to be turned over to the solitude of a dungeon, or the infamy of a public execution. O Fergus! how true has your prophecy proved! and how speedy, how very speedy, has been its accomplishment!"

While Edward was ruminating on these painful subjects of contemplation, and very naturally, though not quite so justly, bestowing upon the reigning dynasty that blame which was due to chance, or, in part at least, to his own unreflecting conduct, Mr. Morton availed himself of Major Melville's permission to pay him an early visit.

Waverley's first impulse was to intimate a desire that he might not be disturbed with questions or conversation, but he suppressed it upon observing the benevolent and reverend appearance of the clergyman who had rescued him from the immediate violence of the villagers.

"I believe, sir," said the unfortunate young man, "that in any other circumstances I should have had as much gratitude to express to you as the safety of my life may be worth; but such is the present tumult of my mind, and such my anticipation of what I am yet likely to endure, that I can hardly offer you thanks for your interposition."

Mr. Morton replied, "that, far from making any claim upon his good opinion, his only wish, and the sole purpose of his visit, was to find out the means of deserving it. My excellent friend, Major Melville," he continued, "has feelings and duties as a soldier and public functionary, by which I am not fettered;

nor can I always coincide in opinions which he forms, perhaps, with too little allowance for the imperfections of human nature." He paused, and then proceeded; "I do not intrude myself on your confidence, Mr. Waverley, for the purpose of learning any circumstances, the knowledge of which can be prejudicial either to yourself or to others; but I own my earnest wish is, that you would entrust me with any particulars which could lead to your exculpation. I can solemnly assure you they will be deposited with a faithful, and, to the extent of his limited powers, a zealous agent."

"You are, I presume, a presbyterian clergyman?"—Mr. Morton bowed.—"Were I to be guided by the prepossessions of education, I might distrust your friendly professions in my case; but I have observed that similar prejudices are nourished in this country against your professional brethren of the episcopal persuasion, and I am willing to believe them equally unfounded in both cases."

"Evil to him that thinks otherwise," said Mr. Morton; "or who holds church government or ceremonies as the gage of Christian faith or moral virtue."

"But," continued Waverley, "I cannot perceive why I should trouble you with a detail of particulars, out of which, after revolving them as carefully as possible in my recollection, I find myself unable to explain much of what is charged against me. I know, indeed, that I am innocent, but I hardly see how I can hope to prove myself so."

"It is for that very reason, Mr. Waverley, that I venture to solicit your confidence. My knowledge of individuals in this country is pretty general, and can, upon occasion, be extended. Your situation will, I fear, preclude your taking those active steps for receiving intelligence, or tracing imposture, which I would willingly undertake in your behalf; and if you are not benefited by my exertions, at least they cannot be prejudicial to you."

Waverley, after a few minutes' reflection, was convinced that his reposing confidence in Mr. Morton, so far as he himself was concerned, could hurt neither Mr. Bradwardine nor Fergus Mac-Ivor, both of whom had openly assumed arms against the government, and that it might possibly, if the professions of his new friend corresponded in sincerity with the earnestness of his expression, be of some service to himself. He therefore ran briefly over most of the events with which the reader is already acquainted, suppressing his attachment to Flora, and indeed neither mentioning her nor Rose Bradwardine in the course of his narrative.

Mr. Morton seemed particularly struck with the account of Waverley's visit to Donald Bean Lean. "I am glad," he said "you did not mention this circumstance to the major. It is capable of great misconstruction the part of those who do not consider the power of curiosity and the influence of romance as motives of youthful conduct. When I was a young man like you, Mr. Waverley, any such harebrained expedition (I beg your pardon for the expression) would have had inexpressible charms for me. But there are men in the world who will not believe that danger and fatigue are often incurred without any very adequate cause, and therefore, who are sometimes led to assign motives of action entirely foreign to the truth. This man, Bean Lean, is renowned through the country as a sort of Robin Hood, and the stories which are told of his address and enterprise are the common tales of the winter fire-side. He certainly possesses talents beyond the rude sphere in which he moves; and, being neither destitute of ambition nor encumbered with scruples, he will probably attempt, by every means, to distinguish himself during the period of these unhappy commotions."—Mr. Morton then made a careful memorandum of the various particulars of Waverley's interview with Donald Bean, and the other circumstances which Waverley communicated.

The interest which this good man seemed to take in his misfortunes, above all, the full confidence he appeared to repose in his innocence, had the natural effect of softening Edward's heart, whom the coldness of Major Melville had taught to believe that the world was leagued to oppress him. He shook Mr. Morton warmly by the hand, and, assuring him that his kindness and sympathy had relieved his mind of a heavy load, told him, that whatever might be his own fate, he belonged to a family who had both gratitude and the power of displaying it. The earnestness of his thanks called drops to the eyes of the worthy clergyman, who was doubly interested in the cause for which he had volunteered his services, by observing the genuine and undissembled feelings of his young friend.

Edward now inquired if Mr. Morton knew what was likely to be his destination.

"Stirling Castle," replied his friend; "and so far I am well pleased for your sake, for the governor is a man of honour and humanity. But I am more doubtful of your treatment upon the road; Major Melville is involuntarily obliged to intrust the custody of your person to another.

"I am glad of it. I detest that cold-blooded, calculating Scotch magistrate. I hope he and I shall never meet more: he had neither sympathy with my innocence, nor with my wretchedness; and the petrifying accuracy with which he attended to every form of civility, while he tortured me by his questions, his suspicions, and his inferences, was as tormenting as the racks of the inquisition. Do not vindicate him, my dear sir, for that I cannot bear with patience; tell me rather who is to have the charge of so important a state prisoner as I am?"

"I believe a person called Gilfillan, one of the sect who are termed Cameronians."

"I never heard of them before."

"They claim to represent the more strict and severe presbyterians, who, in Charles Second's and James

Second's days, refused to profit by the toleration, or indulgence, as it was called, which was extended to others of that religion. They held conventicles in the open fields, and, being treated with great violence and cruelty by the Scottish government, more than once took arms during these reigns. They take their name from their leader, Richard Cameron."

"I recollect;—but did not the triumph of presbytery at the revolution extinguish that sect?"

"By no means; that great event fell yet far short of what they proposed, which was nothing less than the complete establishment of the church upon the grounds of the old solemn league and covenant. Indeed, I believe they scarce knew what they wanted; but being then a numerous body of men, and not unacquainted with the use of arms, they kept themselves together as a separate party in the state, and at the time of the union had nearly formed a most unnatural league with their old enemies, the jacobites, to oppose that important national measure. Since that time their numbers have gradually diminished; but a good many are still to be found in the western counties, and several, with a better temper than in 1707, have now taken arms for government. This person, whom they call Gifted Gilfillan, has been long a leader among them, and now heads a small party, which will pass here to-day or to-morrow on their march towards Stirling, under whose escort Major Melville proposes you shall travel. I would willingly speak to Gilfillan in your behalf; but, having deeply imbibed all the prejudices of his sect, and being of the same fierce disposition, he would pay little regard to the remonstrances of an Erastian divine, as he would politely term me.—And now, farewell, my young friend; for the present I must not weary out the major's indulgence, that I may obtain his permission to visit you again in the course of the day."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Things mend a little.

About noon Mr. Morton returned, and brought an invitation from Major Melville, that Mr. Waverley would honour him with his company to dinner, notwithstanding the unpleasant affair which detained him at Cairnvreckan, from which he should heartily rejoice to see Mr. Waverley completely extricated. The truth was, that Mr. Morton's favourable report and opinion had somewhat staggered the preconceptions of the old soldier concerning Edward's supposed accession to the mutiny in the regiment; and in the unfortunate state of the country, the mere suspicion of disaffection, or an inclination to join the insurgent jacobites, might infer criminality indeed, but certainly not dishonour. Besides, a person whom the major trusted, had reported to him a contradiction of the agitating news of the preceding evening. According to this second edition of the intelligence, the Highlanders had withdrawn from the Lowland frontier with the purpose of following the army in their march to Inverness. The major was at a loss, indeed, to reconcile this information with the well-known abilities of some of the gentlemen in the Highland army, yet it was the course which was likely to be most agreeable to others. He remembered the same policy had detained him in the north in the year 1715, and he anticipated a similar termination to the insurrection, as upon that occasion. This news put him in such good humour, that he readily acquiesced in Mr. Mortons's proposal to pay some hospitable attention to his guest, and voluntarily added, he hoped the whole affair would prove a youthful *escapade*, which might be easily atoned by a short confinement.

This kind mediator had some trouble to prevail on

his young friend to accept the invitation. He dared not urge to him the real motive, which was a good-natured wish to secure a favourable report of Waverley's case from Major Melville to Governor Blakeney. He remarked, from the flashes of our hero's spirit, that touching upon this topic would be sure to defeat his purpose. He therefore pleaded that the invitation argued the major's disbelief of any part of the accusation, which was inconsistent with Waverley's conduct as a soldier and a man of honour, and that to decline his courtesy might be interpreted into a consciousness that it was unmerited. In short, he so far satisfied Edward that the manly and proper course was to meet the major on easy terms, that, suppressing his strong dislike again to encounter his cold and punctilious civility, Waverley agreed to be guided by his new friend.

The meeting was stiff and formal enough. But Edward, having accepted the invitation, and his mind being really soothed and relieved by the kindness of Morton, held himself bound to behave with ease, though he could not affect cordiality. The major was somewhat of a *bon-vivant*, and his wine was excellent. He told his old campaign stories, and displayed much knowledge of men and manners. Mr. Morton had an internal fund of placid and quiet gayety, which seldom failed to enliven any small party in which he found himself pleasantry seated. Waverley, whose life was a dream, gave ready way to the predominating impulse, and became the most lively of the party. He had at all times remarkable natural powers of conversation, though easily silenced by discouragement. On the present occasion, he piqued himself upon leaving on the minds of his companions a favourable impression of one who, under such disastrous circumstances, could sustain his misfortunes with ease and gayety. His spirits, though not unyielding, were abundantly elastic, and

soon seconded his efforts. The trio were engaged in very lively discourse, apparently delighted with each other, and the kind host was pressing the third bottle of burgundy, when the sound of a drum was heard at some distance. The major, who, in the glee of an old soldier, had forgot the duties of a magistrate, cursed, with a muttering military oath, the circumstance which recalled him to his official functions. He rose and went toward the window, which commanded a very near view of the high-road, and he was followed by his guests.

The drum advanced, beating no measured martial tune, but a kind of rub-a-dub-dub, like that with which the fire-drum startles the slumbering artisans of a Scotch burgh. It is the object of this history to do justice to all men; I must, therefore, record, in justice to the drummer, that he protested he could beat any known march or point of war under the British army, and had, accordingly, commenced with "Dumbarton's Drums," when he was silenced by Gifted Gilfillan, the commander of the party, who refused to permit his followers to move to this profane, and even, as he said, persecutive tune, and commanded the drummer to beat the 119th Psalm. As this was beyond the capacity of the drubber of sheep-skin, he was fain to have recourse to the inoffensive row-dow-dow, as a harmless substitute for the sacred music which his instrument or skill were unable to perform. This may be held a trifling anecdote, but the drummer in question was no less than town-drummer of Anderton. I remember his successor in office a member of that enlightened body the British Convention. Be his memory, therefore, treated with due respect.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A Volunteer Sixty Years since.

Upon hearing the unwelcome sound of the drum, Major Melville hastily opened a sashed door, and stepped out upon a sort of terrace which divided his house from the high-road, from which the martial music proceeded. Waverley and his new friend followed him, though probably he would have dispensed with their attendance. They soon recognised, in solemn march, first the performer upon the drum; secondly, a large flag of four compartments, in which were inscribed the words, Covenant, Kirk, King, Kingdoms. The person who was honoured with this charge was followed by the commander of the party, a thin, dark, rigid-looking man, about sixty years old. The spiritual pride, which, in mine host of the Candlestick, mantled in a sort of supercilious hypocrisy, was, in this man's face, elevated and yet darkened, by genuine and undoubting fanaticism. It was impossible to behold him without the imagination placing him in some strange crisis, where religious zeal was the ruling principle. A martyr at the stake, a soldier in the field, a lonely and banished wanderer, consoled by the intensity and supposed purity of his faith, under every earthly privation; perhaps a persecuting inquisitor, as terrific in power as unyielding in adversity; any of these seemed congenial characters to this personage. With these high traits of energy, there was something in the affected precision, that bordered upon the ludicrous; so that, according to the mood of the spectator's mind, and the light under which Mr. Gilfillan presented himself, one might have feared, admired, or laughed at him. His dress was that of a west-country peasant, of better materials in-

deed than that of the lower rank, but in no respect affecting either the mode of that age, or of the Scottish gentry at any period. His arms were a broad-sword and pistols, which, from the antiquity of their appearance, might have seen the rout of Pentland, or Bothwell Brigg.

As he came a few steps to meet Major Melville, and touched solemnly, but slightly, his huge and overbrimmed blue bonnet, in answer to the major, who had courteously raised a small triangular gold-laced hat, Waverley was irresistibly impressed with the idea that he beheld a leader of the Roundheads of yore, in conference with one of Marlborough's captains. The group of about thirty armed men who followed this gifted commander, was of a motley description. They were in ordinary Lowland dresses, of different colours, which, contrasted with the arms they bore, gave them an irregular and mobbish appearance: so much is the eye accustomed to connect uniformity of dress with the military character. In front were a few who apparently partook of their leader's enthusiasm; men obviously to be feared in a combat where their natural courage was exalted by religious zeal. Others puffed and strutted, filled with the importance of carrying arms, and all the novelty of their situation; while the rest, apparently fatigued with the march, dragged their limbs listlessly along, or straggled from their companions to procure such refreshment as their neighbouring cottages and ale-houses afforded. "Six grenadiers of Ligonier's" thought the major to himself, as his mind reverted to his own military experience, "would have sent all these fellows to the right about."

Greeting, however, Mr. Gilfillan civilly, he requested to know if he had received the letter he sent to him upon his march, and could undertake the charge of the state-prisoner whom he there mentioned, as far as Stirling Castle. "Yea," was the concise reply of the Cameronian leader, in a voice which seemed to issue from the very *penetralia* of his person.

"But your escort, Mr. Gilfillan, is not so strong as I expected."

"Some of the people," replied Gilfillan, "hungered and were athirst by the way, and tarried until their poor souls were refreshed with the word."

"I am sorry, sir, you did not trust to your refreshing your men at Cairnvreckan; whatever my house contains is at the command of persons employed in the service."

"It was not of creature-comforts I spake," answered the Covenanter, regarding Major Melville with something like a smile of contempt; "howbeit, I thank you: but the people remained waiting upon the precious Mr. Jabesh Rentowel for the out-pouring of the afternoon exhortation.

"And have you, sir, when the rebels are about to spread themselves through the country, actually left a great part of your command at a field-preaching?"

Gilfillan again smiled scornfully as he made this indirect answer—"Even thus are the children of this world wiser in their generation than the children of light."

"However, sir," said the major, "as you are to take charge of this gentleman to Stirling, and deliver him, with these papers, into the hands of Governor Blakeney, I beseech you to observe some rules of military discipline upon your march. For example, I would advise you to keep your men more closely together, and that each in his march should cover his file-leader, instead of straggling like geese upon a common; and, for fear of surprise, I further recommend to you to form a small advance-party of your best men, with a single vidette in front of the whole march, so that when you approach a village or wood"—(Here the major interrupted himself)—

"But as I don't observe you listen to me, Mr. Gilfillan, I suppose I need not give myself the trouble to say more upon the subject. You are a better judge, unquestionably, than I am, of the measures to be pur-

sued; but one thing I would have you well aware of, that you are to treat this gentleman, your prisoner, with no rigour or incivility, and are to subject him to no other restraint than is necessary for his security."

"I have looked into my commission," said Mr. Gilfillan, "subscribed by a worthy and professing nobleman, William Earl of Glencairn, nor do I find it therein set down that I am to receive any charges or commands anent my doings from Major William Melville of Cairnvreckan."

Major Melville reddened even to the well-powdered ears, which appeared beneath his military side-curls; the more so, as he observed Mr. Morton smile at the same moment. "Mr. Gilfillan," he answered, with some asperity, "I beg ten thousand pardons for interfering with a person of your importance. I thought, however, that as you have been bread a grazier, if I mistake not, there might be occasion to remind you of the difference between Highlanders and Highland cattle; and if you should happen to meet with any gentleman who has seen service, and is disposed to speak upon the subject, I should still imagine that listening to him would do you no sort of harm. But I have done, and have only once more to recommend this gentleman to your civility, as well as to your custody. Mr. Waverley, I am truly sorry that we should part in this way; but I trust, when you are again in this country, I may have an opportunity to render Cairnvreckan more agreeable than circumstances have permitted on this occasion."

So saying he shook our hero by the hand. Morton also took an affectionate farewell; and Waverley having mounted his horse, with a musqueteer leading it by the bridle, and a file upon each side to prevent his escape, set forward upon the march with Gilfillan and his party. Through the little village they were accompanied with the shouts of the children, who cried out "Eh! see to the Southland gentleman, that's gaun to be hanged for shooting lang John Mucklewrath the smith."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

An Incident.

The dinner-hour of Scotland, sixty years since, was two o'clock. It was therefore about four o'clock of a delightful autumn afternoon that Mr. Gilfillan commenced his march, in hopes, although Stirling was eighteen miles distant, he might be able, by becoming a borrower on the night for an hour or two, to reach it that evening. He therefore put forth his strength, and marched stoutly along at the head of his followers, eying our hero from time to time as if he longed to enter into controversy with him. At length, unable to resist the temptation, he slackened his pace till he was alongside of his prisoner's horse, and after marching a few steps in silence abreast of him, he suddenly asked, "Can ye say wha the carle was wi' the black coat and the mousted head wha was wi' the laird of Cairnvreckan?"

"A presbyterian clergyman," answered Waverley.

"Presbyterian! a wretched Erastian, or rather an obscure prelatist; a favourer of the black indulgence; ane of thae dumb dogs that canna bark; they tell ower a clash o' terror and a clatter o' comfort in their sermons, without ony sense or savour of life. Ye've been fed in siccan a fauld, belike?

"No; I am of the church of England."

"And they're just neighbour-like, and nae wonder they gree sa weel. Wha wad hae thought the goodly structure of the kirk of Scotland, built up by our fathers in 1642, wad hae been defaced by carnal ends and the corruptions of the time: ay, wha wad hae thought the carved work of the sanctuary wad hae been sae sune cut doon!"

To this lamentation, which one or two of the as-

sistants chorused with a deep groan, our hero thought it unnecessary to make any reply. Whereupon Mr. Gilfillan, resolving that he should be a hearer at least, if not a disputant, proceeded in his Jeremiade.

"And now is it wonderful, when for lack of exercise anent the call to the ministry and the duty of the day, ministers fall into sinful compliances with patronage and indemnities, and oath and bonds, and other corruption; is it wonderful, I say, that you, sir, and other sick-like unhappy persons, should labour to build up your auld Babel of iniquity, as in the bluidy persecuting saint-killing times? I trow, gin ye were na blinded wi' the graces and favours, and services and enjoyments, and employments and inheritances, o' this wicked world, I could prove to you, by the Scripture, in what a filthy rag ye put your trust; and that your surplices, and your copes, and vestments, are but cast-off garments of the muckle harlot, that sitteth upon seven hills and drinketh of the cup of abomination. But, I trow, ye are deaf as adders upon that side of the head; ay, ye are deceived with her enchantments, and ye traffick with her merchandize, and ye are drunk with the cup of her fornication!"

How much longer this military theologist might have continued his invective, in which he spared nobody but the scattered remnant of *hill-folk*, as he called them, is absolutely uncertain. His matter was copious, his voice powerful, and his memory strong; so that there was little chance of his ending the exhortation till the party reached Stirling, had not his attention been attracted by a pedlar who had joined the march from a cross-road, and who sighed or groaned with great regularity at all fitting pauses of his homily.

"And what may you be freend?" said Gilfillan.

"A puir pedlar, that's bound for Stirling and craves the protection of your honour's party in thae kittle times. Ah! your honour has a notable faculty in searching and explaining the secret—ay, the secret,

and obscure, and incomprehensible causes of the backslidings of the land; aye, your honour touches the root of the matter."

"Friend," said Gilfillan, with a more complacent voice than he had hitherto used, "honour not me; I do not go out to park-dikes, and to steadings, and to market-towns, to have herds, and cotters, and burghers pull aff their bannets to me as they do to Major Melville o' Cairnvreckan, and ca' me laird, or captain, or honour; no, my sma' means, whilk are no aboon twenty thousand mark, have had the blessing of increase, but the pride of my heart has not increased with them; nor do I delight to be called captain, though I have the subscribed commission of that gospel-searching nobleman, the earl of Glencairn, in whilk I am so designated. While I live, I am, and will be called Habakkuk Gilfillan, who will stand up for the standards of doctrine agreed to by the ance-famous kirk of Scotland, before she trafficked with the accursed Achan, while he has a pack in his purse, or a drap o' bluid in his body."

"Ah," said the pedlar, "I have seen your land about Mauchlin—a fertile spot; your lines have fallen in pleasant places;—and siccan a breed o' cattle is not in ony laird's land in Scotland."

"Ye say right—ye say right, freend," retorted Gilfillan eagerly, for he was not inaccessible to flattery upon this subject. "Ye say right; they are the real Lancashire, and there's no the like o' them even at the Mains of Kilmaurs;" and he then entered into a discussion of their excellencies, to which our readers would probably be as indifferent as our hero. After this excursion, the leader returned to his theological discussions, while the pedlar, less profound upon those mystic points, contented himself with groaning, and expressing his edification at suitable intervals. "What a blessing it wad be to the puir blinded popish nations among whom I hae sojourned, to have siccan a light to their paths! I hae been as far as Muscovia in my sma' tra-

ding way, as a travelling merchant; and I hae been through France, and the low countries, and a' Poland, and maist feck o' Germany, and oh! it wad grieve your honour's soul to see the murmuring, and the singing and massing, that's in the kirk, and the piping that's in the quire, and the heathenish dancing and dicing upon the Sabbath."

This set Gilfillan off upon the Book of Sports and the Covenant, and the Engagers, and the Protesters, and the Whiggamores' Raid, and the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, and the Longer and Shorter Catechism, and the Excommunication at Torwood, and the slaughter of Archbishop Sharpe. This last topic again led him into the lawfulness of defensive arms, on which subject he uttered much more sense than could have been expected from some other parts of his harangue, and attracted even Waverley's attention, who had hitherto been lost in his own sad reflections. Mr. Gilfillan then considered the lawfulness of a private man standing forth as the avenger of public oppression; and as he was labouring with great earnestness the cause of Mas James Mitchell, an accident occurred which interrupted his harangue.

The rays of the sun were lingering on the very verge of the horizon as the party ascended a hollow and somewhat steep path, which led to the summit of a rising ground. The country was unenclosed, being part of a very extensive heath or common; but it was far from level, exhibiting in many places hollows filled with furze and broom; in others, little dingles of stunted brushwood. A thicket of the latter description crowned the hill up which the party ascended. The foremost of the band, being the stoutest and most active, had pushed on, and, having surmounted the ascent, were out of ken for the present. Gilfillan, with the pedlar, and the small party who were Waverley's more immediate guard, were near the top of the ascent, and the remainder straggled after them at a considerable interval.

Such was the situation of matters, when the pedlar, missing, as he said, a little doggie which belonged to him, began to halt and whistle for the animal. This signal, repeated, more than once, gave offence to the rigour of his companion, the rather because it appeared to indicate inattention to the treasures of theological and controversial knowledge which he was pouring out for his edification. He therefore signified gruffly, that he could not waste his time in waiting for a useless cur.

"But if your honour wad consider the case of Tobit"——

"Tobit!" exclaimed Gilfillan, with great heat; "Tobit and his dog baith are altogether heathenish and apocryphal, and none but a prelatist or a papist would draw them into question. I doubt I ha'e been mista'en in you, freend."

"Very likely," answered the pedlar, with great composure; "but ne'ertheless I shall e'en tak' leave to whistle again upon puir Bawty."

This last signal was answered in an unexpected manner; for six or eight stout Highlanders, who lurked among the copse and brush wood, sprung into the hollow way, and began to lay about them with their claymores. Gilfillan unappalled at this undesirable apparition, cried out manfully, "the sword of the lord and of Gideon!" and, drawing his broad sword, would probably have done as much credit to the good old cause as any of its doughty champions at Drumclog, when behold! the pedlar snatching a musket from the person who was next him, bestowed the butt of it with such emphasis on the head of his late instructor in the Cameronian creed, that he was forthwith levelled to the ground. In the confusion which ensued, the horse which bore our hero was shot by one of Gilfillan's party, as he discharged his firelock at random. Waverley fell, with, and indeed under, his horse, and sustained some severe contusions. But he was almost instantly extricated from the fallen steed by two High-

landers, who, each seizing him by the arm, hu
him away from the scuffle, and from the high
They ran with great speed, half supporting an
dragging our hero, who could however distingu
few dropping shots fired about the spot which h
left. This, as he afterwards learned, proceeded
Gilfillan's party, who had now assembled, the s
glers in front and rear having joined the others.
their approach the Highlanders drew off but no
fore they had rifled Gilfillan and two of his people
remained on the spot grievously wounded. A
shots were exchanged betwixt them and the West
ers; but the latter, now without a commander, ar
prehensive of a second ambush, did not make
serious effort to recover their prisoner, judgi
more wise to proceed on their journey to St
carrying with them their wounded captain and
rades.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Waverley is still in distress.

The velocity, and indeed, violence, with
Waverley was hurried along, nearly deprived h
sensation; for the injury he had received from hi
prevented him from aiding himself so effectually
might otherwise have done. When this was obs
by his conductors, they called to their aid two or
others of the party, and swathing our hero's bo
one of their plaids, divided his weight by that n
among them, and transported him at the same
rate as before, without any exertion of his own.
spoke little, and that in Gaelic; and did not sl
their pace till they had run nearly two miles,
they abated their extreme rapidity, but cont

still to walk very fast, relieving each other occasionally.

Our hero now endeavoured to address them, but was only answered with "Niel Sassenagh," that is, "no English," being, as Waverley well knew, the constant reply of a Highlander, when he either does not understand, or does not choose to reply to an Englishman or Lowlander. He then mentioned the name of Vich Ian Vohr, concluding that he was indebted to his friendship for his rescue from the clutches of Gifted Gilfillan; but neither did this produce any mark of recognition from his escort.

The twilight had given place to moonshine when the party halted upon the brink of a precipitous glen, which, as partially enlightened by the moon-beams, seemed full of trees and tangled brushwood. Two of the Highlanders divided into it by a small foot-path, as if to explore its recesses, and one of them returning in a few minutes said something to his companions, who instantly raised their burthen, and bore him, with great attention and care, down the narrow and abrupt descent. Notwithstanding their precautions, however, Waverley's person came more than once into contact, rudely enough, with the projecting stumps and branches which overhung the pathway.

At the bottom of the descent, and, as it seemed, by the side of a brook, for Waverley heard the rushing of a considerable body of water, although its stream was invisible in the darkness,) the party again stopped before a small and rudely-constructed hovel. The door was open, and the inside of the premises appeared as uncomfortable and rude as its situation and exterior foreboded. There was no appearance of a floor of any kind; the roof seemed rent in several places; the walls were composed of loose stones and turf, and the thatch of branches of trees. The fire was in the centre, and filled the whole wigwam with smoke, which escaped as much through the door as by means of a circular aperture in the roof. An old Highland

sybil, the only inhabitant of this forlorn mansion, appeared busy in the preparation of some food. By the light which the fire afforded, Waverley could discover that his attendants were not of the clan of Ivor, for Fergus was particularly strict in requiring his followers that they should wear the tartan striped in the mode peculiar to their race; a mark of distinction anciently general through the Highlands, and still maintained by those chiefs who were proud of their lineage, or jealous of their separate and exclusive authority.

Edward had lived at Glennaquoich long enough to be aware of a distinction which he had repeatedly heard noticed, and now, satisfied that he had no interest with his attendants, he glanced a disconsolate eye around the interior of the cabin. The only furniture, excepting a washing tub, and a wooden press, called in Scotland an *ambry*, sorely decayed, was a large wooden bed, planked, as is usual, all around, and opening by a sliding pannel. In this recess the Highlanders deposited Waverley, after he had by signs declined any refreshment. His slumbers were broken and unrefreshing; strange visions passed before his eyes, and it required constant and reiterated efforts of mind to dispel them. Shivering, violent headach, and shooting pains in his limbs, succeeded these symptoms; and in the morning it was evident to his Highland attendants, or guard, for he knew not in which light to consider them, that Waverley was quite unfit to travel.

After a long consultation among themselves, six of the party left the hut with their arms, leaving behind an old and a young man. The former undressed Waverley, and bathed the contusions, which swelling and livid colour now made conspicuous. His own portmanteau, which the Highlanders had not failed to bring off, supplied him with linen, and, to his great surprise, was, with all its contents, freely resigned to his use. The bedding of his couch seemed clean and comfortable, and his aged attendant closed the door of

the bed, for it had no curtain, after a few words of Gaelic, from which Waverley gathered that he exhorted him to repose. So behold our hero for a second time the patient of a Highland Æsculapius, but in a situation much more uncomfortable then when he was the guest of the worthy Tomanrait.

The symptomatic fever, which accompanied the injuries he had sustained, did not abate till the third day, when it gave way to the care of his attendants, and the strength of his constitution, and he could now raise himself in his bed, though not without pain. He observed, however, that there was a great disinclination, on the part of the old woman who acted as his nurse, as well as on that of the elderley Highlander, to permit the door of the bed to be left open, so that he might amuse himself with observing their motions; and at length, after Waverley had repeatedly drawn open, and they had as frequently shut, the hatchway of his cage, the old gentleman put an end to the contest, by securing it on the outside with a nail so effectually that the door could not be drawn till this exterior impediment was removed.

While musing upon the cause of this contradictory spirit in persons whose conduct intimated no purpose of plunder, and who, in all other points, appeared to consult his welfare and his wishes, it occurred to our hero that, during the worst crisis of his illness, a feminine figure, younger than his old Highland nurse, had appeared to flit around his couch. Of this, indeed, he had but a very indistinct recollection, but his suspicions were confirmed when, attentively listening, he often heard, in the course of the day, the voice of another female conversing in whispers with his attendant. Who could it be? And why should she apparently desire concealment? Fancy immediately roused herself, and turned to Flora Mac-Ivor. But after a short conflict between his eager desire to believe she was in his neighbourhood, guarding, like an angel of mercy, the couch of his sickness, Waverley was

compelled to conclude that his conjecture was altogether improbable; since, to suppose she had left her comparatively safe situation at Glennaquoich to descend into the low country, now the seat of civil war, and to inhabit such a lurking-place as this, was a thing hardly to be imagined. Yet his heart bounded as he sometimes could distinctly hear the trip of a light female step glide to or from the door of the hut, or the suppressed sounds of a female voice, of softness and delicacy, hold dialogue with the hoarse, inward croak of old Janet, for so he understood his antiquated attendant was denominated.

Having nothing else to amuse his solitude, he employed himself in contriving some plan to gratify his curiosity, in despite of the sedulous caution of Janet and the old Highland Janizary, for he had never seen the young fellow since the first morning. At length, upon accurate examination, the infirm state of his wooden prison-house appeared to supply the means of gratifying his curiosity, for out of a spot which was somewhat decayed he was able to extract a nail. Through this minute aperture he could perceive a female form wrapped in a plaid, in the act of conversing with Janet. But, since the days of our grandmother Eve, the gratification of inordinate curiosity has generally borne its penalty in disappointment. The form was not that of Flora, nor was the face visible; and to crown his disappointment, while he laboured with the nail to enlarge the hole, that he might obtain a more complete view, a slight noise betrayed his purpose, and the object of his curiosity instantly disappeared, nor, so far as he could observe, did she again revisit the cottage.

All precautions to blockade his view were from that time abandoned, and he was not only permitted, but assisted, to rise, and quit what had been, in a literal sense, his couch of confinement. But he was not allowed to leave the hut; for the young Highlander had now rejoined his senior, and one or other was constant-

ly on the watch. Whenever Waverley approached the cottage door, the sentinel upon duty civilly, but resolutely, placed himself against it and opposed his exit, accompanying his action with signs which seemed to imply there was danger in the attempt, and an enemy in the neighbourhood. Old Janet appeared anxious and upon the watch, and Waverley, who had not yet recovered strength enough to attempt to take his departure in spite of the opposition of his hosts, was under the necessity of remaining patient. His fare was, in every point of view, better than he could have conceived; for poultry, and even wine, was no stranger to his table. The Highlanders never presumed to eat with him, and, unless in the circumstance of watching him, treated him with great respect. His sole amusement was gazing from the window, or rather, the shapeless aperture which was meant to answer the purpose of a window, upon a large and rough brook, which raged and foamed through a rocky channel, closely canopied with trees and bushes, about ten feet beneath the site of his house of captivity.

Upon the sixth day of his confinement, Waverley found himself so well that he began to meditate his escape from this dull and miserable prison-house, thinking any risk which he might incur in the attempt preferable to the stupifying and intolerable uniformity of Janet's retirement. The question indeed occurred, where he was to direct his course when again at his own disposal. Two schemes seemed practicable, yet both attended with danger and difficulty. One was, to go back to Glennaquoich, and join Fergus MacIvor, by whom he was sure to be kindly received; and in the present state of his mind, the rigour with which he had been treated fully absolved him in his own eyes from his allegiance to the existing government. The other project was, to endeavour to attain a Scottish sea-port, and thence to take shipping for England. His mind wavered between these plans, and probably, if he had effected his escape in the manner he proposed, he would have been finally de-

termined by the comparative facility by which either might have been executed. But his fortune had settled that he was not to be left to his option.

Upon the evening of the seventh day the door of the hut suddenly opened, and two Highlanders entered, whom Waverley recognised as having been a part of his original escort to the cottage. They conversed for a short time with the old man and his companion, and then made Waverley understand, by very significant signs, that he was to prepare to accompany them. This was a joyful communication. What had already passed during his confinement made it evident that no personal injury was designed to him; and his romantic spirit, having recovered during his repose much of that elasticity which anxiety, resentment, disappointment, and the mixture of unpleasant feelings excited by his late adventures had for a time subjugated, was now wearied with inaction. His passion for the wonderful, although it is the nature of such dispositions to be excited by that degree of danger which merely gives dignity to the feeling of the individual exposed to it, had sunk under the extraordinary and apparently insurmountable evils by which he appeared environed at Cairnvreckan. In fact, this compound of intense curiosity and exalted imagination forms a peculiar species of courage, which somewhat resembles the light usually carried by a minor, sufficiently competent indeed to afford him guidance and comfort during the ordinary perils of his labour, but certain to be extinguished should he encounter the more formidable hazard of earth-damps or pestiferous vapours. It was now, however, once more rekindled; and with a throbbing mixture of hope, awe, and anxiety, Waverley watched the group before him, as those who were just arrived snatchd a hasty meal, and the others assumed their arms, and made brief preparations for their departure.

As he sat in the smoky hut at some distance from the fire, around which the others were crowded, he

felt a gentle pressure upon his arm. He looked round —It was Alice, the daughter of Donald Bean Lean. She showed him a packet of papers in such a manner that the motion was remarked by no one else, put her finger for a second to her lips, and passed on, as if to assist old Janet in packing Waverley's clothes in his portmanteau. It was obviously her wish that he should not seem to recognize her; yet she repeatedly looked back at him, as an opportunity occurred of doing so unobserved, and when she saw that he remarked what she did, she folded the packet with great address and speed in one of his shirts, which she deposited in the portmanteau.

Here then was fresh food for conjecture. Was Alice his unknown warden, and was this maiden of the cavern the tutelar genius that watched his bed during his sickness? Was he in the hands of her father? and if so, what was his purpose? Spoil, his usual object, seemed in this case neglected; for not only Waverley's property was restored, but his purse, which might have tempted this professional plunderer, had been all along suffered to remain in his possession. All this perhaps the packet might explain; but it was plain from Alice's manner that she desired he should consult it in secret. Nor did she again seek his eye after she had satisfied herself that her manœuvre was observed and understood. On the contrary, she shortly afterwards left the hut, and it was only as she tript out from the door that, favoured by the obscurity, she gave Waverley a parting smile and nod of significance, ere she vanished in the dark glen.

The young Highlander was repeatedly despatched by his comrade as if to collect intelligence. At length, when he had returned for the third or fourth time, the whole party arose, and made signs to our hero to accompany them. Before his departure; however, he shook hands with old Janet, who had been so sedulous in his behalf, and added substantial marks of his gratitude for her attendance.

"God bless you! God prosper you, Captain Waverley!" said Janet, in good Lowland Scotch, though he had never hitherto heard her utter a syllable, save in Gaelic. But the impatience of his attendants prohibited his asking any explanation.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A Nocturnal Adventure.

THERE was a moment's pause when the whole party had got out of the hut, and the Highlander who assumed the command, and who, in Waverley's awakened recollection, seemed to be the same tall figure who had acted as Donald Bean Lean's lieutenant, by whispers and signs imposed the most strict silence. He delivered to Edward a sword and steel pistol, and, pointing up the track, laid his hand on the hilt of his own claymore as if to make him sensible they might have occasion to use force to make good their passage. He then placed himself at the head of the party, who moved up the pathway in single, or Indian file, Waverley being placed nearest to their leader. He moved with great precaution, as if to avoid giving any alarm, and halted as soon as he came to the verge of the ascent. Waverley was soon sensible of the reason, for he heard at no great distance an English sentinel call out "All's well." The heavy sound sunk on the night wind down the woody glen, and was answered by the echoes of its banks. A second, third, and fourth time the signal was repeated, fainter and fainter, as if at a greater and greater distance. It was obvious a party of soldiers were near, and upon their guard, though not sufficiently so to detect men skilful in every art of predatory warfare, like those with whom he now watched their ineffectual precautions.

When these sounds had died upon the silence of the

night, the Highlanders began their march swiftly, yet with the most cautious silence. Waverley had little time, or, indeed, disposition, for observation, and could only discern that they passed at some distance from a large building, in the windows of which a light or two yet seemed to twinkle. A little farther on, the leading Highlander snuffed the window like a setting spaniel, and then made a signal to his party again to halt. He stooped down upon all fours, wrapped up in his plaid, so as to be scarce distinguishable from the heathy ground on which he moved, and advanced in this posture to reconnoitre. In a short time he returned, and dismissed his attendants, excepting one; and, intimating to Waverley that he must imitate his cautious mode of proceeding, all three crept forward on hands and knees.

After proceeding a greater way in this inconvenient manner than was at all comfortable to his shins, Waverley perceived the smell of smoke which probably had been much sooner distinguished by the more acute nasal organs of his guide. It proceeded from the corner of a low and ruinous sheep-fold, the walls of which were made of loose stones, as is usual in Scotland. Close by this low wall the Highlander guided Waverley, and, in order, probably, to make him sensible of his danger, or, perhaps, to obtain the full credit of his own dexterity, he intimated to him, by sign and example, that he might raise his head so as to peep into the sheep-fold. Waverley did so, and beheld an outpost of four or five soldiers lying by their watchfire. They were all asleep, except the sentinel, who paced backwards and forwards with his firelock on his shoulder, which glanced red in the light of the fire as he crossed and recrossed before it in his short walk, casting his eye frequently to that part of the heavens from which the moon, hitherto obscured by mist, seemed now about to make her appearance.

In the course of a minute or two, by one of those sudden changes of atmosphere incident to mountainous

country, a breeze arose, and swept before it the clouds which had covered the horizon, and the night planet poured her full effulgence upon a wide and blighted heath, skirted indeed with copsewood and stunted trees in the quarter from which they had come, but open and bare to the observation of the sentinel in that to which their course tended. The wall of the sheep-fold, indeed, concealed them as they lay, but any advance beyond its shelter seemed impossible without certain discovery.

The Highlander eyed the blue vault, but far from blessing the useful light with Homer's, or rather Pope's, benighted peasant, he muttered a Gaelic curse upon the unseasonable splendour of *M'Farlane's baut*, (*i. e.* lantern.) He looked anxiously around for a few minutes, and then apparently took his resolution. Leaving his attendant with Waverley, after motioning to Edward to remain quiet, and giving his comrade directions in a brief whisper, he retreated, favoured by the irregularity of the ground, in the same direction and in the same manner as they had advanced. Edward, turning his head after him, could perceive him crawling on all fours with the dexterity of an Indian, availing himself of every bush and inequality to escape observation, and never passing over the more exposed part of his track until the sentinel's back was turned from him. At length he reached the thickets and underwood which partly covered the moor in that direction, and probably extended to the verge of the glen where Waverley had been so long an inhabitant. The Highlander disappeared, but it was only for a few minutes, for he suddenly issued forth from a different part of the thicket, and advancing boldly upon the open heath, as if to invite discovery, he levelled his piece and fired at the sentinel. A wound in the arm proved a disagreeable interruption to the poor fellow's meteorological observations, as well as to the tune of Nancy Dawson, which he was whistling. He returned the fire ineffectually, and his comrades, starting up at

the alarm, advanced alertly towards the spot from which the first shot had issued. The Highlander, after giving them a full view of his person, dived among the thickets, for his *ruse de guerre* had now perfectly succeeded.

While the soldiers pursued the cause of their disturbance in one direction, Waverley, adopting the hint of his remaining attendant, made the best of his speed in that which his guide originally intended to pursue, and which now (the attention of the soldiers being drawn to a different quarter) was unobserved and unguarded. When they had run about a quarter of a mile, the brow of a rising ground, which they had surmounted, concealed them from further risk of observation. They still heard, however, at a distance, the shouts of the soldiers as they hallooed to each other upon the heath, and they could also hear the distant roll of a drum beating to arms in the same direction. But these hostile sounds were now far in the rear, and died upon the breeze as they rapidly proceeded.

When they had walked about half an hour, still along open and waste ground of the same description, they came to the stump of an ancient oak, which, from its relics, appeared to have been at one time a tree of very large size. In an adjacent hollow they found several Highlanders, with a horse or two. They had not joined them above a few minutes, which Waverley's attendant employed, in all probability, in communicating the cause of their delay, (for the word Duncan Duroch was often repeated,) when Duncan himself appeared, out of breath indeed, and with all the symptoms of having run for his life, but laughing, and in high spirits at the success of the stratagem by which he had baffled his pursuers. This, indeed, Waverley could easily conceive might be a matter of no great difficulty to the active mountaineer, who was perfectly acquainted with the ground, and traced his course with a firmness and confidence to which his pursuers must

have been strangers. The alarm which he excited seemed still to continue, for a dropping shot or two were heard at a great distance, which seemed to serve as an addition to the mirth of Duncan and his comrades.

The mountaineer now resumed the arms with which he had intrusted our hero, giving him to understand, that the dangers of the journey were happily surmounted. Waverley was then mounted upon one of the horses; a change, which the fatigue of the night, and his recent illness, rendered exceedingly acceptable. His portmanteau was placed on another poney, Duncan mounted a third, and they set forward at a round pace, accompanied by their escort. No other incident marked the course of that night's journey, and at the dawn of morning they attained the banks of a rapid river. The country around was at once fertile and romantic. Steep banks of wood were broken by corn fields, which this year presented an abundant harvest, already in a great measure cut down.

On the opposite bank of the river, and partly surrounded by a winding of its stream, stood a large and massive castle, the half-ruined turrets of which were already glittering in the first rays of the sun. It was, in form, an oblong square, of size sufficient to contain a large court in the centre. The towers at each angle of the square, rose higher than the walls of the building, and were, in their turn, surmounted by turrets, differing in height, and irregular in shape. Upon one of these a sentinel watched, whose bonnet and plaid, streaming in the wind, declared him to be a Highlander, as a broad white ensign, which floated from another tower, announced that the garrison was held by the insurgent adherents of the house of Stuart.

Passing hastily through a small and mean town, where their appearance excited neither surprise nor curiosity in the few peasants whom the labours of the harvest began to summon from their repose, the party

crossed an ancient an narrow bridge of several arches, and turning to the left, up an avenue of huge old sycamores, Waverley found himself in front of the gloomy yet picturesque structure, which he had admired at a distance. A huge, iron-grated door, which formed the exterior defence of the gateway, was already thrown back to receive them; and a second, heavily constructed of oak, and studded thickly with iron nails, being next opened, admitted them into the interior court-yard. A gentleman, dressed in the Highland garb, and having a white cockade in his bonnet, assisted Waverley to dismount from his horse, and with much courtesy bid him welcome to the castle.

The governor, for so we must term him, having conducted Waverley to a half-ruinous apartment, where however, there was a small camp-bed, and having offered him any refreshment which he desired, was then about to leave him,

"Will you not add to your civilities," said Waverley, after having made the usual acknowledgement, "by having the kindness to inform me where I am, and whether or not I am to consider myself as a prisoner?"

"I am not at liberty to be so explicit upon this subject as I could wish. Briefly, however, you are in the castle of Doune, in the district of Menteith, and in no danger whatever."

"And how am I assured of that?"

"By the honour of Donald Stuart, governor of the garrison, and lieutenant-colonel in the service of his Royal Highness Prince Charles Edward." So saying, he hastily left the apartment, as if to avoid further discussion.

Our hero exhausted by the fatigues of the night, now threw himself upon the bed, and was in a few minutes fast asleep.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Journey is continued.

Before Waverley awakened from his repose, the day was far advanced, and he began to feel that he had past many hours without food. This was soon supplied in form of a copious breakfast; but Colonel Stuart as if wishing to avoid the queries of his guest, did not again present himself. His compliments were however, delivered by a servant, with an offer to provide any thing in his power that could be useful to Captain Waverley on his journey, which he intimated would be continued that evening. To Waverley's further inquiries, the servant opposed the impenetrable barrier of real or affected ignorance and stupidity. He removed the table and provisions, and Waverley was again consigned to his own meditations.

As he contemplated the strangeness of his fortune, which seemed to delight in placing him at the disposal of others, without the power of directing his own motions, Edward's eye suddenly rested upon his portmanteau, which had been deposited in his apartment during his sleep. The mysterious appearance of Alice, in the cottage of the glen, immediately rushed upon his mind, and he was about to secure and examine the packet which she had deposited among his clothes, when the servant of Colonel Stuart again made his appearance, and took up the portmanteau upon his shoulders.

"May I not take out a change of linen, my friend?"

"Your honour sall get ane o' the colonel's ain ruffled sarks, but this maun gang in the baggage-cart."

And so saying, he very coolly carried off the portmanteau, without waiting further remonstrance, leaving our hero in a state where disappointment and indignation struggled for the mastery. In a few minutes he heard a cart rumble out of the rugged court-yard, and

made no doubt that he was now dispossessed, for a space at least, if not for ever, of the only documents which seemed to promise some light upon the dubious events which had of late influenced his destiny. With such melancholy thoughts he had to beguile about four or five hours of solitude.

When this space was elapsed, the trampling of horse was heard in the court-yard, and Colonel Stuart soon after made his appearance to request his guest to take some farther refreshment before his departure. The offer was accepted; for a late breakfast had by no means left our hero incapable of doing honour to dinner which was now presented. The conversation of his host was that of a plain country gentleman, mixed with some soldier-like sentiments and expressions. He cautiously avoided any reference to the military operations, or civil politics of the time; and to Waverley's direct inquiries concerning some of these points, replied equally directly, that he was not at liberty to converse upon such topics.

When dinner was finished, the governor arose and wishing Edward a good journey, told him that his servant having informed him that his baggage had been sent forward, he had taken the freedom to supply him with such changes of linen as he might find necessary till he was again possessed of his own; with this compliment he disappeared. A servant acquainted Waverley an instant afterwards, that his horse was ready.

Upon this hint he descended into the court-yard, and found a trooper holding a saddled horse, on which he mounted, and sallied from the portal of Doune Castle, attended by about a score of armed men on horseback. These had less the appearance of regular soldiars than of individuals who had suddenly assumed arms from some pressing motive of unexpected emergency. Their uniform, which was an affected imitation of that of French chasseurs, was in many respects incomplete and sat awkwardly upon those who wore it. Waverley's eye accustomed to look at a well diciplin-

ed regiment, could easily discover that the motions and habits of his escort were not those of trained soldiers, and that although expert enough in the management of their horses, their skill was that of huntsmen or grooms, rather than of troopers. Their horses were not trained to the regular pace so necessary to execute simultaneous and combined movements and formations; nor did they seem *bitted* (as it is technically expressed) for the use of the sword. The men, however, were stout, hardy looking fellows, and might be individually formidable as irregular cavalry. The commander of this small party was mounted upon an excellant hunter, and although dressed in uniform, his change of apparel did not prevent Waverley from recognising his old acquaintance, Mr. Falconer of Balmawhapple.

"Now, although the terms upon which Edward had met with this gentleman were none of the most friendly, he would have sacrificed every recollection of their foolish quarrel, for the pleasure of enjoying once more the social intercourse of question and answer, from which he had been so long secluded. But apparently the remembrance of his defeat by the Baron of Bradwardine, of which Edward had been the unwilling cause, still rankled in the mind of the low-bred, and yet proud, laird. He carefully avoided giving the least sign of recognition, riding doggedly at the head of his men, who though scarce equal in numbers to a sergeant's party, were denominated Captain Falconer's troop, being proceeded by a trumpet, which sounded from time to time, and a standard, borne by Cornet Falconer, the laird's younger brother. The lieutenant an elderly man, had much the air of a low sportsman and boon companion; the expression of dry humour predominated in his countenance over features of a vulgar cast, which indicated habitual intemperance. His cocked hat was set knowingly upon one side of his head, and while he whistled the "Bob of Dumblain" under the influence of half a mutchkin of brandy, he seemed to

trot merrily forwards, with a happy indifference to the state of the country, the conduct of the party, the end of the journey, and all other sublunary matters whatsoever.

From this wight who now and then dropped alongside of his horse, Waverley hoped to acquire some information, or at least to beguile the way with talk. "A fine evening, sir," was Edward's salutation.

"Ow, ay! a bra' night," replied the lieutenant, in broad Scotch of the most vulgar description.

"And a fine harvest, apparently," continued Waverley, following up his first attack.

"Ay, the aits will be got bravely in; but the farmers, deil burst them, and the corn-mongers, will make the auld price gude against them as has horses till keep."

"You perhaps act as quarter-master, sir?"

"Ay, quarter-master, riding-master, and lieutenant. And to be sure, whae's fitter to look after the breaking and the keeping of the puir beasts than mysell, that bought and sold every one of them?

"And pray, sir if it be not too great a freedom, may I beg to know where we are going just now?"

"A fule's errand, I fear," answered this communicative personage.

"In that case I should have thought a person of your appearance would not have been found upon the road.'

"Vera true, vera true, sir—but every why has its wherefore; ye maun ken the laird there bought a' thir beasts frae me to munt his troop, and agreed to pay for them according to the necessities and prices of the time. But then he had na the ready penny, and I hae been advised his bond will no be worth a boddle against the estate, and then I had a' my dealers to settle with at Martimas; and so as he very kindly offered me this commission, and as the auld *fifteen* wad never help me to my siller for sending out naigs against the government, why, conscience! sir, I thought my best chance

for payment was e'en to *gae out* mysell; and ye may judge, sir, as I hae dealt a' my life in the halters, I think nae mickle o' putting my craig in peril of a St. Johnstone's tippet."

"You are not, then by profession a soldier?"

"Na, na, thank God, answered this doughty partisan, "I was na bred at sae short a tether; I was brought up to hack and manger: I was bred a horse-couper, sir; and if I might live to see you at Whitsontryst, or at Stagshaw-bank, or the winter fair at Hawick, and ye wanted a spanker that would lead the field, I'se be caution I would serve ye asy, for Jamie Jinker was ne'er the lad to impose upon a gentleman. Ye're a gentleman, sir, and should ken a horse's points; ye see that through-ganging thing that Balmawhapple's on; I selled her till him. She was bred out of Lick-the-Laddle, which wan the king's plate at Caverton-Edge, by Duke Hamilton's Dusty-foot," &c. &c. &c.

But as Jinker was entering full sail upon the pedigree of Balmawhapple's mare, having already got as far as great grandsire and grand-dam, and while Waverley was watching for an opportunity to obtain from him intelligence of more interest, the noble captain checked his horse until they came up, and then, without directly appearing to notice Edward, said sternly to the genealogist, "I thought, lieutenant, my orders were precise, that no one should speak to the prisoner?"

The metamorphosed horse-dealer was silenced, of course, and slunk to the rear, where he consoled himself by entering into a vehement dispute upon the price of hay with a farmer, who had reluctantly followed his laird to the field, rather than give up his farm, whereof the lease had just expired. Waverley was, therefore, once more consigned to silence, foreseeing that farther attempts at conversation with any of the party would only give Balmawhapple a wished-for opportunity to display the insolence of authority, and the sulky spite of a temper naturally dogged, and rendered

more so by habits of low indulgence and the incense of servile adulation.

In about two hour's time the party were near the Castle of Stirling, over whose battlements the union flag was brightening as it waved in the evening sun. To shorten his journey, or perhaps to display his importance and insult the English garrison, Balmawhapple, inclining to the right, took his rout through the royal park, which reaches to, and surrounds the rock upon which the fortress is situated.

With a mind more at ease, Waverley could not have failed to admire the mixture of romance and beauty which renders interesting the scene through which he was now passing—the field which had been the scene of the tournaments of old—the rock from which the ladies beheld the contest, while each made vows for the success of some favourite knight—the towers of the gothic church where these vows might be paid—and, surmounting all, the fortress itself, at once a castle and palace where valour received the prize from royalty, and knights and dames closed the evening amid the revelry of the dance, and song, and the feast. All these were objects fitted to arouse and interest a romantic imagination.

But Waverley had other subjects of meditation, and an incident soon occurred of a nature to disturb meditation of any kind. Balmawhapple, in the pride of his heart as he wheeled his little body of cavalry around the base of the castle, commanded his trumpet to sound a flourish, and his standard to be displayed. This insult produced apparently some sensation; for when the cavalcade was at such a distance from the southern battery as to admit a gun being so much depressed as to bear upon them, a flash of fire issued from one of the embrazures upon the rock; and ere the report, with which it was attended, could be heard, the rushing sound of a cannon-ball passed over Balmawhapple's head, and the bullet burying itself in the ground at a few yards' distance, covered him with the earth

which it drove up. There was no need to bid the party trudge. In fact, every man acting upon the impulse of the moment, Mr. Jinker's steeds were soon brought to shew their mettle, and the cavaliers, retreating with more speed than regularity, never took to a trot, as the lieutenant afterwards observed, until an intervening eminence had secured them from any repetition of so undesirable a compliment on the part of Stirling Castle. I must do Balmawhapple, however, the justice to say, that he not only kept the rear of his troop, and laboured to maintain some order among them, but in the height of his gallantry answered the fire of the castle by discharging one of his horse-pistols at the battlements; although, the distance being nearly half a mile, I could never learn that this measure of retaliation was attended with any particular effect.

The travellers now passed the memorable field of Bannockburn, and reached the Torwood, a place glorious or terrible to the recollections of the Scottish peasant, as the feats of Wallace, or the cruelties of Wude Willie Grime, predominate in his recollection. At Falkirk, a town formerly famous in Scottish history, and soon to be again distinguished as the scene of military events of importance, Balmawhapple proposed to halt and repose for the evening. This was performed with very little regard to military discipline, as his worthy quarter-master was chiefly solicitous to discover where the best brandy might be come at. Sentinels were deemed unnecessary, and the only vigils performed were those of such of the party as could procure liquor. A few resolute men might easily have cut off the detachment; but of the inhabitants some were favourable, many indifferent, and the rest overawed. So nothing memorable occurred in the course of the evening, excepting that Waverley's rest was sorely interrupted by the revellers hallooing forth their jacobite songs, without remorse or mitigation of voice.

Early in the morning they were again mounted, and on the road to Edinburgh, though the pallid visages of some of the troop betrayed that they had spent a night of sleepless debauchery. They halted at Lintithgow, distinguished by its ancient palace, which, sixty years since, was entire and habitable, but the venerable ruins of which, *not quite sixty years since*, very narrowly escaped the unworthy fate of being converted into a barrack for French prisoners. May repose and blessings attend the ashes of the patriotic statesman, who amongst his last services to Scotland, interposed to prevent this profanation!

As they approached the metropolis of Scotland, though a champaign and cultivated country, the sounds of war began to be heard. The distant, yet distinct report of heavy cannon, fired at intervals, apprized Waverley that the work of destruction was going forward. Even Balmawhapple seemed moved to take some precautions, by sending an advanced party in front of his troop keeping the main body in tolerable order, and moving steadily forward.

Marching in this manner they speedily reached an eminence, from which they could view Edinburgh stretching along the ridgy hill which slopes eastward from the Castle. The latter being in a state of seige, or rather of blockade, by the northern insurgents, who had already occupied the town for two or three days, fired at intervals upon such parties of Highlanders as exposed themselves, either on the main street, or elsewhere in the vicinity of the fortress. The morning being calm and fair, the effect of this dropping fire was to invest the castle in wreaths of smoke, the edges of which dissipated slowly in the air, while the central veil was darkened ever and anon by fresh clouds poured forth from the battlements; the whole giving, by the partial concealment, an appearance of grandeur and gloom, rendered more terrific when Waverley reflected on the cause by which it was pro-

duced, and that each explosion might ring some brave man's knell.

Ere they approached the city, the partial cannonade had wholly ceased. Balmawhapple, however, having in his recollection the unfriendly greeting which his troop had received from the battery at Stirling, had apparently no wish to tempt the forbearance of the artillery of the castle. He therefore left the direct road, and sweeping considerably, to the southward so as to keep out of the range of the cannon, approached the ancient palace of Holy-Rood without having entered the walls of the city. He then drew up his men in front of this venerable pile, and delivered Waverley to the custody of a guard of Highlanders, whose officer conducted him into the interior of the building.

A long gallery hung with pictures pretended to be the portraits of kings, who if they ever flourished at all, lived several hundred years before the invention of painting in oil colours, served as a sort of guard chamber, or vestibule, to the apartments which the adventurous Charles Edward now occupied in the palace of his ancestors. Officers, both in the Highland and Lowland garb, passed and repassed in haste, or loitered in the hall as if waiting for orders. Secretaries were engaged in making out passes, musters, and returns. All seemed busy, and earnestly intent upon something of importance; but Waverley was suffered to remain seated in the recess of a window unnoticed by any one, in anxious reflection upon the crisis of his fate, which seemed now rapidly approaching.

END OF VOLUME I.

H 16.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the R...